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MEDITATIONS AND CONTEMPLATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTAINING,

VOL. I.	VOL. II.
MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS;	CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE NIGHT;
REFLECTIONS ON A FLOWER-GARDEN;	CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE STARRY HEAVENS; AND,
AND, A DESCANT ON CREATION.	A WINTER-PIECE.

BY JAMES HERVEY, A.M.
Late Rector of *Weston-Favell*, in *Northamptonshire*.

A NEW EDITION.
Printed from a COPY corrected by the AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

LONDON,
Printed by John Rivington, jun.
FOR JOHN, FRANCIS, AND CHARLES RIVINGTON, W. STRAHAN, T. CASLON, S. CROWDER, G. KEITH, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. WILKIE, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, J. KNOX, R. BALDWIN, T. EVANS, AND W. STUART.
MDCCLXXIX.

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TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

I MUST entreat the Purchaſers of the former *Editions, to excuſe the Freedom I have taken, in making ſeveral conſiderable Additions to* this. *It has been done at the Perſuaſion of ſome judicious Friends, who apprehended, the Piece might be more uſeful, and leſs unworthy of the public Patronage, if it touched upon ſome very intereſting Subjects, hitherto omitted. As I had no Views, but to render the Performance more pleaſing and ſerviceable; no Reader, I hope, will be offended at my Practice, or complain of it as* injurious. *Nevertheleſs, as I would willingly avoid, whatever might ſeem to ſtand in need of an* APOLOGY; *I deſire Leave to declare, That no* future *Inlargements, or Alterations, ſhall be ſuffered to depreciate what, with the deepeſt Gratitude for their paſt Encouragement, I* now *commit to the Candour of the Public.*

It is owing to the delicate Deſign, the eloquent Pencil, and the ſtill more amiable Condeſcenſion, of the very ingenious Dr. WALL, *an eminent Phyſician at* Worceſter, *that I am enabled to preſent my Readers with the Two beautiful and inſtructive* Frontiſpieces—*And, that theſe Volumes are thus elegantly adorned, without making any other Advance in the Price, than what unavoidably ariſes from the additional Number of Sheets, is owing to the Generoſity of my honoured Friend,* Sir THOMAS DRURY, Bart. *Who, at his own Expence, furniſhed theſe Copper-plates, engraved by one of the fineſt Hands in the Kingdom. A Favour, which I take a very peculiar Satisfaction in acknowledging, not only as it is a ſignal Honour to the Author, and his Performance; but as it is alſo a pleaſing and authentic Proof, that* Chriſtianity *has its* Patrons *in the ſuperior Stations of Life: that there are Perſons, who think it no Diſgrace to their diſtinguiſhed Rank and ample Fortune, to countenance even the weakeſt Attempt, for promoting the Intereſts of true Religion.*

As for the MONUMENTAL *Plate, having conſidered the moſt material Circumſtances pretty largely* (*ſee Page* 35.); *I ſhould have added nothing more in this* Advertiſement, *had it not been to point out an important* MORAL, *ſuggeſted in the*

the ARMS *of the Two Families; not expreſſed in the Monument itſelf, but* purpoſely *inſerted in the enſuing Draught.—It will on the firſt Inſpection be obſerved, that the Eſcutcheon is* rent in ſunder, *to intimate the Diſſolution of the near Relation once ſo* happily *ſubſiſting. The Fragments fall to the Bottom of the Plate, as Things comparatively of* very ſmall *Conſequence. The Motto,* SUBLIMIORA PETAMUS*, *has not only a* ſignificant *Reference to the Device of the* Family Arms, *to which it is annexed; but may be conſidered, as ſtanding in a* beautiful *Connexion with that* Celeſtial Crown, *placed at the Top:—placed at the Top, as the* GREAT SUBLIME OBJECT, TO THE PURSUIT OF WHICH *All, who may in* future *Generations bear thoſe* ARMS, *and All, who* now *behold them, are by theſe* elevating *Words affectionately invited.*

* LET US PURSUE SUBLIMER OBJECTS.

The FRONTISPIECE

Preſents the Inſide View of a Church—The Floor, the Pillars, and the Walls, are interſperſed with ſepulchral Stones, and funeral Inſcriptions—On one Side, is the Monument of an Infant, adorned with an Urn, with a weeping Statue, and inſcribed with the following Epitaph—NASCENTES MORIMUR, *No ſooner born, than dead*—On a more elevated Tomb, and under an Aſſemblage of military Weapons, is pourtrayed a Warrior; ſuppoſed to be mortally wounded, expiring in the Attitude of Adoration, and with the Spirit of that noble Line,

"*O! ſave my Country, Heav'n!*"—*ſhall be thy laſt.*

A Youth, beholding the Repreſentation of this gallant Patriot, ſeems to be ſtruck with Admiration, and charmed with Delight. A Miniſter diverts his Attention to an Object of infinitely higher Dignity, and greater Wonder. If the Hero died—PRO PATRIA, *In Defence of his Country:* CHRIST died—PRO INIMICIS, *For the Salvation of his Enemies.* An Inſtance this, of ſuch diſintereſted, diffuſive, and divine Benevolence; as makes all that Heroes have atchieved, and Patriots ſuffered, dwindle into nothing, and ſcarce deſerve our Notice.

VERSES

VERSES to Mr. HERVEY,

ON HIS

MEDITATIONS.

IN theſe lov'd Scenes, what rapt'rous Graces ſhine,
Live in each Leaf, and breathe in ev'ry Line!
What ſacred Beauties beam throughout the Whole,
To charm the Senſe, and ſteal upon the Soul!
In claſſic Elegance, and Thoughts—his own,
We ſee our Faults as in a Mirror, ſhown:
Each Truth, in glaring Characters expreſt,
All own the Twin Reſemblance in their Breaſt:
His eaſy Periods, and perſuaſive Page,
At once amend, and entertain the Age:
Nature's wide Fields all open to his View,
He charms the Mind with ſomething ever New:
On Fancy's Pinions, his advent'rous Soul
Wantons unbounded, and pervades the Whole:
From Death's dark Caverns in the Earth below,
To Spheres, where Planets roll, or Comets glow.
See him explore, with more than human Eyes,
The dreary Sepulchre, where *Granville* lies:
Converſe with Stones, or monumental Braſs,
The rude Inſcriptions,—or the painted Glaſs:

To gloomy Vaults deſcend with awful Tread,
And view the ſilent Manſions of the Dead.
To gayer Scenes he next adapts his Lines,
Where laviſh Nature in Embroid'ry ſhines:
The Jeſſ'mine Groves, the Woodbine's fragrant Bow'rs,
With all the painted Family of Flow'rs:
There, *Sachariſſa!* in each fleeting Grace,
Read all the tranſient Honours of thy Face.
With equal Dignity, now ſee Him riſe
To paint the ſable Horrors of the Skies:
When all the wide Horizon lies in Shade;
And Midnight Phantoms ſweep along the Glade:
All Nature huſh'd—a ſolemn Silence reigns,
And ſcarce a Breeze diſturbs the ſleeping Plains.
Laſt, yet not leſs, in Majeſty of Phraſe,
He draws the full-orb'd Moon's expanſive Blaze;
The waving Meteors, trembling from on high,
With all the mute Artill'ry of the Sky:
Syſtems on Syſtems, which in Order roll,
And dart their lambent Beams from Pole to Pole.
Hail, mighty Genius! whoſe excurſive Soul
No Bounds confine, no Limits can controul:
Whoſe Eye expatiates, and whoſe Mind can rove,
Through Earth, through Æther, and the Realms above:
From Things inanimate can direct* the Rod,
In juſt Gradation, to aſcend to GOD.
Taught by thy Lines, ſee hoary Age grows wiſe,
And all the Rebel in his Boſom dies:

E'en

* An Alluſion to the Cuſtom, of ſhewing curious Objects, and particulariſing their reſpective Delicacies, by the pointing of the Rod.

E'en thoughtleſs Youth, in Luxury of Blood,
Fly the infectious World, and dare—be Good:
Thy ſacred Truths ſhall reach th' impervious Heart;
Diſcord ſhall ceaſe, Diſeaſe forget to ſmart:
E'en Malice love, and Calumny commend;
Pride beg an Alms, and Av'rice turn a Friend.
Centred in CHRIST, who fires the Soul within,
The Fleſh ſhall know no Pain; the Soul, no Sin:
E'en in the Terrors of expiring Breath,
We bleſs the friendly Stroke, and live—in Death.

Oxford, April 28, 1748.

By a PHYSICIAN.

CELESTIAL Meditant! Whoſe Ardors riſe
Deep from the Tombs, and kindle to the Skies;
How ſhall an earthly Bard's profaner String
Reſound the Flights of thy Seraphic Wing?
When great ELIJAH, in the fiery Car,
Flam'd viſible to Heav'n, a living Star,
A Seer remain'd to *thunder* what he knew,
And with his Mantle caught his Spirit too.
Wit, Fancy, Fire, and Elegance, have long
Been loſt in vicious or ignoble Song:
Sunk from the chaſtely Grand, the pure Sublime,
They flatter'd Wealth and Pow'r, or murder'd Time.
'Tis Thine their devious Luſtre to reduce,
To prove their nobleſt Pow'r, their genuine Uſe;
From Earth-born Fumes to clear their tainted Flame,
And point their Flight to Heav'n—from whence they came.

O more

O more than Bard in Proſe! to whom belong
Harmonious Stile and Thought, in rhymeleſs Song;
Oft, by thy friendly Conduct, let me tread
The ſoftly whiſpering Manſions of the Dead:
Where the grim Form, calcining Hinds and Lords,
Grins at each fond Diſtinction Pride records.
Dumb, with immortal Energy they teach;
Liſeleſs, they threaten; mould'ring as they preach
To each ſucceeding Age, thro' ev'ry Clime,
The Span of Life, and endleſs Round of Time:
Hence may propitious Melancholy flow,
And Safety find me in the Vaults of Woe.

While ev'ry Virtue forms thy mental Feaſt,
I glow with fair Sincerity at leaſt:
I feel (*thy Face unknown*) thy Heart refin'd,
And taſte, with Bliſs the Beauties of thy Mind;
Collecting clearly, thro' thy ſacred Plan,
What Reverence of GOD! what Love to Man!
—O! when at laſt our deathleſs Forms ſhall riſe,
And Flow'rs and Stars deſiſt to moralize;
Shall then my Soul by thine inform'd, ſurvey,
And bear, the Splendors of eſſential Day?
But while my Thoughts indulge the glorious Scope,
(My utmoſt Worth beneath my humbleſt Hope)
Conſcience, or ſome exhorting Angel, cries,
"No lazy Wiſhes reach above the Skies.
"Would you indeed the perfect Scenes ſurvey,
"And ſhare the Triumphs of unbounded Day;
"His Love-diffuſive Light with Ardor live;
"And die like this divine Contemplative."

London, July 9, 1748.

By

By a PHYSICIAN.

TO form the Taſte, and raiſe the nobler Part,
To mend the Morals, and to warm the Heart;
To trace the genial Source, we Nature call,
And prove the GOD of Nature Friend of all;
HERVEY for this his mental Landſcape drew,
And ſketch'd the whole Creation out to View.
Th' enamel'd Bloom, and variegated Flow'r,
Whoſe Crimſon changes with the changing Hour;
The humble Shrub, whoſe Fragrance ſcents the Morn,
With Buds diſcloſing to the early Dawn;
The Oaks that grace *Britannia*'s Mountains Side,
And ſpicy *Lebanon*'s ſuperior * Pride;
All loudly SOV'REIGN EXCELLENCE proclaim,
And animated Worlds confeſs the ſame.
The azure Fields that form th' extended Sky,
The planetary Globes that roll on high,
And ſolar Orbs, of proudeſt Blaze, combine,
To act ſubſervient to the great Deſign.
Men, Angels, Seraphs, join the gen'ral Voice:
And in the Lord of Nature, ALL rejoice.
HIS, the grey *Winter*'s venerable Guiſe,
Its ſhrowded Glories, and inſtructive Skies †;
HIS, the Snow's Plumes, that brood the Sick'ning Blade;
HIS, the bright Pendant that impearls the Glade;
The waving Foreſt, or the whiſp'ring Brake;
The ſurging Billow, or the ſleeping Lake.
The SAME, who pours the Beauties of the Spring,
Or mounts the Whirlwinds deſolating Wing.
The SAME, who ſmiles in Nature's peaceful Form,
Frowns in the Tempeſt, and directs the Storm.

'Tis

* The Cedar.
† Referring to the *Winter-Piece*.

'Tis thine, bright Teacher, to improve the Age;
'Tis thine, whoſe Life's a Comment on thy Page.
Thy happy Page! whoſe Periods ſweetly flow,
Whoſe Figures charm us, and whoſe Colours glow.
Where *artleſs* Piety pervades the Whole,
Refines the Genius, and exalts the Soul.
For let the Witling argue all he can,
It is Religion ſtill that makes the Man.
'Tis *This*, my Friend, that ſtreaks our Morning bright;
'Tis *This*, that gilds the Horrors of our Night.
When Wealth forſakes us, and when Friends are few;
When Friends are faithleſs, or when Foes purſue;
'Tis *This*, that wards the Blow, or ſtills the Smart;
Diſarms Affliction, or repels its Dart;
Within the Breaſt bids pureſt Rapture riſe;
Bids ſmiling Conſcience ſpread her cloudleſs Skies.
When the Storm thickens and the Thunder rolls,
When the Earth trembles to th' affrighted Poles;
The virtuous Mind, nor Doubts nor Fears aſſail;
For Storms are Zephyrs, or a gentler Gale.
And when Diſeaſe obſtructs the lab'ring Breath,
When the Heart ſickens, and each Pulſe is Death;
E'en then Religion ſhall ſuſtain the Juſt,
Grace their laſt Moments, nor deſert their Duſt.

Auguſt 5, 1748.

AS ſome *new Star* attracts th' admiring Sight,
His Splendors pouring through the Fields of Light,
Whole Nights, delighted with th' unuſual Rays,
On the fair heav'nly *Viſitant* we gaze:

So

So thy fam'd *Volumes* ſweet Surpriſe impart:
Mark'd by all Eyes, and felt in ev'ry Heart.
Nature inform'd by Thee, new Paths has trod,
And riſes, *here*, a Preacher for her GOD;
By Fancy's Aids myſterious Heights ſhe tries,
And lures us by our Senſes, to the Skies.
To deck thy *Stile* collected Graces throng,
Bold as the Pencil's *Tints*, yet ſoft as *Song*.
In Themes, how rich thy Vein! how pure thy Choice!
Tranſcripts of Truths, own'd clear from Scripture's Voice:
Thy Judgment theſe, and Piety atteſt,
Tranſcripts—read only fairer in thy Breaſt.
There, what thy Works would ſhew, we beſt may ſee,
And all *they* teach in Doctrine, *lives* in Thee.
Oh!—might they live!—Our Prayers their Striſe engage;
But thy fix'd Languors yield us ſad Preſage.
In vain ſkill'd *Med'cine* tries her healing Art:
Diſeaſe, long Foe, entrenches at thy Heart.
Yet on new Labours ſtill thy Mind is prone,
For a World's Good too thoughtleſs of thy own.
Active, like Day's kind Orb, Life's Courſe you run,
It's Sphere ſtill glorious, tho' a *ſetting Sun*.
Redemption opes Thee wide her healing Plan,
Health's *only* Balm; her ſov'reign'ſt Gift to Man.
Themes ſweet like theſe thy Ardors, freſh, excite:
Warm at the Soul, they nerve thy Hand to write;
Make thy try'd Virtues in their Charms appear,
Patience, rais'd *Hope*, firm *Faith*, and *Love* ſincere;
Like a big Conſtellation, bright they glow,
And beam out lovelier by thy *Night* of Woe.

Know

Known were thy Merits to the Public long,
Ere own'd thus feebly in my humble Song.
Damp'd are my Fires; my Heart dark Cares depreſs;
A Heart, too feeling from it's own Diſtreſs.
Proud on thy Friendſhip, yet to build my Fame,
I gain'd my Page * a Sanction from *thy Name*.
Weak theſe Returns (by Gratitude tho' led)
Where *mine* ſhall in thy fav'rite Leaves be read.
Yet, o'er my conſcious Meanneſs Hope prevails;
Love gives me Merit, where my Genius fails.
On *it's* ſtrong Baſe my ſmall Deſert I raiſe,
Averſe to Flatt'ry, as unſkill'd to praiſe.

MOSES BROWNE.

Mile-End Green, Feb. 23, 1749.

WHENCE flow theſe ſolemn Sounds? this raptur'd Strain?
Cherubic Notes my wond'ring Ear detain!
Yet 'tis a Mortal's Voice: 'Tis HERVEY ſings:
Sublime he ſoars on Contemplation's Wings:
In ev'ry Period breathes ecſtatic Thought.
HERVEY, 'twas Heav'n thy ſacred Leſſons taught.
Celeſtial Viſions bleſs thy ſtudious Hours,
Thy lonely Walks, and thy ſequeſtred Bow'rs.
What fav'ring Pow'r, diſpenſing ſecret Aids,
Thy cavern'd Cell, thy curtain'd Couch, pervades?
Still hov'ring near, obſervant of thy Themes,
In Whiſpers prompts thee, or inſpires thy Dreams?
JESUS! Effulgence of paternal Light!
Ineffably divine! ſupremely bright!
Whoſe Energy according Worlds atteſt,
Kindled theſe Ardors in thy glowing Breaſt.

We

* SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

We catch thy Flame, as we thy Page peruſe;
And Faith in every Object JESUS views.
We in the bloomy breathing Garden trace
Somewhat—like Emanations of his Grace:
Yet muſt all Sweetneſs and all Beauty yield,
Idume's Grove, and *Sharon*'s flow'ry Field,
Compar'd with JESUS: Meanly, meanly ſhows
The brighteſt Lily, faint the lovelieſt Roſe.
Divine Inſtructor! lead thro' midnight Glooms,
To moralizing Stars, and preaching Tombs:
Thro' the ſtill Void a Saviour's Voice ſhall break,
A Ray from *Jacob*'s Star the Darkneſs ſtreak:
To Him the faireſt Scenes their Luſtre owe;
His Cov'nant brightens the celeſtial Bow;
His vaſt Benevolence profuſely ſpreads
The yellow Harveſts, and the verdant Meads.
Thy Pupil, HERVEY, a Redeemer finds
In boundleſs Oceans, and in viewleſs Winds:
He reins at Will the furious Blaſt, and guides
The rending Tempeſts, and the roaring Tides.
O give, my Soul, thy Welfare to his Truſt:
Who rais'd the World, can raiſe thy ſleeping Duſt!
He will, he will, when Nature's Courſe is run,
Midſt falling Stars, and an extinguiſh'd Sun:
He will with Myriads of his Saints appear.
O may I join them, tho' the meaneſt there!
Tho' nearer to the Throne my HERVEY ſings;
Tho' I at humbler Diſtance ſtrike the Strings;
Yet both ſhall mingle in the ſame Employ,
Both drink the Fulneſs of eternal Joy.

JOHN DUICK.

Clerkenwell-Green, Feb. 24, 17$\frac{42}{43}$.

WHAT

WHAT Numbers of our Race ſurvey
The Monarch of the golden Day,
Night's ample Canopy unfurl'd,
In gloomy Grandeur round the World,
The Earth in Spring's Embroidery dreſt,
And Ocean's ever-working Breaſt!
And ſtill no grateful Honours riſe
To Him who ſpreads the ſpacious Skies,
Who hung this Air-ſuſpended Ball,
And lives, and reigns, and ſhines, in All!

To chaſe our ſenſual Fogs away,
And bright to pour th' eternal Ray
Of Deity inſcrib'd around
Wide Nature to her utmoſt Bound,
Is HERVEY's Taſk: And well his ſkill
Celeſtial can the Taſk fulfil:
Aſcending from theſe Scenes below,
Ardent the Maker's Praiſe to ſhow,
His ſacred Contemplations ſoar,
And teach our Wonder to adore.

Now he ſurveys the Realms beneath,
The Realms of Horror, and of Death;
Now entertains his vernal Hours
In flow'ry Walks, and blooming Bow'rs;
Now hails the black-brow'd Night, that brings
Æthereal Dews upon her Wings;
Now marks the Planets, as they roll
On burning Axles round the Pole:
While *Tombs*, and *Flow'rs*, and *Shades*, and *Star*.
Unveil their ſacred Characters
Of Juſtice, Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Love;
And lifts the Soul to Realms above,

Where dwells the God, in Glory crown'd,
Who ſends his boundleſs Influence round.
So *Jacob*, in his bliſsful Dreams,
Array'd in Heav'n's refulgent Beams,
Saw from the Ground a Scale ariſe,
Whoſe Summit mingled with the Skies:
Angels were pleas'd to paſs the Road,
The Stage to Earth, and Path to God.
HERVEY, proceed: For Nature yields
Freſh Treaſure in her ample Fields;
And in ſeraphic Ecſtaſy
Still bear us to the Throne on high.
Ocean's wild Wonders next explore,
His changing Scenes, and ſecret Store;
Or let dire EARTHQUAKE claim thy Toil,
EARTHQUAKE, that ſhakes a guilty Iſle.
So, if ſmall Things may ſhadow forth,
Dear Man, thy Labours, and thy Worth,
The Bee upon the flow'ry Lawn
Imbibes the lucid Drops of Dawn,
Works them in his myſterious Mould,
And turns the common Dew to Gold.

THOMAS GIBBONS.

London, May 26, 1750.

DElightful Author! whom the Saints inſpire!
And whiſp'ring Angels with their Ardors fire!
From *Youth* like mine, wilt thou accept of Praiſe?
Or ſmile with Candor on a Stripling's Lays?
My little Laurel (but a Shoot at moſt)
Has hardly more than one ſmall Wreath to boaſt.
Such as it is—(Ah! might it worthier be!)
Its ſcanty Foliage all is due to THEE.

Oh! if, amongſt the Honours of thy Brow,
This ſlender Circlet may but humbly grow:
If its faint Verdure haply may find Place—
A Foil to others;—Tho' its own Diſgrace;
Accept it, HERVEY, from a Heart ſincere,
And, for the Giver's Sake,—the Tribute wear.

Thy Soul-improving Works perus'd, what Tongue
Can hold from Praiſe, or check th' applauſive Song?
But ah! from whence ſhall Gratitude obtain
Language that may its glowing Zeal explain?
How to ſuch wond'rous Worth adapt a Strain?
Deſcrib'd by Thee, cold Sepulchres can charm;
Storms, calm the Soul; and freezing Winter, warm.
Clear'd from her gloomy Shades, we view pale Night
Surrounded with a Blaze of *mental* Light.
Lo! where ſhe comes! all ſilent! penſive! ſlow!
On her dark Robe unnumber'd Meteors glow!
High on her Head a ſtarry Crown ſhe wears!
Bright in her Hand the Lamp of Reaſon bears!
Smiling,—behold! She points the Soul to Heav'n,
And bids the weeping Sinner be forgiv'n!

But when thy Fancy ſhifts this ſolemn Scene,
And ruddy Morning gilds the chearful Green;
With ſudden Joy we view the Proſpect chang'd,
And bluſhing Sweets in beauteous Order rang'd.
We ſee the Violets; ſmell the dewy Roſe,
And each Perfume that from the Woodbine flows:
A boundleſs Perſpective there greets our Eyes:
Rich Vales deſcend, and verdant Mountains riſe.
The Shepherds Cottages, the rural Folds:
All, that thy Art deſcribes, the Eye beholds!

Amazing Limner! whence this matchleſs Pow'r?
Thy Work's a Garden!—ev'ry Word, a Flow'r!

Thy

Thy lovely Tints almoſt the Bloom excel,
And none but Nature's Self can paint ſo well!
Hail, holy Man!—henceforth thy Work ſhall ſtand
(Like ſome fair Column by a Maſter-Hand,
Which, whilſt it props, adorns the tow'ring Pile)
At once to grace, and elevate our *Iſle*.
Tho' ſimple, lofty; tho' majeſtic, plain;
Whoſe bold Deſign the Rules of Art reſtrain.
In which the niceſt Eye ſees nothing wrong:
Tho' poliſh'd, juſt; and elegant, tho' ſtrong.

ST. GEORGE MOLESWORTH.

June 24, 1750.

IN Pleaſure's Lap the Muſes long have lain,
And hung, attentive, on her *Siren* Strain:
Still toils the Bard beneath ſome weak Deſign,
And puny Thought but halts along the Line:
Or tuneful *Nothings*, ſtealing on the Mind,
Melt into Air, nor leave a Trace behind.
While to thy rapt'rous Proſe, we feel, belong
The Strength of Wiſdom, and the Voice of Song:
This lifts the Torch of ſacred Truth on high,
And points the Captives to their native Sky.
How falſe the Joys, which Earth or Senſe inſpires,
That clog the Soul, and damp her purer Fires!
Truths, which thy ſolemn Scenes, my Friend, declare,
Whoſe glowing Colours paint us as we are.
Yet not moroſely ſtern, nor idly gay,
Dull Melancholy reigns, or Trifles ſway;
Ill wou'd the Strains of Levity befit,
And ſullen Gloom but ſadden all thy Wit:

Truth, Judgment, Senſe, Imagination join;
And ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace, is thine.
Religion prompting the true End of Man,
Conſpiring Genius executes the Plan;
Strong to convince, and elegant to charm,
Plaintive to melt, or paſſionate to warm.
Rais'd by Degrees, we elevate our Aim;
And grow immortal as we catch thy Flame;
True Piety informs our languid Hearts,
And all the Vicious, and the Vain, departs.
So, when foul ſpreading Fogs creep ſlowly on,
Blot the fair Morn, and hide the golden Sun;
Ardent he pours the boundleſs Blaze of Day,
Rides thro' the Sky, and ſhines the Miſt away.
O, had it been th' Almighty's gracious Will,
That I had ſhar'd a Portion of thy Skill;
Had this poor Breaſt receiv'd the heav'nly Beam,
Which ſpreads its Luſtre thro' thy various Theme;
That ſpeaks deep Leſſons from the ſilent *Tomb*,
And crowns thy *Garden* with freſh-ſpringing Bloom;
Or, piercing thro' *Creation*'s ample Whole,
Now ſooths the *Night*, or gilds the *ſtarry Pole*;
Or marks how *Winter* calls her howling Train,
Her Snows and Storms, that deſolate the Plain;
With Thee the Muſe ſhould trace the pleaſing Road,
That leads from Nature up to Nature's GOD;
Humble to learn, and, as ſhe knows the more,
Glad to obey, and happy to adore.

PETER WHALLEY.

Northampton,
25 Aug. 1750.

TO

TO

Miſs *R*—— *T*——.

MADAM,

THESE Reflections, the One on the *deepeſt*, the Other on the *gayeſt* Scenes of Nature; when they proceeded privately from the *Pen*, were addreſſed to a Lady of the moſt valuable Endowments. Who crowned all her other endearing Qualities, by a fervent Love of CHRIST, and an exemplary Conformity to his Divine Pattern. She, alas! lives no longer on Earth; unleſs it be in the Honours of a diſtinguiſhed Character, and in the bleeding Remembrance of her Acquaintance.

IT is impoſſible, Madam, to wiſh You a richer Bleſſing, or a more ſubſtantial Happineſs, than that the ſame Spirit of unfeigned *Faith*, the ſame Courſe of undefiled *Religion*, which have enabled Her

to triumph over Death, may both animate and adorn your Life. And you will permit me to declare, that my chief Inducement in requeſting your Acceptance of the following Meditations, now they make a public Appearance from the *Preſs*, is, that they are deſigned to cultivate the ſame ſacred *Principle*, and to promote the ſame excellent *Practice*.

LONG, Madam, may you *bloom* in all the Vivacity and Amiableneſs of Youth, like the charming Subject of one of theſe Contemplations. But at the ſame Time remember, that, with regard to ſuch inferior Accompliſhments, You muſt one Day *fade*, (may it prove ſome very remote Period!) like the mournful Objects of the other. This Conſideration will prompt You to go on, as you have begun, in adding the *Meekneſs* of *Wiſdom*, and all the *Beauties* of *Holineſs*, to the Graces of an engaging Perſon, and the Refinements of a polite Education.

AND might—O! might the enſuing Hints furniſh You with the leaſt Aſſiſtance,

in

in proſecuting ſo deſirable an End; might they contribute, in any Degree, to eſtabliſh your Faith, or elevate your Devotion; they would, then, adminiſter to the Author ſuch a Satisfaction, as Applauſe cannot give, nor Cenſure take away: A Satisfaction, which I ſhall be able to enjoy, even in thoſe awful Moments, when all that captivates the Eye is ſinking in Darkneſs, and every Glory of this lower World diſappearing for ever.

THESE Wiſhes, Madam, as they are a moſt agreeable Employ of my Thoughts, ſo they come attended with this additional Circumſtance of Pleaſure, that they are alſo the ſincereſt Expreſſion of that very great Eſteem, with which I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant,

Weſton-Favell, *near* Northampton, May 20, 1746.

JAMES HERVEY.

PREFACE.

THE *firſt of theſe occaſional Meditations, begs leave to remind my Readers of their* latter End; *and would invite them to ſet, not their Houſes only, but, which is inexpreſſibly more needful, their Souls, in Order: That they may be able, through all the intermediate Stages, to look forward upon their approaching Exit, without any* anxious Apprehenſions: *And, when the great Change commences, may bid Adieu to terreſtrial Things, with all the* Calmneſs *of a chearful Reſignation, with all the* Comforts *of a well grounded Faith.*

The other attempts to ſketch out ſome little Traces of the All-ſufficiency *of our* Redeemer, *for the grand and gracious Purpoſes of everlaſting Salvation. That a Senſe of his unutterable Dignity,*

piety, and infinite Perfections, may incite us to regard Him, with Sentiments of the moſt profound Veneration; *to long for an aſſured Intereſt in his Merits, with all the Ardency of* Deſire; *and to truſt in his powerful Mediation, with an* Affiance *not to be ſhaken by any Temptations, not to be ſpared with any Performances of our own.*

I flatter myſelf, that the Thoughts conceived among the Tombs, *may be welcome to the* ſerious *and* humane *Mind. Becauſe, as there are few, who have not conſigned the Remains of ſome dear* Relations, *or honoured* Friends, *to thoſe ſilent Repoſitories; ſo there are none, but muſt be ſenſible, that this is the* Houſe appointed for all Living; *and that they themſelves, are ſhortly to remove into the ſame ſolemn Manſions.---And who would not turn aſide, for a while, from the moſt favourite Amuſements, to view the* Place, *where his once-loved* Companions *lie? Who would not ſometimes ſurvey thoſe* Apartments, *where he* himſelf *is to take up an* Abode, *till Time ſhall be no more?*

As to the other little Eſſay, may I not humbly preſume, that the very Subject itſelf will recommend the Remarks? For, who is not delighted with the Proſpect of the blooming Creation, and

even

even charmed with the delicate Attractions *Flowers? Who does not covet to aſſemble them the Garden, or wear them in a Noſegay? Sin this is a Paſſion ſo univerſal, who would not willing to render it productive of the ſublimeſt Improvement?---This Piece of* holy Frugality, *have ventured to ſuggeſt, and endeavoured to emplify, in the ſecond Letter; that, while the Ha is cropping the tranſient Beauties of a Flower, t attentive Mind may be enriching itſelf with ſol and laſting Good.---And I cannot but enterta ſome pleaſing Hopes, that the niceſt Taſte may r ceive and reliſh* religious Impreſſions, *when th are conveyed by ſuch* lovely Monitors; *when t inſtructive Leſſons are found, not on the Leaves ſome formidable* Folio, *but ſtand legible on the fi* Sarcenet *of a* Narciſſus; *when they ſavour not the* Lamp *and* Recluſe, *but come breathing fro the fragrant Boſom of a* Jonquil.

MED

MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

Every Stone that we look upon, in this Repoſitory of paſt Ages, is both an Entertainment, *and a* Monitor.

Plain-Dealer, Vol. I. N°. 42.

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DIALOGUES AND LETTERS,

UPON THE

Moſt IMPORTANT and INTERESTING Subjects.

By JAMES HERVEY, A. M.

Late Rector of *Weſton-Favell, Northamptonſhire.*

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MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

TRAVELLING lately into *Cornwall*, I happened to alight at a conſiderable Village, in that County: Where, finding myſelf under an unexpected Neceſſity of ſtaying a little, I took a Walk to the *Church* *. The Doors, like the Heaven to which they lead, were wide

* I had named, in ſome former Editions, a particular Church, *viz.* KILKHAMPTON; where ſeveral of the Monuments, deſcribed in the following Pages, really exiſt.

wide open; and readily admitted an unworthy Stranger. Pleaſed with the Opportunity, I reſolved to ſpend a few Minutes under the ſacred Roof.

In a Situation ſo retired and awful, I could not avoid falling into a Train of Meditations, *ſerious* and *mournfully pleaſing*. Which, I truſt, were in ſome Degree profitable to *me*, while they poſſeſſed and warmed my Thoughts; and, if they may adminiſter any Satisfaction to *you*, Madam, now they are recollected, and committed to Writing, I ſhall receive a freſh Pleaſure from them.

It was an ancient Pile; reared by Hands, that, Ages ago, were mouldered into Duſt.—Situate in the Centre of a large *Burial-Ground*; remote from all the Noiſe and Hurry of tumultuous Life.—The Body ſpacious; the Structure lofty; the Whole magnificently plain. A Row of regular Pillars extended themſelves through the

exiſt. But as I thought it convenient, to mention ſome Caſes *here*, which are not, according to the beſt of my Remembrance, referred to in any Inſcriptions *there*; I have now omitted the Name. That Imagination might operate more freely, and the Improvement of the Reader be conſulted, without any thing that ſhould look like a Variation from Truth and Fact.

the Midſt; ſupporting the Roof with Simplicity, and with Dignity.—The Light, that paſſed through the Windows, ſeemed to ſhed a Kind of *luminous Obſcurity*; which gave every Object a grave and venerable Air.—The deep *Silence*, added to the gloomy Aſpect, and both heightened by the Lonelineſs of the Place, greatly increaſed the Solemnity of the Scene.—A Sort of *religious Dread* ſtole inſenſibly on my Mind, while I advanced, all penſive and thoughtful, along the inmoſt Aiſle. Such a Dread, as huſhed every ruder Paſſion, and diſſipated all the gay Images of an alluring World.

HAVING adored that Eternal Majeſty, who, far from being confined to Temples made with Hands, has Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Footſtool—I took particular Notice of a handſome *Altar-piece*; preſented, as I was afterwards informed, by the Maſter-Builders of *Stow**; out of Gratitude, I preſume, to that gracious GOD, who carried them through their

* The Name of a grand Seat, belonging to the late Earl of *Bath*: remarkable formerly for its excellent Workmanſhip, and elegant Furniture; once the principal Reſort of the Quality and Gentry of the Weſt; but now demoliſhed, laid even with the Ground, and ſcarce one Stone left upon another.—So that Corn may grow, or Nettles ſpring, where *Stow* lately ſtood.

Work, and enabled them to "bring forth their "Top-ſtone with Joy."

O! how amiable is *Gratitude!* eſpecially when it has the ſupreme Benefactor for its Object. I have always looked upon Gratitude, as the moſt exalted Principle that can actuate the Heart of Man. It has ſomething noble, diſintereſted, and (if I may be allowed the Term) generouſly devout. *Repentance* indicates our Nature fallen, and *Prayer* turns chiefly upon a Regard to one's ſelf. But the Exerciſes of Gratitude ſubſiſted in Paradiſe, when there was no Fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in Heaven, when "God ſhall be All in all."

The Language of this ſweet Temper is, "I "am unſpeakably obliged: What Return ſhall "I make?"—And, ſurely, it is no improper Expreſſion of an unfeigned Thankfulneſs, to decorate our Creator's Courts, and *beautify* "the "*Place* where his Honour dwelleth." Of old, the Habitation of his Feet was glorious: Let it not, now, be ſordid or contemptible. It muſt grieve an ingenuous Mind, and be a Reproach to any People, to have their own Houſes wainſcoted with Cedar, and painted with Vermillion; while the Temple of the Lord of Hoſts is deſtitute of every decent Ornament.

Here

HERE I recollected, and was charmed with, *Solomon*'s fine Addreſs to the Almighty, at the *Dedication* of his famous Temple. With immenſe Charge, and exquiſite Skill, he had erected the moſt rich and finiſhed Structure, that the Sun ever ſaw. Yet, upon a Review of his Work, and a Reflection on the tranſcendent Perfections of the Godhead, how he exalts the one, and abaſes the other! — The Building was too *glorious*, for the mightieſt Monarch to inhabit; too *ſacred*, for unhallowed Feet even to enter; yet infinitely too *mean*, for the Deity to reſide in. It was, and the Royal Worſhiper acknowledged it to be, a moſt marvellous Vouchſafement in uncreated Excellency, to "put his Name there." — The whole Paſſage breathes ſuch a Delicacy, and is animated with ſuch a Sublimity of Sentiment, that I cannot perſuade myſelf to paſs on, without repeating it. **But will GOD indeed dwell on Earth?*

* 1 *Kings* viii. 27. *But will* — A fine abrupt Beginning, moſt ſignificantly deſcribing the Amazement and Rapture of the Royal Prophet's Mind! — *GOD:* He uſes no Epithet, where Writers of inferior Diſcernment would have been fond to multiply them: But ſpeaks of the Deity, as an incomprehenſible Being, whoſe Perfections and Glories are exalted above all Praiſe. — *Dwell:* To beſtow on ſinful Creatures a propitious

Earth? Behold! The Heaven, and Heaven of Heavens, cannot contain thee; how much leſs this Houſe, that I have builded! — Incomparable Saying! Worthy the wiſeſt of Men. Who would not chooſe to poſſeſs ſuch an elevated Devotion, rather than to own all the glittering Materials of that ſumptuous Edifice?

We

pitious Look; to favour them with a tranſient Viſit of Kindneſs; even this were an unutterable Obligation. Will he then vouchſafe to fix his Abode among them, and take up his ſtated Reſidence with them?—*Indeed:* A Word, in this Connexion, peculiarly emphatical; expreſſive of a Condeſcenſion, wonderful and extraordinary almoſt beyond all Credibility. *Behold:* Intimating the continued, or rather the increaſing Surpriſe of the Speaker, and awakening the Attention of the Hearer. — *Behold! the Heaven:* the ſpacious Concave of the Firmament; that wide extended Azure Circumference, in which Worlds unnumbered perform their Revolutions, is too ſcanty an Apartment for the Godhead. — Nay, *The Heaven of Heavens:* Thoſe vaſtly higher Tracts, which lie far beyond the Limits of human Survey; to which our very Thoughts can hardly ſoar; even Theſe (unbounded as they are) cannot afford an adequate Habitation for JEHOVAH: Even theſe dwindle into a Point, when compared with the Infinitude of his Eſſence; even Theſe "are as nothing "before him."—*How much leſs* proportionate is this poor diminutive Speck (which I have been erecting and embelliſhing), to ſo auguſt a Preſence, ſo immenſe a Majeſty!

WE are apt to be ſtruck with Admiration, at the Stateline ſs and Grandeur of a maſterly Performance in Architecture. And, perhaps, on a Sight of the ancient Sanctuary, ſhould have made the *ſuperficial* Obſervation of the Diſciples; "What Manner of Stones, and what Build-"ings are here!"—But what a *nobler* Turn of Thought, and *juſter* Taſte of Things, does it diſcover; to join with *Iſrael*'s King, in celebrating the Condeſcenſion of the divine Inhabitant! That the High and Lofty One, who fills Immenſity with his Glory, ſhould, in a peculiar Manner, fix his Abode there! Should *there* manifeſt an extraordinary Degree of his benedictive Preſence; permit ſinful Mortals to approach his Majeſty; and promiſe "to make "them joyful in his Houſe of Prayer!"—*This* ſhould more ſenſibly affect our Hearts, than the moſt curious Arrangement of Stones can delight our Eyes.

NAY, the everlaſting GOD does not diſdain to dwell in our *Souls* by his Holy Spirit; and to make even our *Bodies* his Temple.—Tell me, ye that frame critical Judgments, and balance nicely the Diſtinction of Things; "Is "this moſt aſtoniſhing, or moſt rejoicing?"—He humbleth himſelf, the Scripture aſſures us,

even to behold the Things that are in Heaven
'Tis a moſt condeſcending Favour, if H
pleaſes to take the leaſt approving Notice
Angels and Arch-angels, when they bow do
in Homage from their celeſtial Thrones. W
he then graciouſly regard, will he be unit
moſt *intimately united* to poor, polluted, breat
ing Duſt? — Unparallel'd Honour! Invalual
Privilege! Be this my Portion, and I ſhall r
covet Crowns, nor envy Conquerors.

BUT let me remember, what a *Sanctity*
Diſpoſition, and *Uprightneſs* of Converſation,
exalted a Relation demands: Remember th
" and rejoice with Trembling." — Durſt I cor
mit any Iniquity, while I tread theſe hallow
Courts? Could the *Jewiſh* High-Prieſt all
Himſelf in any known Tranſgreſſion, while
made that ſolemn yearly Entrance † into t
Holy of Holies, and ſtood before the immedi
Preſence of *JEHOVAH?* No, truly. In *ſu*
Circumſtances, a thinking Perſon muſt ſhudd
at the moſt remote Solicitation, to any wilf
Offence. I ſhould *now* be ſhocked at the le
Indecency of Behaviour, and am apprehenſi
of every Appearance of Evil. — And why
we not carry this holy Jealouſy, into all o

ord

* Pſal. cxiii. 6. † Heb. ix. 7.

ordinary Life? Why do we not, in every Place*, reverence ourſelves; as Perſons dedicated to the Divinity, as *living Temples* of the Godhead? For, if we are real, and not merely nominal Chriſtians, the GOD of Glory, according to his own Promiſe, † *dwells in us, and walks in us.* — O! that this *one* Doctrine of our Religion might operate, with an abiding Efficacy, upon our Conſciences! It would be inſtead of a *thouſand* Laws, to regulate our Conduct; inſtead of a *thouſand* Motives to quicken us in Holineſs. Under the Influence of *ſuch* a Conviction, we ſhould ſtudy to maintain a Purity of Intention; a Dignity of Action; and to walk worthy of that tranſcendently majeſtic Being, who admits us to a Fellowſhip with Himſelf, and with his Son JESUS CHRIST.

THE next Thing, which engaged my Attention, was the *Lettered Floor*. The Pavement, ſomewhat

* —— —— —— παίδων δὲ μάλιϛ' αἰσχύνεο σ' αὐτὸν, was the favourite Maxim of *Pythagoras*, and ſuppoſed to be one of the beſt moral Precepts, ever given to the heathen World. With what ſuperior Force, and very ſingular Advantage, does the Argument take Place in the Chriſtian Scheme? Where we are taught to regard ourſelves, not merely as *intellectual Beings*, who have *Reaſon* for our Monitor; but as *conſecrated Creatures*, who have a GOD of the moſt conſummate Perfection, ever *with* us, ever *in* us.

† 2 Cor. vi. 16.

ſomewhat like *Ezekiel*'s Roll, was written over from one End to the other. I ſoon perceived the Compariſon to hold good, in another Reſpect; and the Inſcriptions to be Matter of "*Mourning, Lamentation, and Woe**." They ſeemed to court my Obſervation; ſilently inviting me to read them. And what would theſe dumb Monitors inform me of?—"That "beneath their little Circumferences, were de-"poſited ſuch and ſuch Pieces of Clay, which "once *lived*, and *moved*, and *talked*: That they "had received a Charge to preſerve their Names, "and were the remaining Truſtees of their Me-"mory."

AH! ſaid I, is ſuch my Situation! The adorable Creator around me, and the Bones of my Fellow-Creatures under me! Surely, then, I have great Reaſon to cry out, with the revering Patriarch, *How dreadful is this Place*†! Seriouſneſs and Devotion become this Houſe for ever. May I never enter it lightly or irreverently; but with a profound Awe, and godly Fear!

O! that they were wiſe‡! ſaid the inſpired Penman. It was his laſt Wiſh for his dear People. He breathed it out, and gave up the Ghoſt. —But what is Wiſdom? It conſiſts not in refined

* Ezek. ii. 10. † Gen. xxviii. 17. ‡ Deut. xxxii. 29.

fined Speculations; accurate Reſearches into Nature; or an univerſal Acquaintance with Hiſtory. The divine Lawgiver ſettles this important Point in his next Aſpiration: *O! that they underſtood this!* That they had right Apprehenſions of their ſpiritual Intereſts, and eternal Concerns! That they had Eyes to diſcern, and Inclinations to purſue, the Things which belong to their Peace!—But how ſhall they attain this valuable Knowledge? I ſend them not, adds the illuſtrious Teacher, to turn over all the Volumes of Literature: They may acquire, and much more expeditiouſly, this Science of Life, *by conſidering their latter End.* This Spark of Heaven is often loſt under the Glitter of pompous Erudition; but ſhines clearly, in the gloomy Manſions of the Tomb. Drowned is this gentle Whiſper, amidſt the *Noiſe* of ſecular Affairs; but ſpeaks diſtinctly, in the *Retirements* of ſerious Contemplation.—Behold! how providentially I am brought to the School of Wiſdom! * The Grave, is the moſt faithful † Maſter;

* The Man how wiſe, who ſick of gaudy Scenes,
Is led by Choice to take his fav'rite Walk
Beneath Death's gloomy, ſilent, Cypreſs Shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantaſtic Ray?
To read his Monuments, to weigh his Duſt,
Viſit his Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs!
Night Thoughts.

† Wait the great Teacher Death.

ter; and theſe Inſtances of Mortality, the moſt inſtructive Leſſons.—Come then, *calm Attention*, and compoſe my Thoughts; Come, thou *celeſtial Spirit*, and enlighten my Mind; that I may ſo peruſe theſe awful Pages, as to become "wiſe unto Salvation."

EXAMINING the Records of Mortality, I found the Memorials of a * *promiſcuous* Multitude. They were huddled, at leaſt they reſted together, without any Regard to Rank or Seniority. None were ambitious of the uppermoſt Rooms, or chief Seats, in this Houſe of Mourning. None entertained fond and eager Expectations of being honourably greeted, in their darkſome Cells. The Man of Years and Experience, reputed as an Oracle in his Generation, was content to lie down at the Feet of a Babe. In this Houſe, appointed for all Living, the Servant was equally accommodated, and lodged in the ſame Story, with his Maſter. The *poor Indigent* lay as ſoftly, and ſlept as ſoundly, as the moſt *opulent Poſſeſſor*. All the Diſtinction that ſubſiſted, was, a graſſy Hillock, bound with Oſiers; or a ſepulchral Stone, ornamented with Imagery.

WHY then, ſaid my working Thoughts, O! why ſhould we raiſe ſuch a mighty Stir, about *Superi-*

* *Miſta Senum et Juvenum denſantur Funera.* Hor.

Superiority and *Precedence*; when the next Remove, will reduce us all to a State of equal Meanneſs? Why ſhould we exalt ourſelves, or debaſe others; ſince we muſt all, one Day, be upon a common Level, and blended together in the ſame undiſtinguiſhed Duſt? O! that this Conſideration might humble my own, and others Pride; and ſink our Imaginations as low, as our Habitation will ſhortly be!

AMONG theſe confuſed Relics of Humanity, there are, without Doubt, Perſons of *contrary* Intereſts, and *contradicting* Sentiments. But Death, like ſome able Days-man, has laid his Hand on the contending Parties; and brought all their Differences to an * amicable Concluſion. Here Enemies, ſworn Enemies, dwell together in Unity. They drop every imbittered Thought, and forget that they once were Foes. Perhaps, their crumbling Bones *mix*, as they *moulder*: And thoſe who, while they lived, ſtood aloof in irreconcileable Variance; here fall into mutual Embraces, and even incorporate with each other in the Grave. — O! that we might learn from theſe friendly Aſhes, not to perpetuate the Memory of *Injuries*; not to foment the Fever

* *Hi Motus Animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta,*
Pulveris exigui Jactu compreſſa quieſcent.
VIRG.

Fever of *Reſentment*; nor cheriſh the Turbulence of *Paſſion*. That there may be as little Animoſity and Diſagreement in the Land of the Living, as there is in the Congregation of the Dead! — But I ſuſpend for a while ſuch *general* Obſervations, and addreſs myſelf to a more *particular* Inquiry.

YONDER *white Stone*, Emblem of the Innocence it covers, informs the Beholder of One, who breathed out its tender Soul, almoſt in the Inſtant of receiving it. — There, the peaceful *Infant*, without ſo much as knowing what Labour and Vexation mean, "* lies ſtill and is "quiet; it ſleeps and is at Reſt." Staying only to waſh away its native Impurity in the Laver of Regeneration, it bid a ſpeedy Adieu to Time, and terreſtrial Things. — What did the little haſty Sojourner find, ſo forbidding and diſguſtful in our upper World, to occaſion its precipitate Exit? 'Tis written, indeed, of its ſuffering Saviour, that when he had taſted the Vinegar mingled with Gall, He would not drink †. And did our new-come Stranger, begin to *ſip* the Cup of Life: but, perceiving the Bitterneſs, turn away its Head, and refuſe the *Draught?* Was this the Cauſe why the wary Babe

* Job iii. 13. † Matt. xxvii. 34.

Babe only opened its Eyes; juſt looked on the Light, and then withdrew, into the more inviting Regions of undiſturbed Repoſe?

HAPPY Voyager! No ſooner launched, than *arrived* at the Haven*!—But more eminently happy *they*, who have paſſed the Waves, and weathered all the Storms, of a troubleſome and dangerous World! Who, "through many "Tribulations, have entered into the Kingdom "of Heaven;" and thereby brought *Honour* to their divine Convoy, adminiſtered *Comfort* to the Companions of their Toil, and left an inſtructive *Example* to ſucceeding Pilgrims.

HIGHLY favoured Probationer! accepted, without being exerciſed!—It was thy peculiar Privilege, not to *feel* the ſlighteſt of thoſe Evils, which *oppreſs* thy ſurviving Kindred; which frequently fetch Groans, from the moſt manly Fortitude, or moſt elevated Faith. The Arrows of Calamity, barbed with Anguiſh, are *often* fixed deep in our choiceſt Comforts. The fiery Darts of Temptation, ſhot from the Hand of Hell, are

* Happy the Babe, who privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter Labour, and a lighter Weight,
Receiv'd but Yeſterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
PRIOR's *Sol.*

are *always* flying in Showers around our Integrity. To thee, ſweet Babe, both theſe Diſtreſſes and Dangers were alike unknown.

CONSIDER this, ye *mourning Parents*, and dry up your Tears. Why ſhould you lament, that your little ones are crowned with Victory, before the Sword was drawn, or the Conflict begun?—Perhaps, the ſupreme Diſpoſer of Events, foreſaw ſome inevitable Snare of Temptation forming, or ſome dreadful Storm of Adverſity impending. And why ſhould you be ſo diſſatisfied, with that *kind Precaution*; which houſed your pleaſant Plant, and removed into Shelter a tender Flower, before the Thunders roared: before the Lightnings flew: before the Tempeſt poured its Rage?—O remember! they are not loſt, but *taken away from the Evil to come* *.

AT the ſame Time, let *Survivors*, doomed to *bear the Heat and Burden of the Day*, for their Encouragement reflect—That it is more honourable to have entered the Liſts, and to have fought the good Fight, before they come off Conquerors. They who have bore the Croſs, and ſubmitted to afflictive Providences, with a chearful Reſignation; have girded up the Loins of their

* Iſa. lvii. 1.

their Mind, and performed their Maſter's Will, with an honeſt and perſevering Fidelity:—Theſe, having glorified their Redeemer on Earth, will, probably, be as Stars of the *firſt Magnitude* in Heaven. They will ſhine with brighter Beams, be repleniſhed with ſtronger Joys, in their LORD's everlaſting Kingdom.

HERE lies the Grief of a fond Mother, and the blaſted Expectation of an indulgent Father.—The *Youth* grew up, like a well-watered Plant; he ſhot deep, roſe high, and bid fair for Manhood. But juſt as the *Cedar* began to tower; and promiſed, ere long, to be the Pride of the the Wood, and Prince among the neighbouring Trees—Behold! the *Ax* is laid unto the Root; the fatal Blow ſtruck; and all its branching Honours tumbled to the Duſt.—And did he fall alone? No: The Hopes of his Father that begat him, and the pleaſing Proſpects of her that bare him, fell, and were cruſhed together with him.

DOUBTLESS, it would have pierced one's Heart, to have beheld the tender Parents, following the breathleſs Youth, to his long Home. Perhaps, drowned in Tears, and all overwhelmed with Sorrows, they ſtood, like weeping

ing Statues, on this very Spot.—Methin
ſee the deeply-diſtreſſed Mourners attendin
ſad Solemnity. How they wring their Ha
and pour Floods from their Eyes!—Is it Fa
or do I really hear the paſſionate *Moth*
Agony of Affliction, taking her final
the Darling of her Soul? Dumb ſhe r
while the awful Obſequies were per
dumb with Grief, and leaning upon the
of her Woes. But now the inward
ſtruggles for Vent; it grows too big
preſſed. She advances to the Brink
Grave. All her Soul is in her Ey
faſtens one more Look upon the *dea*
Object, before the Pit ſhuts its Mou
him. And as ſhe looks, ſhe cries;—ir
Accents, interrupted by many a riſing
cries—"Farewel, my Son! my Son!
"Beloved! Would to God I had died
"—Farewel, my Child; and farewel
"earthly Happineſs!—I ſhall never
"Good, in the Land of the Living.—
"not to comfort me.—I will go mour
"my Days, till my grey Hairs com
"with Sorrow, to the Grave."

FROM this affecting Repreſentation,
rents be convinced, how highly it concer

to cultivate the *Morals*, and ſecure the *immortal* Intereſts of their Children.—If you really love the Offspring of your own Bodies; if your

Pledges of
ins; give all
them up in
the LORD.
ife, or Con-
Span is *pro-*
ful Conduct,
a Balm for
ber of their
may commit
ich the ſame
nd the Sur-
ation. You
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your Arms,
and endear-

much more
e; to reſign
from your
of Corrup-
having been
ted to your
Tenderneſs;
and

and now become both the Delight of your Eyes and the Support of your Family!—To have such a one torn from your Bosom, and thrown into Darkness; doubtless, it must be like a Dagger in your Hearts.—But O! how much more cutting to you, and confounding to the Child, to have the Soul separated from GOD and, for *shameful Ignorance*, or *early Impiety* transmitted to Places of eternal Torment! How would it aggravate your Distress, and add a distracting *Emphasis* to all your Sighs, if you should follow the pale Corpse with these bitter Reflections!—"This Dear Creature, though "long ago capable of knowing Good from Evil, "is gone *out* of the World, before it had learned "the great Design of coming *into* it. A short-"lived momentary Existence, it received from "me; but no good Instructions, no holy Ad-"monitions, nothing to further its Well-being "in that everlasting State, upon which it is now "entered. The *poor Body* is consigned to the "Coffin, and carried out to consume away, in "the cold and silent Grave. And what Rea-"son have I to suppose, that the *precious Soul* is "in a better Condition? May I not justly fear, "that, sentenced by the righteous Judge, it is "going, or gone away, into the Pains of end-"less Punishment?—Perhaps, while I am *be-*

"*wailing*

"*wailing* its untimely Departure; it may be "*curſing*, in outer Darkneſs, that ever to be de-"plored, that moſt calamitous Day, when it "was born of ſuch a careleſs, ungodly Parent, "as I have been."

NOTHING, I think, but the Gnawings of that Worm which never dies, can equal the Anguiſh of theſe ſelf-condemning Thoughts. The Tortures of a Rack muſt be an eaſy Suffering, compared with the Stings and Horror of ſuch a Remorſe.—How earneſtly do I wiſh, that as many as are entruſted with the Management of Children, would take timely Care to prevent theſe Scourges of Conſcience; by endeavouring to conduct their Minds into an early *Knowledge* of Chriſt, and a cordial *Love* of his Truth!

ON this Hand is lodged One, whoſe Sepulchral Stone tells a moſt pitiable Tale indeed! Well may the *little Images*, reclined over the ſleeping Aſhes, hang down their Heads with that penſive Air! None can conſider ſo mournful a Story, without feeling ſome Touches of ſympathizing Concern.—His *Age* Twenty-eight; his Death *ſudden*; himſelf cut down in the Prime of Life, amidſt all the Vivacity and Vigour of Manhood; while "his Breaſts were

" full of Milk, and his Bones moiſtened with " Marrow."—Probably, he entertained no Apprehenſions of the evil Hour. And indeed, who could have ſuſpected, that ſo bright a Sun ſhould go down at Noon? To human Appearance, his Hill ſtood ſtrong. Length of Days ſeemed written in his ſanguine Countenance. He ſolaced himſelf with the Proſpect of a long, long Series of earthly Satisfactions.—When, lo! an unexpected Stroke deſcends! deſcends from that mighty Arm, which " overturneth " the Mountains by their Roots; and cruſhes " the imaginary Hero, * *before the Moth*;" as quickly,

* *Job* iv. 19. עש פנים—*Ad inſtar, ad modum, Tineæ.*—I retain this Interpretation, both as it is moſt ſuitable to my Purpoſe, and as it is patronized by ſome eminent Commentators; eſpecially the celebrated *Schultens*. Though I cannot but give the Preference to the Opinion of a judicious Friend, who would render the Paſſage more literally, *Before the Face of a Moth*: Making it to repreſent a Creature ſo exceedingly frail, that even a Moth, flying againſt it, may daſh it to Pieces.—Which, beſides its cloſer Correſpondence with the exact Import of the *Hebrew*, preſents us with a much finer Image of the moſt extreme Imbecility. For it certainly implies a far greater Degree of Weakneſs, to be cruſhed by the feeble Flutter of the feebleſt Creature, than only to be cruſhed as eaſily as that Creature, by the Hand of Man.—The *French* Verſion is very expreſſive and beautiful; *à la Rencontre d'un Vermiſſeau.*

quickly, and more eaſily, than our Fingers preſs ſuch a feeble fluttering Inſect to Death.

PERHAPS, the *nuptial Joys* were all he thought on.—Were not ſuch the Breathings of his enamoured Soul? "Yet a very little while, "and I ſhall poſſeſs the utmoſt of my Wiſhes. "I ſhall call my Charmer mine; and, in *her*, "enjoy whatever my Heart can crave."—In the Midſt of ſuch enchanting Views, had ſome faithful Friend but ſoftly reminded him of an opening Grave, and the End of all Things; how *unſeaſonable* would he have reckoned the Admonition! Yet, though all warm with Life, and rich in viſionary Bliſs, he was even then tottering upon the Brink of both.—Dreadful Viciſſitude! to have the *bridal* * Feſtivity turned into the *funeral* Solemnity! Deplorable Miſ-

 fortune!

* A Diſtreſs of this Kind is painted in very affecting Colours by *Pliny*, in an Epiſtle to *Marcellinus*; *O triſte plane acerbumque Funus! O Morte ipſa Mortis Tempus indignius! Jam deſtinata erat egregio Juveni; jam electus Nuptiarum Dies; jam nos advocati. Quod Gaudium quo Mœrore mutatum eſt! Non poſſum exprimere Verbis, quantum Animo vulnus acceperim, quum audivi Fundanum ipſum (ut multa luctuoſa Dolor invenit) præcipientem, quod in Veſtes, Margaritas, Gemmas, fuerat erogaturus, hoc in Thura, & Unguenta, & Odores, impenderetur.*

PLIN. Lib. V. Epiſt. 26.

fortune! to be ſhipwrecked in the very Haven! and to periſh even in Sight of Happineſs!—What a memorable Proof is here of the Frailty of Man, in his beſt Eſtate! Look, O! look on this Monument, ye *Gay* and *Careleſs!* Attend to this Date; and boaſt no more of To-morrow!

Who can tell, but the *Bride-maids*, girded with Gladneſs, had prepared the Marriage-Bed? Had decked it with the richeſt Covers, and dreſſed it in Pillows of Down? When—Oh! truſt not in Youth, or Strength, or in any thing Mortal; for there is nothing certain, nothing to be depended on, beneath the unchangeable God—Death, relentleſs Death, is making him another Kind of Bed in the Duſt of the Earth. Unto this he muſt be conveyed, not with a ſplendid Proceſſion of *joyous Attendants*; but ſtretched in the *gloomy Hearſe*, and followed by a Train of Mourners. On this he muſt take up a lonely Lodging, nor ever be releaſed, "till the Heavens are no more."—In vain does the conſenting *Fair-one* put on her Ornaments, and expect her Spouſe. Did ſhe not, like *Siſera*'s Mother, look out of the Lattice; chide the Delays of her Beloved; and wonder "why "his Chariot was ſo long in coming?" Little thinking, that the *intended* Bridegroom had for

ever

ever done with tranſitory Things! That now everlaſting Cares employ his Mind, without one ſingle Remembrance of his lovely *Lucinda!*—Go, diſappointed Virgin! Go, mourn the Uncertainty of all created Bliſs! Teach thy Soul to aſpire after a ſure and *immutable Felicity!* For the once gay and gallant *Fidelio* ſleeps in other Embraces; even in the icy Arms of Death! Forgetful, eternally forgetful, of the World—and *thee.*

HITHERTO, one is tempted to exclaim againſt the King of Terrors, and call him *capriciouſly cruel.* He ſeems, by beginning at the wrong End of the Regiſter, to have inverted the Laws of Nature. Paſſing over the Couch of decrepit Age, he has nipped Infancy in its *Bud*; blaſted Youth in its *Bloom*; and torn up Manhood in its full *Maturity.*—Terrible indeed are theſe Providences, yet not unſearchable the Counſels:

For us they ſicken, and for us they die *.

SUCH Strokes, muſt not only grieve the Relatives, but *ſurpriſe* the whole Neighbourhood. They ſound a powerful Alarm to heedleſs dreaming Mortals, and are intended as a Remedy for our carnal Security. Such Paſſing-Bells, incu-

cate

* Night Thoughts.

cate loudly our LORD's Admonition; "Take "ye Heed, Watch, and Pray: for ye know "not when the Time is."—We nod, like intoxicated Creatures, upon the very Verge of a tremendous Precipice. Theſe aſtoniſhing Diſpenſations, are the kind Meſſengers of Heaven to *rouſe* us from our *Supineneſs*, and quicken us into timely Circumſpection. I need not, ſurely, accommodate them with Language, nor act as their Interpreter. Let every one's Conſcience be awake, and this will appear their awful Meaning—"O! ye Sons of Men, in the "Midſt of Life you are in Death. No State, "no Circumſtances, can aſcertain your Preſer-"vation a ſingle Moment. So *ſtrong* is the "Tyrant's Arm, that nothing can reſiſt its "Force; ſo *true* his Aim, that nothing can "elude the Blow. *Sudden* as Lightning, ſome-"times, is his Arrow launched; and wounds, "and kills, in the Twinkling of an Eye. "Never promiſe yourſelves Safety in any Ex-"pedient, but conſtant Preparation. The "fatal Shafts fly ſo promiſcuouſly, that none "can gueſs the next Victim. Therefore, *be* "*ye always ready: for in ſuch an Hour as ye* "*think not*, the final Summons cometh."

Be ye always ready: for in ſuch an Hour as Ye ink not—Important Admonition! Methinks, reverberates from Sepulchre to Sepulchre; l addreſſes me with Line upon Line, Precept on Precept.—The reiterated Warning, I ac-owledge, is too needful; may co-operating ace, render it effectual! The momentous uth, though worthy to be *engraved*, on the bles of a moſt tenacious Memory; is but ghtly *ſketched*, on the tranſient Flow of Paſſion. e ſee our Neighbours fall; we turn pale at Shock; and feel, perhaps, a trembling ead. No ſooner are they removed from our ght; but, driven in the Whirl of Buſineſs, lulled in the Languors of Pleaſure, we forget Providence, and neglect its Errand. The preſſion made on our unſtable Minds, is like Trace of an Arrow, through the penetrated r; or the Path of a Keel, in the furrowed ave.—Strange Stupidity! To cure it, another onitor beſpeaks me, from a neighbouring one. It contains the Narrative of an unhappy rtal, ſnatched from his Friends, and hurried the awful Bar; without Leiſure, either to take *aſt Farewel* of the One, or to put up ſo much a *ſingle Prayer* preparatory for the other: lled, according to the uſual Expreſſion, by a lden Stroke of Caſualty.

WAS

Was it then a random Stroke? Doubtleſs, the Blow came from an *aiming*, though inviſible Hand. God preſideth over the Armies of Heaven; God ruleth among the Inhabitants of the Earth; and God conducteth, what Men call *Chance*. Nothing, nothing comes to paſs through a blind and undiſcerning Fatality. If Accidents happen; they happen according to the exact Foreknowledge, and conformably to the determinate Counſels, of eternal Wiſdom. The Lord, with whom are the Iſſues of Death, ſigns the *Warrant*, and gives the high Commiſſion. The ſeemingly fortuitous Diſaſter is only the *Agent*, or the *Inſtrument*, appointed to execute the ſupreme Decree. When the King of *Iſrael* was mortally wounded, it ſeemed to be a caſual Shot. *A certain Man drew a Bow at a Venture**.—*At a Venture*, as he thought. But his Hand was ſtrengthened by an omnipotent Aid; and the Shaft levelled, by an unerring Eye. So that, what we term *Caſualty*, is really *Providence*; accompliſhing deliberate Deſigns, but concealing its own Interpoſition.—How comforting this Reflection! Admirably adapted, to ſooth the throbbing Anguiſh of the Mourners, and compoſe their Spirits into a quiet Submiſſion!

* 1 Kings xxii. 34.

miſſion! Excellently ſuited, to diſſipate the Fears of godly Survivors, and create a calm Intrepidity even amidſt innumerable Perils!

How *thin* is the Partition, between this World and another! How *ſhort* the Tranſition, from Time to Eternity! The Partition, nothing more than the Breath in our Noſtrils; and the Tranſition may be made, in the Twinkling of an Eye.—Poor *Chremylus*, I remember, aroſe from the Diverſion of a Card-Table, and dropt into the Dwellings of Darkneſs.—One Night, *Corinna* was all Gaiety in her Spirits, all Finery in her Apparel, at a magnificent Ball. The next Night, ſhe lay pale and ſtiff, an extended Corpſe, and ready to be mingled with the mouldering Dead.—Young *Atticus* lived to ſee his ample and commodious Seat compleated: but not to ſpend one joyous Hour, under the ſtately Roof. The Saſhes were hung, to admit the Day; but the Maſter's Eyes were cloſed in endleſs Night. The Apartments were furniſhed, to invite Society, or adminiſter Repoſe; but their Lord reſts in the lower Parts of the Earth, in the ſolitary, ſilent Chambers of the Tomb. The Gardens were planned, and a thouſand elegant Decorations deſigned; but alas! their intended Poſſeſſor, is gone down to "the Place of Skulls;" is gone

gone down to the Valley of the Shadow
Death.

While I am recollecting, many, I queſti
not, are experiencing the ſame tragical Vici
tude. The Eyes of that ſublime Being—w
ſits upon the Circle of the Earth, and views
its Inhabitants with one comprehenſive Glar
—even now behold many Tents in Afflicti
Such Affliction, as overwhelmed the *Egypti*
in that fatal Night, when the deſtroying Ang
ſheathed his Arrows in all the Pride of th
Strength.—Some, ſinking to the Floor fr
their *eaſy Chair*; and deaf even amidſt t
piercing Shrieks of their diſtracted Relations.
Some, giving up the Ghoſt, as they ſit retir
or lie reclined, under the *ſhady Arbour*, to ta
the Sweets of the flowery Scene.—Some, as th
ſail, aſſociated with a *Party* of *Pleaſure*, alo
the dancing Stream, and through the laughi
Meads. Nor is the grim Intruder mollifi
though Wine and Muſic flow around.—So
intercepted, as they are returning Home; a
ſome *interrupted*, as they enter upon an i
portant Negotiation.—Some arreſted, with t
Gain of *Injuſtice* in their Hands; and ſome ſu
prized, in the very Act of *Lewdneſs*, or the *A*
tempt of *Cruelty*.

Legion

Legions, Legions of Diſaſters, ſuch as no Prudence can foreſee, and no Care prevent, lie in wait to accompliſh our Doom. A *ſtarting Horſe* may throw his Rider; may at once daſh his Body againſt the Stones, and fling his Soul into the inviſible World. A *Stack* of *Chimnies* may tumble into the Street, and cruſh the unwary Paſſenger under the Ruins. Even a ſingle *Tile*, dropping from the Roof, may be as fatal as the Fall of the whole Structure.—So frail, ſo very attenuated is the Thread of Life, that it not only burſts before the *Storm*, but breaks even at a *Breeze*. The moſt common Occurrences, thoſe, from which we ſuſpect not the leaſt Harm, may prove the Weapons of our Deſtruction. A Grape-ſtone, a deſpicable Fly, may be more mortal than *Goliath*, with all his formidable Armour.—Nay, if God give Command, our very *Comforts* become *killing*. The Air we breathe, is our Bane; and the Food we eat, the Vehicle of Death.—That laſt Enemy has unnumbered Avenues for his Approach. Yea; lies intrenched in our very Boſom, and holds his Fortreſs in the Seat of our Life. The crimſon Fluid, which *diſtributes Health*, is impregnated with the Seeds of Death. Heat may inflame it, or Toil oppreſs it; and make it deſtroy the Parts, it was deſigned to cheriſh. Some unſeen

Impedi-

Impediment may obſtruct its Paſſage, or ſome unknown Violence may divert its Courſe; in either of which Caſes, it acts the Part of a poiſonous Draught, or a deadly Stab.

Ah! in what Perils is vain Life engaged!
What ſlight Neglects, what trivial Faults deſtroy
The hardieſt Frame! Of Indolence, of Toil
We die; of Want, of Superfluity.
The all-ſurrounding Heav'n, the vital Air,
Is big with Death.

SINCE then we are ſo liable to be diſpoſſeſſed of this earthly Tabernacle, let Us look upon Ourſelves only as *Tenants at Will*; and hold Ourſelves in perpetual Readineſs, to depart at a Moment's Warning. Without ſuch an *habitual* Readineſs, we are like Wretches, that ſleep on the Top of a Maſt, while a horrid Gulph yawns, or furious Waves rage, below. And where can be the Peace, what the Satisfaction, of ſuch a State?—Whereas, a prepared Condition will inſpire a Chearfulneſs of Temper, not to be diſmayed by any alarming Accident; and create a Firmneſs of Mind, not to be overthrown by the moſt threatening Dangers. When the City is fortified with Walls, furniſhed with Proviſion, guarded by able and reſolute Troops; what have

have the Inhabitants to fear? what may they not enjoy? So, juſt ſo, or rather by a much ſurer Band, are connected the *real* Taſte of Life, and the *conſtant* Thought of Death.

I SAID, *Our very Comforts may become killing.*—And ſee the Truth inſcribed by the Hand, ſealed with the Signet, of Fate. The Marble, which graces yonder Pillar, informs me, that, near it, are depoſited the Remains of *Sophronia*; the much lamented *Sophronia*, who died in *Child-bed.*—How often does this Calamity happen! The Branch ſhoots; but the Stem withers. The Babe ſprings to Light; but She that bare Him, breathes her laſt. She gives Life, but gives it (O pitiable Conſideration!) at the Expence of her own; and becomes, at once, *Mother*, and a *Corpſe.*—Or elſe, perhaps, She expires in ſevere Pangs, and is Herſelf a Tomb for her Infant; while the melancholy Complaint of a Monarch's Woe, is the Epitaph for them both; *The Children are come to the Birth, and there is not Strength to bring forth* *.—Leſs to be lamented, in my Opinion, *this* Misfortune than the *other.* Better, for the tender Stranger, to be ſtopped in the Porch; than to enter, only to converſe with Affliction. Better, to find a

* Iſa. xxxvii. 3.

Grave in the Womb; than to be expoſed on a hazardous World, without the Guardian of its infantile Years, without the faithful Guide of its Youth.

THIS Monument is diſtinguiſhed by its finer Materials, and more delicate Appendages. It ſeems to have taken its Model from an affluent Hand; directed by a generous Heart; which thought it could never do enough for the Deceaſed.—It ſeems, alſo, to exhibit an *emblematical* Picture of *Sophronia*'s Perſon and Accompliſhments. Is her Beauty, or, what is more than Beauty, her white-rob'd Innocence, repreſented by the ſnowy *Colour?* The *Surface*, ſmoothly poliſhed, like her amiable Temper, and engaging Manners. The *Whole* adorned, in a well-judged Medium, between extravagant Pomp, and ſordid Negligence; like her undiſſembled Goodneſs, remote from the leaſt Oſtentation, yet in all Points exemplary.—But ah! how vain, were all theſe endearing Charms! How vain, the Luſtre of thy ſprightly Eye! How vain, the Bloom of thy bridal Youth! How vain, the Honours of thy ſuperior Birth! How unable to ſecure the lovely Poſſeſſor, from the *ſavage Violence* of Death!—How ineffectual, the univerſal Eſteem of thy Acquaintance;

ance; the Fondneſs of thy tranſported Huſband; or even the ſpotleſs Integrity of thy Character; to prolong thy Span, or procure Thee a ſhort Reprieve!—The Concurrence of all theſe Circumſtances, reminds me of thoſe beautiful and tender Lines;

How lov'd, how valu'd *once, avails Thee not;*
To whom related, or by whom begot.
A Heap of Duſt alone remains of Thee:
'Tis all THOU *art!—and all the* PROUD
ſhall be!* POPE's *Miſcell.*

YET,

* Theſe Verſes are inſcribed on a ſmall, but elegant Monument, lately erected in the great Church at *Northampton*. Which, in the *Hieroglyphical* Decorations, correſponds with the Deſcription introduced above. In this Circumſtance particularly, that it is dedicated to the Memory of an amiable Woman, Mrs. ANNE STONHOUSE; the excellent Wife of my worthy Friend Dr. STONHOUSE: Who has ſeen all the Powers of that Healing Art, to which I, and ſo many others, have been *greatly* indebted, failing in their Attempts to preſerve a Life *dearer* to Him than his own.

Nec proſunt Domino, quæ proſunt omnibus, Artes.
No longer his all-healing Art avails;
But ev'ry Remedy its Maſter fails.

In the Midſt of this tender Diſtreſs, He has found Kind of Conſolation, even from the ſepulchral

YET, though unable to divert the Stroke, Chriſtianity is ſovereign to pluck out the Sting, of Death. Is not this the ſilent Language of thoſe *Lamps*, which burn, and of that *Heart*, which flames;

By teaching it to ſpeak, at once, his Eſteem for *her Memory*; and his Veneration for *that Religion*, which She ſo eminently adorned. Nor could this be more ſignificantly done, than by ſumming up her Character, in that conciſe, but comprehenſive Sentence, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN. *Conciſe* enough, to be the Motto for a mourning Ring; yet as *comprehenſive*, as the moſt enlarged Sphere of perſonal, ſocial, and religious Worth. For, whatſoever Things are pure; whatſoever Things are lovely; whatſoever Things are of good Report; are they not all included in that grand and noble Aggregate, *A ſincere Chriſtian?*

The firſt Lines, conſidered in ſuch a Connection, are wonderfully plaintive and pathetic;

How lov'd, how valu'd *once, avails Thee not;*
To whom related, or by whom begot.

They ſound, at leaſt in *my* Ears, like the Voice of Sorrow, mingled with Admiration. The Speaker ſeems to have been loſt, for a while, in melancholy Contemplation; ſuddenly breaks out into this abrupt Encomium; then melts into Tears, and can proceed no farther. Yet, in this Caſe, how eloquent is Silence! While it hints the univerſal Eſteem which attended, and the Superiority of Birth which diſtinguiſhed, the deceaſed *Wife*; it expreſſes, beyond all the Pomp of Words, the yearning Affection, and Heart-felt Affliction, of the ſurviving *Huſband*.

flames; of thoſe *Palms*, which flouriſh, and of that *Crown*, which glitters, in the well-imitated and gilded Marble? Do they not, to the diſcerning Eye, deſcribe the Vigilance of her Faith; the

Huſband.—Amidſt the Group of monumental Marbles, which are laviſh of their Panegyric; *this*, I think, reſembles the incomparable Addreſs of the Painter. Who, having placed, round a beautiful expiring Virgin, her Friends in all the Agonies of Grief; repreſented the *unequalled* Anguiſh of the *Father*, with far greater Liveline ſs and Strength, or rather with an inexpreſſible Emphaſis, by drawing a Veil over *his* Face.

If the laſt Lines, are a wide Departure from the beaten Track of our Modern Epitaphs, and the very Reverſe of their high-flown Compliments,

A Heap of Duſt alone remains of Thee!
'Tis all THOU *art!—and all the* PROUD *ſhall be!*

they are not without a Precedent, and one of the moſt conſummate Kind. Since they breathe the very Spirit of that ſacred Elegy, in which all the Heart of the Hero and the Friend, ſeems to be diſſolved; *How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War periſhed!* 2 Sam. i. 27.—They remind the Reader, of that awful Leſſon, which was originally dictated by the ſupreme Wiſdom; *Duſt thou art, and unto Duſt thou ſhalt return*, Gen. iii. 19.—They inculcate, with all the Force of the moſt convincing Evidence, that ſolemn Admonition, delivered by the Prophet; *Ceaſe Ye from Man, whoſe Breath is in his Noſtrils; for wherein is HE to be accounted of?* Iſa. ii. 22.

the Fervency of her Devotion; her Victory over the World; and the celeſtial Diadem, which the LORD, the righteous Judge, ſhall give her at that Day *?

How

That no Reader, however inattentive, might miſtake the Senſe and Deſign of *this* Part of the *fourth* Line,

'Tis ALL *Thou art!*—

it is guarded above and beneath.—*Above*, is an expanded Book, that ſeems to be waved, with an Air of Triumph, over the Emblem of Death. Which we cannot but ſuppoſe to be the Volume of Inſpiration, as it exhibits a Sort of *Abridgment* of its whole Contents, in thoſe animated Words; BE YE NOT SLOTHFUL, BUT FOLLOWERS OF THEM, WHO THROUGH FAITH AND PATIENCE INHERIT THE PROMISES, *Heb.* vi. 12.—*Beneath*, that every Part might be pregnant with Inſtruction, are thoſe ſtriking Reflections; worthy the Conſideration of the *higheſt* Proficient in Knowledge and Piety, yet obvious to the Underſtanding of the moſt *untaught* Reader; LIFE, HOW SHORT! ETERNITY HOW LONG!—May my Soul learn the forcible Purport of this ſhort Leſſon, in her contracted Span of Time, and all Eternity will not be too long, to rejoice in having learned it.

As the Doctor has ordered a little Copper Plate of a Monument to be engraven, for a few of his particular Acquaintance; He has indulged me in the Liberty of preſenting my Readers with the Draught, at the End of this Part of my Work; to which therefore I refer them for farther Illuſtration of the Deſcription.

* 2 Tim. iv. 8.

How happy the Huſband, in ſuch a Sharer of his Bed, and Partner of his Fortunes! Their inclinations were nicely-tuned *Uniſons*, and all their Converſation was *Harmony*. How ſilken the Yoke to ſuch a Pair, and what Bleſſings were twiſted with ſuch Bands! Every Joy was heightened, and every Care alleviated. Nothing ſeemed wanting to conſummate their Bliſs, but a hopeful Progeny, riſing around them.—That they might ſee Themſelves, multiplied in their Little ones; ſee their mingled Graces, tranſfuſed into their Offspring; and feel the Glow of their Affection *augmented*, by being *reflected* from their Children. "Grant Us this "Gift, ſaid their united Prayers, and our "Satisfactions are crowned: We requeſt no "more."

ALAS! how blind are Mortals to future Events! How unable to diſcern, what is really Good *! *Give me Children*, ſaid *Rachel, or elſe I die* †. An Ardor of Impatience, altogether unbecoming; and as miſtaken, as it was unbecoming. She dies, not by the *Diſappointment*,

* *Neſcia Mens Hominum Fati, Sortiſque futuræ!*
Turno Tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum,
Intactum Pallanta; & cum Spolia iſta Diemque
Oderit.— VIRG.

† Gen. xxx. 1.

but by the *Accompliſhment*, of her Deſire.—If Children are, to Parents, like a flowery Chaplet, whoſe Beauties bloſſom with Ornament, and whoſe Odours breathe Delight; Death, or ſome fell Misfortune, may find Means to entwine themſelves with the lovely Wreath. Whenever our Souls are poured out, with paſſionate Importunity, after any inferior Acquiſition: it may be truly ſaid, in the Words of our Divine Maſter, *Ye know not what Ye aſk.*—Does Providence with-hold the Thing that we long for? It denies in Mercy; and only with-holds the Occaſion of our Miſery, perhaps the Inſtrument of our Ruin. With a ſickly Appetite, We often lothe what is wholeſome, and hanker after our Bane. Where, *Imagination* dreams of unmingled Sweets; There, *Experience* frequently finds the Bitterneſs of Woe.

THEREFORE, may We covet immoderately, neither this nor that Form of earthly Felicity; but refer the Whole of our Condition, to the Choice of unerring Wiſdom. May we learn to renounce our own Will; and be ready to make a Sacrifice of our warmeſt Wiſhes, whenever they run counter to the good Pleaſure of GOD. For, indeed, as to obey his Laws, is to be perfectly free; ſo, to *reſign* Ourſelves to his

his Diſpoſal, is to *eſtabliſh* our own Happineſs, and to be ſecure from Fear of Evil.

HERE, a ſmall and plain Stone is placed upon the Ground. Purchaſed, one would imagine, from the little Fund, and formed by the Hand, of Frugality itſelf. Nothing coſtly: not one Decoration added: only a very ſhort Inſcription; and that ſo effaced, as to be ſcarcely intelligible.—Was the Depoſitary unfaithful to its Truſt? Or were the Letters worn, by the frequent Reſort of the ſurviving Family; to mourn over the Grave, of a moſt valuable and beloved Relative?—For I perceive, upon a cloſer Inſpection, that it covers the Remains of a Father. A *religious Father*; ſnatched from his growing Offspring, before they were ſettled in the World, or ſo much as their Principles fixed by a thorough Education.

THIS, ſure, is the moſt complicated Diſtreſs, that has hitherto come under our Conſideration. The *Solemnities* of ſuch a *dying Chamber*, are ſome of the moſt melting and melancholy Scenes imaginable.—There lies the affectionate Huſband; the indulgent Parent; the faithful Friend; and the generous Maſter. He lies in the laſt Extremities, and on the very Point of Diſſolution.

tion. Art has done its All. The raging Diſeaſe mocks the Power of Medicine. It haſtens, with reſiſtleſs Impetuoſity, to execute its dreadful Errand; to rend aſunder the ſilver Cord of Life, and the more delicate Tye of ſocial Attachment, and conjugal Affection.

A *Servant* or two, from a revering Diſtance, caſt many a wiſhful Look, and condole their honoured Maſter in the Language of Sighs. The condeſcending Mildneſs of his Commands, was wont to produce an Alacrity of Obedience, and render their Service a Pleaſure. The Remembrance of both imbitters their Grief, and makes it trickle plentifully down their honeſt Cheeks.—His *Friends*, who have ſo often ſhared his Joys, and gladdened his Mind with their enlivening Converſe, now are miſerable Comforters. A ſympathizing and mournful Pity, is all the Relief, they are able to contribute: unleſs it be augmented by their ſilent Prayers for the Divine Succour, and a Word of Conſolation ſuggeſted from the Scriptures*.—Thoſe poor Innocents, the *Children*, croud around the Bed; drowned

* Texts of Scripture, proper for ſuch an Occaſion; containing Promiſes—of Support under Affliction, *Lam.* iii.

drowned in Tears, and almoſt frantic with Grief, they ſob out their little Souls, and paſſionately cry; "Will He leave us? Leave Us, "in a helpleſs Condition! Leave Us, to an "injurious World!"

THESE ſeparate Streams are all united in the diſtreſſed *Spouſe*, and overwhelm her Breaſt with an impetuous Tide of Sorrows. In her, the Lover weeps; the Wife mourns; and all the Mother yearns. To Her, the Loſs is beyond Meaſure aggravated, by Months and Years of delightful Society, and exalted Friendſhip.—Where, alas! can She meet with ſuch unſuſpected Fidelity, or repoſe ſuch unreſerved Confidence? Where find ſo diſcreet a Counſellor; ſo improving an Example; and a Guardian ſo aſſiduouſly attentive, to the Intereſts of herſelf, and her children?—See! how ſhe hangs over the languiſhing Bed; moſt tenderly ſolicitous to prolong a Life, important and deſirable far beyond her own. Or, if that be impracticable, no

iii. 32. *Heb.* xii. 6. 2 *Cor.* iv. 17. — of Pardon, *Iſa.* liii. 5. *Iſa.* i. 18. 1 *John* ii. 1, 2. *Acts* x. 43.—of Juſtification, *Rom.* v. 9. *Rom.* viii. 33, 34. 2 *Cor.* v. 21.—of Victory over Death, *Pſal.* xxiii. 4. *Pſal.* lxxiii. 26. 1 *Cor.* xv. 56, 57.—of a happy Reſurrection, *John* vi. 40. 2 *Cor.* v. 1. *Rev.* vii. 16, 17.

no leſs tenderly officious to ſooth the laſt Agonies of her *dearer Self*.—Her Hands, trembling under direful Apprehenſions, wipe the cold Dews from the livid Cheeks; and ſometimes ſtay the ſinking Head on her gentle Arms, ſometimes reſt it on her compaſſionate Boſom.—See! how ſhe gazes, with a ſpeechleſs Ardor, on the pale Countenance, and meagre Features. Speechleſs her Tongue; but She looks unutterable Things. While all her ſoft Paſſions throb with unavailing Fondneſs, and her very Soul bleeds with exquiſite Anguiſh.

The *Sufferer*, all patient and adoring, ſubmits to the divine Will; and, by Submiſſion, becomes ſuperior to his Affliction. He is ſenſibly touched with the diſconſolate State of his Attendants; and pierced with an anxious Concern, for his Wife and his Children. His Wife, who will ſoon be a *deſtitute Widow*; his Children, who will ſoon be *helpleſs Orphans*. "Yet "though caſt down, not in deſpair." He is greatly refreſhed, by his Truſt in the everlaſting Covenant, and his Hope of approaching Glory. Religion gives a Dignity to Diſtreſs. At each Interval of Eaſe, he comforts his very Comforters; and ſuffers with all the Majeſty of Woe.

The

E Soul, juſt going to abandon the totter-
ay, collects all her Force, and exerts her
fforts. The good Man raiſes himſelf on
llow; extends a kind Hand to his Servants,
is bathed in Tears; takes an affecting
el of his Friends; claſps his Wife in a fee-
nbrace; kiſſes the dear Pledges of their
l Love; and then pours all that remains
e and of Strength, in the following Words;
die, *my* dear *Children:* but GOD, the
laſting GOD, will be with You.—Though
I loſe an earthly Parent; You have a
ier in Heaven, who lives for evermore.—
hing, nothing but an unbelieving Heart,
irreligious Life, can ever ſeparate You,
n the Regards of his Providence—from
Endearments of his Love."

could proceed no farther. His Heart
ll; but Utterance failed.—After a ſhort
with Difficulty, great Difficulty, he
;—" You, the dear *Partner* of my Soul,
u are now the only Protector of our Or-
ns.—I leave you under a Weight of
es.—But GOD, who defendeth the Cauſe
the Widow—GOD, whoſe Promiſe is
thfulneſs and Truth—GOD hath ſaid, *I*
will never leave Thee, nor forſake Thee *.—
" This

* Heb. xiii. 5.

" This revives my drooping Spirits—Let *this*
" ſupport the Wife of my Boſom—And
" now, O Father of Compaſſions, into *thy*
" Hands I commend my Spirit—encouraged by
" thy promiſed Goodneſs, *I leave my fatherleſs*"—

HERE, He fainted; fell back upon the Bed; and lay, for ſome Minutes, bereft of his Senſes. As a *Taper*, upon the very Point of Extinction, is ſometimes ſuddenly rekindled, and Leaps in to a quivering Flame: So *Life*, before it totally expired, gave a parting Struggle, and once more looked Abroad from the opening Eye-lids.—He would fain have ſpoke; fain have uttered the Sentence, he began. More than once he aſſayed: but the Organs of Speech, were become like a broken Veſſel; and nothing but the obſtructing Phlegm, rattled in his Throat. His *Aſpect*, however, *ſpoke* Affection inexpreſſible. With all the Father, all the Huſband ſtill living in his Looks; he takes one more View of thoſe *dear Children*, whom he had often beheld with a parental Triumph. He turns his dying Eyes on that *beloved Woman*, whom he never beheld but with a Glow of Delight. Fixed in this Poſture, amidſt Smiles of Love,

r, and under a Gleam of Heaven, they e out their laſt.

UPON this, the ſilent Sorrow burſts into Laments. They weep, and refuſe to be forted. Till ſome Length of Time, had n Vent to the Exceſs of Paſſion; and the ſolations of Religion, had ſtanched their ding Woes. Then, the afflicted Family h for the Sentence, which fell *unfiniſhed* thoſe loved, thoſe venerable, and pious . They find it recorded by the Prophet *miah*, containing the Direction of infinite dom, and the Promiſe of unbounded Good- ; *Leave thy fatherleſs Children*; *I will pre- e them alive*; *and let thy Widows truſt in me* *. s, now, is the Comfort of their Life, and Joy of their Heart. They treaſure it up, heir Memories. It is the beſt of *Legacies*, an *inexhauſtible* Fund. A Fund, which ſupply all their Wants, by entailing the ing of Heaven, on all their honeſt La- rs.—They are Rich; they are Happy; in ſacred Pledge of the Divine Favour. They no Evil; they want no Good; be[illegible] God

* Jerem. xlix. 11.

God is their Portion, and their Guardian God.

No ſooner turned from one *Memento* of my own, and Memorial of another's Deceaſe, but a ſecond, a third, a long Succeſſion of theſe melancholy Monitors, croud upon my Sight *.—That which has fixed my Obſervation, is one of a more *grave* and ſable *Aſpect* than the former. I ſuppoſe, it preſerves the Relics of a more aged Perſon. One would conjecture, that he made ſomewhat of a Figure, in his Station among the Living; as his Monument does, among the Funeral Marbles. Let me draw near, and inquire of the Stone; "*Who*, or "*what*, is beneath its Surface?"—I am informed, He was once the Owner of a conſiderable Eſtate; which was much improved, by his own Application and Management: That, he left the World in the buſy Period of Life; advanced a little beyond the Meridian.

Probably, replied my muſing Mind, one of thoſe *indefatigable Drudges*, who riſe early; late take Reſt; and eat the Bread of Carefulneſs;

* —— *Plurima Mortis Imago.* Virg.

is not to ſecure the Loving-kindneſs of the ORD: not to make Proviſion for any reaſon-le Neceſſity: but only to *amaſs* together ten houſand Times more, than they can poſſibly —Did he not lay Schemes for enlarging his rtune, and aggrandizing his Family? Did he purpoſe to join Field to Field, and add ouſe to Houſe; till his Poſſeſſions were al-t as vaſt, as his Deſires? That, then, he uld * ſit down, and enjoy what he had ac-ired; breathe a while from his toilſome Pur-t of Things temporal, and, perhaps, think a le of Things eternal.

BUT ſee the Folly of *worldly Wiſdom!* How y, how childiſh, is the Sagacity of (what is led) manly and maſterly Prudence; when it ıtrives more ſolicitouſly for TIME, than it ovides for ETERNITY! How ſtrangely atuated are thoſe ſubtil Heads; which weary mſelves, in concerting Meaſures for *Phantoms a Day*; and ſcarce beſtow a Thought, on *ever-ing Realities!*—When every Wheel moves on oothly; when all the well-diſpoſed Deſigns ripening apace for Execution; and the long

* ——— *Hac mente laborem*
Seſe ferre, ſenes ut in otia tuta recedant,
Aiunt, cum ſibi ſint congeſta cibaria.— HOR.

expected Criſis of Enjoyment ſeems to approa
behold! GOD from on high laughs at
Babel-builder. Death touches the Bubble;
it breaks; it drops into nothing. The C
web, moſt finely ſpun indeed, but more ea
diſlodged, is ſwept away in an Inſtant; and
the abortive Projects are buried, in the ſa
Grave with their Projector. So true is t
Verdict, which the Wiſdom from above paſ
on theſe *ſucceſsful Unfortunates:* "They w
"in a vain Shadow, and diſquiet themſelves
"vain *."

SPEAK, ye that attended ſuch a one in
laſt Minutes; ye that heard his *expiring Se*
ments; did he not cry out, in the Language
diſappointed Senſuality—"O Death! h
"terrible is thy Approach, to a Man immer
"in ſecular Cares, and void of all Concern
"the never-ending *Hereafter!* Where, alas
"the Profit, where the Comfort, of enter
"deep into the Knowledge, and of being d
"trous in the Diſpatch, of earthly Affa
"ſince I have, all the while, neglected *the*
"*Thing needful!* Deſtructive Miſtake! I h
"been attentive to every inferior Intereſt
"have laid myſelf out on the Trifles of a M
"me

* Pſal. xxxix. 6.

"ment; but have diſregarded *Heaven*; have "forgot *eternal Ages!* O! that my Days"— Here He was going on to breathe ſome fruitleſs Wiſhes; or to form, I know not what, ineffectual Reſolutions. But a ſudden Convulſion ſhook his Nerves; diſabled his Tongue; and, in leſs than an Hour, diſſolved his Frame.

MAY the Children of this World be warned, by the dying Words of an unhappy Brother; and gather Advantage, from his Misfortune.— Why ſhould they pant, with ſuch impatient Ardor, after *white* and *yellow* Earth; as if the Univerſe did not afford ſufficient, for every one to take a little? Why ſhould they *lade* themſelves with thick Clay; when they are to "*run* "for an incorruptible Crown, and preſs towards "the Prize of their high Calling?" Why ſhould they overload the Veſſel, in which their everlaſting ALL is embarked; or fill their Arms with *Superfluities*, when they are to ſwim for their *Lives?*—Yet, ſo prepoſterous is the Conduct of thoſe Perſons, who are *all Induſtry*, to heap up an Abundance of the Wealth which periſheth; but are ſcarce ſo much as *faintly deſirous*, of being rich towards GOD.

O! THAT we may walk, through all theſe glittering Toys, at leaſt with a wiſe Indifference,

if not with a ſuperior Diſdain! Having enough for the Conveniencies of Life, let us only *accommodate* ourſelves with Things below, and lay up our *Treaſures* in the Regions above.—Whereas, if we indulge an anxious Concern, or laviſh an inordinate Care, on any tranſitory Poſſeſſions; we ſhall rivet them to our Affections with ſo firm an Union, that the utmoſt Severity of Pain muſt attend the ſeparating Stroke. By ſuch an eager Attachment, to what will certainly be raviſhed from us; we ſhall only inſure to ourſelves *accumulated Anguiſh*, againſt the agonizing Hour. We ſhall plant, aforehand, our dying Pillow with Thorns*.

Some, I perceive, arrived at Threeſcore Years and Ten, before they made their Exit—nay, ſome few reſigned not their Breath, till they had numbered Fourſcore revolving Harveſts. Theſe, I would hope, "remembered their Cre-"ator in the Days of their Youth;" before their Strength became Labour and Sorrow:—Before that low Ebb of languiſhing Nature, when *the Keepers of the Houſe tremble, and thoſe that*

* Lean not on Earth; 'twill pierce thee to the Heart;
A broken Reed at beſt, but oft a Spear:
On its ſharp Point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.
Night Thoughts, N° III.

*that look out of the Windows are darkened**: when even the Lighting down of *the Graſshopper, is a Burden* on the bending Shoulders; *and Deſire* itſelf *fails* in the liſtleſs, lethargic Soul:—Before thoſe heavy Hours come, and thoſe tireſome Moments draw nigh; in which, there is too much Reaſon to ſay, "*We have* "*no Pleaſure in them*; no Improvement from them."

If their Lamps were unfurniſhed with Oil; how unfit muſt they be, in ſuch decrepit Circumſtances, to go to the Market, and buy †! For, beſides a Variety of Diſorders, ariſing from the enfeebled Conſtitution; their Corruptions muſt be ſurprizingly ſtrengthened, by ſuch a long Courſe of Irreligion. *Evil Habits* muſt have ſtruck the deepeſt Root; muſt have twiſted themſelves with every Fibre of the Heart; and be as thoroughly ingrained in the Diſpoſition,

* *Eccleſ.* xii. 3, 5. I need not remind my Reader, that, by the former of theſe figurative Expreſſions, is ſignified the *enervated* State of the *Hands* and *Arms*; by the latter, the *Dimneſs* of the Eyes, or the total *Loſs* of *Sight*: that, taken in Connexion with other Parts of the Chapter, they exhibit, in a Series of bold and lively Metaphors, a Deſcription of the *various Infirmities* attendant on Old Age.

† Matt. xxv. 9.

as the Soot in the *Ethiopian's* Complexion, or the Spots in the Leopard's Skin. If ſuch a One, under ſuch Diſadvantages, ſurmounts all the Difficulties, which lie in his Way to Glory; it muſt be a great and mighty Salvation indeed. If ſuch a One eſcapes Deſtruction, and is ſaved at the laſt, it muſt, without all peradventure, be—*ſo as by Fire**.

THIS is the Seaſon, which ſtands in need of *Comfort*; and is very improper, to enter upon the *Conflict*. The Huſbandman ſhould now be putting in his Sickle, or eating the Fruit of his Labours; not beginning to break up the Ground, or ſcatter the Seed.—Nothing, 'tis true, is impoſſible with GOD: He ſaid, *Let there be Light, and there was Light:* Inſtantaneous Light, diffuſed, as quick as thought, through all the diſmal Dominion of primeval Darkneſs. At his Command, a Leproſy of the longeſt Continuance, and of the utmoſt Inveteracy, departs in a Moment. He can, in the Greatneſs of his Strength, quicken the Wretch, who has lain dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins, not Four Days only, but Fourſcore Years.—Yet truſt not, O truſt not, a Point of ſuch *inexpreſſible* Importance, to ſo dreadful an *Uncertainty*. GOD may ſuſpend

* 1 Cor. iii. 15.

ſuſpend his Power; may withdraw his Help; may ſwear in his Wrath, that ſuch Abuſers of his Long-ſuffering ſhall "never enter into his Reſt."

YE therefore, that are *vigorous* in Health, and *blooming* in Years, improve the precious Opportunity. Improve your golden Hours, to the nobleſt of all Purpoſes: ſuch as may render You meet, for the Inheritance of Saints in Light; and aſcertain your Title, to a State of immortal Youth, to a Crown of eternal Glory*. —Stand not, all the Prime of your Day, idle: trifle no longer with the Offers of this immenſe Felicity, but make Haſte, and delay not the

* May I be permitted to recommend, as a Treaſure of ineſtimable Value, and a Treatiſe particularly appoſite to my Subject, DR. LUCAS's INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS? That Part eſpecially, which diſplays the Method, and enumerates the Advantages, of *Improving Life, or living much in a little Time.* Chap. III. p. 158. of the 6th Edit.—An *Author*; in whom the Gentleman, the Scholar, and the Chriſtian, are moſt happily united. A *Performance*; which, in Point of ſolid Argument, unaffected Piety, and a Vein of Thought amazingly fertile, has, perhaps, no Superior.—Nor can I wiſh my Reader a more refined Pleaſure, or a more ſubſtantial Happineſs, than that of having the Sentiments of this entertaining and pathetic Writer, wove into the very Texture of his Heart.

Time, to keep GOD's Commandments. While you are loitering in a *gay Inſenſibility*, Death may be bending his Bow, and marking you out for ſpeedy Victims.—Not long ago, I happened to 'ſpy a thoughtleſs *Jay*. The poor Bird was idly buſied, in dreſſing his pretty Plumes; or hopping careleſly, from Spray to Spray. A Sportſman, coming by, obſerves the feathered Rover. Immediately he lifts the Tube, and levels his Blow. Swifter than Whirlwind, flies the leaden Death; and, in a Moment, lays the ſilly Creature, breathleſs on the Ground.—Such, *ſuch* may be the Fate of the Man, who has a fair Occaſion of obtaining Grace To-day; and wantonly poſtpones the Improvement of it, till To-morrow. He may be cut off, in the Midſt of his Folly; and ruined *for ever*, while he is dreaming of being *wiſe hereafter*.

SOME, no doubt, came to this their laſt Retreat, *full of Piety*, and *full of Days*; "as a "Shock of Corn, ripe with Age, and laden "with Plenty, cometh in, in his Seaſon *."—Theſe were Children of Light, and *wiſe* in their Generation. Wiſe with that exalted Wiſdom, which cometh from above; and with that enduring Wiſdom, which laſts to Eternity.—*Rich* alſo

* Job v. 26.

alſo they were, more honourably and permanently rich, than all the Votaries of Mammon. The Wealth of the *One* has made itſelf Wings, and is irrecoverably gone. While the wretched Acquirers are tranſmitted, to that Place of Penury and Pain; where, not ſo much as one Drop of Water is allowed, to cool their ſcorched Tongues. The Stores of the *Other* ſtill abide with them; will never depart from them; but make them glad, for Ever and Ever, in the City of their GOD. Their Treaſures were ſuch, as no created Power could *take away*; ſuch as none but infinite Beneficence can *beſtow*; and (comfortable to conſider!) ſuch as I, and every indigent longing Sinner, may *obtain*; Treaſures of heavenly Knowledge, and ſaving Faith; Treaſures of atoning Blood, and imputed Righteouſneſs.

HERE * lie their Bodies in "peaceable Habitations, and quiet Reſting-places." Here, they

* Some, I know, are offended at our burying Corpſes within the Church; and exclaim againſt it, as a very great *Impropriety* and *Indecency*. But this, I imagine, proceeds from an exceſſive and miſtaken Delicacy. If proper Care be taken to ſecure from Injury, the *Foundations* of the *Building*; and to prevent the Exhalation of any

they have thrown off every *Burden*, and are eſcaped from every *Snare*. The Head aches no more; the Eye forgets to weep; the Fleſh is no longer racked with acute, nor waſted with linger-

any *noxious Effluvia*, from the putrefying Fleſh; I cannot diſcover any Inconveniencies, attending this Practice.

The Notion, that noiſome Carcaſſes (as they are called) are very unbecoming a Place conſecrated to religious Purpoſes, ſeems to be derived from the *antiquated Jewiſh* Canon. Whereby it was declared, that a dead Body imparted Defilement to the Perſon, who touched it; and polluted the Spot, where it was lodged. On which Account, the *Jews* were ſcrupulouſly careful, to have their Sepulchres built at a Diſtance from their Houſes; and made it a Point of Conſcience, not to ſuffer Burial Places to ſubſiſt in the City. But, as this was a Rite purely *ceremonial*; it ſeems to be intirely ſuperſeded by the *Goſpel* Diſpenſation.

I cannot forbear thinking, that, under the Chriſtian Oeconomy, there is a Propriety and Uſefulneſs in the Cuſtom. — *Uſefulneſs*, becauſe it muſt render our ſolemn Aſſemblies more venerable and awful. For, when we walk over the Duſt of our Friends, or kneel upon the Aſhes of our Relations; this awakening Circumſtance muſt ſtrike a lively impreſſion of our own Mortality. And what Conſideration can be more effectual, to make us ſerious and attentive in Hearing; earneſt and importunate in Praying?

As for the *Fitneſs* of the Uſage, it ſeems perfectly ſuitable to the Deſign of thoſe ſacred Edifices. They

are

lingering Diſtempers. Here, they receive a final Releaſe from Pain, and an everlaſting Diſcharge from Sorrow. Here, Danger never threatens them, with her terrifying Alarms; but *Tranquillity* ſoftens their Couch, and *Safety* guards their Repoſe.—Reſt then, ye precious Relics,

are ſet apart for GOD; not only to receive his Worſhipers, but to preſerve the Furniture for holy Miniſtrations, and what is, in a peculiar Manner, appropriated to the Divine Majeſty. Are not the Bodies of the Saints the Almighty's Property? Were they not once the Objects of his *tender Love?* Are they not ſtill the Subjects of his *ſpecial Care?* Has he not given Commandment concerning the Bones of his Elect; and charged the Ocean, and injoined the Grave, to keep them until *that Day?* When Rocks bright with Gems, or Mountains rich with Mines, are abandoned to the devouring Flames; will not *theſe* be reſcued from the fiery Ruin? Will not *theſe* be tranſlated into JEHOVAH's Kingdom, and, conjointly with the Soul, made "his Jewels;" made "his peculiar Treaſure;" made to ſhine as the Brightneſs of the Firmament, and as the Stars for Ever and Ever?

Is not CHRIST *the LORD of our Bodies?* Are they not bought with a Price? Bought, not with corruptible Things, Silver and Gold, but with his divinely precious Blood. And, if the bleſſed JESUS obtained the Redemption of our Bodies, at ſo infinitely dear a Rate; can it enter into our Hearts to conceive, that he ſhould diſlike to have them repoſed under his own Habitation?—

Relics, within this hoſpitable Gloom. Reſt in gentle Slumbers, till the laſt Trumpet ſhall give the welcome Signal; and ſound aloud, through all your ſilent Manſions, "Ariſe! "ſhine; for your Light is come, and the Glory "of the Lord is riſen upon You †."

To theſe, how *calm* was the *Evening* of Life! In what a ſmiling Serenity, did their Sun go down! When their Fleſh and their Heart fail-ed,

bitation?—Once more; Are not the Bodies of the Faithful, *Temples of the Holy Ghoſt?* And is there not, upon this Suppoſition, an apparent *Propriety*, rather than the leaſt *Indecorum*; in remitting theſe Temples of Fleſh to the Temples made with Hands? They are Veſſels of Honour; Inſtruments of Righteouſneſs; and, even when broken by Death, like the Fragments of a golden Bowl, are valuable; are worthy to be laid up in the ſafeſt, moſt honourable Repoſitories.

Upon the Whole, ſince the LORD JESUS has purchaſed them, at the Expence of his Blood; and the bleſſed Spirit has honoured them, with his in-dwelling Preſence; ſince they are right dear in the Sight of the adorable Trinity, and undoubted Heirs of a glorious Immortality: Why ſhould it be thought a Thing improper, to admit them to a tranſient Reſt, in their Heavenly Father's Houſe? Why may they not lie down and ſleep, in the *outer Courts*; ſince they are ſoon to be introduced, into the *inmoſt Manſions* of everlaſting Honour and Joy?

† Iſa. lx. 1.

ed, how reviving was the Remembrance of an all-ſufficient Redeemer; once dying for *their* Sins, now riſen again for *their* Juſtification! How chearing the well-grounded Hope of Pardon for their Tranſgreſſions, and Peace with GOD, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD! How did this *aſſwage* the Agonies, and *ſweeten* the Bitterneſs of Death?—Where now is Wealth, with all her golden Mountains? Where is Honour, with her proud Trophies of Renown? Where are all the vain Pomps of a deluded World? Can they inſpire *ſuch* Comfort, can they adminiſter *any* Support in this laſt Extremity? Can *they* compoſe the affrighted Thoughts; or buoy up the departing Soul, amidſt all the Pangs of Diſſolution?—The Followers of the Lamb ſeem pleaſed and triumphant, even at their laſt Gaſp. "GOD's "everlaſting Arms are underneath*" their fainting Heads. His Spirit whiſpers Peace and Conſolation to their Conſciences. In the Strength of theſe heavenly Succours, they quit the Field, not *Captives*, but *Conquerors*; with "Hopes full of Immortality."

AND now they are gone.—The Struggles of reluctant Nature are over. The Body ſleeps in Death:

* Deut. xxxiii. 27.

Death: the Soul launches into the inviſible State.—But, who can imagine the delightful Surpriſe, when they find themſelves ſurrounded by *guardian Angels*, inſtead of *weeping Friends?* How ſecurely do they wing their Way, and paſs through unknown Worlds, under the Conduct of thoſe celeſtial Guides!—The Vale of Tears is quite loſt. Farewel, for Ever, the Realms of Woe, and Range of malignant Beings! They arrive on the *Frontiers* of inexpreſſible *Felicity* They "are come to the City of the Living "God:" while a Voice, ſweeter than Muſic in her ſofteſt Strains; ſweet as the Harmony of hymning Seraphim; congratulates their Arrival and beſpeaks their Admiſſion: *Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting Doors;* that the Heirs of Glory may enter in.

HERE, then, let us leave the Spirits and Souls of the Righteous; eſcaped from an entangling *Wilderneſs*, and received into a *Paradiſe* of Delights! Eſcaped from the Territories of Diſquietude, and ſettled in Regions of unmoleſted Security! Here, they ſit down with *Abraham, Iſaac*, and *Jacob*, in the Kingdom of their Father. Here, they mingle with an innumerable Company of Angels, and rejoice around the Throne

Throne of the Lamb: rejoice in the *Fruition* of *present* Felicity, and in the *aſſured Expectation* of an inconceivable Addition to their Bliſs; when GOD *ſhall call the Heavens from above, and the Earth, that he may judge his People**.

FOOLS *accounted their Life Madneſs, and their End to be without Honour: but, they are numbered among the Children of* GOD; *and their Lot*, their diſtinguiſhed and eternal Lot, *is among the Saints*†! However, therefore, an undiſcerning World may *deſpiſe*, and a profane World *vilify*, the truly Religious; be this the ſupreme, the invariable Deſire of my Heart! "Let me live "the Life, and die the Death, of the Righteous. "Oh! let my latter End, and future State, be "like theirs!"

WHAT

* *Seneca*'s Reflections upon the State of holy Souls, delivered from the Burden of the Fleſh, are ſparkling and fine; yet very *indiſtinct* and *empty*, compared with the Particulars mentioned above, and with many others that might be collected from Scripture. *In hoc tam procelloſo, & in omnes Tempeſtates expoſito navigantibus Mari, nullus Portus, niſi Mortis eſt. Ne itaque invideris Fratri tuo; quieſcit. Tandem liber, tandem tutus, tandem æternus eſt. Fruitur nunc aperto & libero Cœlo; ex humili & depreſſo, in eum emicuit Locum, qui ſolutas Vinculis Animas beato recipit Sinu; & nunc omnia Rerum Natura Bona cum ſumma Voluptate percipit.* SEN. ad Polyb.

† Wiſdom v. 4, 5.

WHAT Figure is That, which ſtrikes my Eye, from an eminent Part of the Wall? It is not only placed in a more *elevated Situation*, than the reſt; but carries a more ſplendid and *ſumptuous Air*, than ordinary. Swords and Spears; murdering Engines, and Inſtruments of Slaughter; adorn the Stone with a formidable Magnificence.—It proves to be the Monument of a noble Warrior.

IS ſuch Reſpect, thought I, paid to the Memory of this brave Soldier, for ſacrificing his Life to the *public Good?*—Then, what Honours, what immortal Honours, are due to the great Captain of our Salvation? Who, though Lord of the Angelic Legions; and ſupreme Commander of all the heavenly Hoſts; willingly offered himſelf a *bleeding* Propitiation for *Sinners!*

THE One died, being *a Mortal*; and only yielded up a Life, which was long before forfeited to Divine Juſtice; which muſt ſoon have been ſurrendered as a Debt to Nature, if it had not fallen as a Prey to War.—But CHRIST took Fleſh, and gave up the Ghoſt, though he was the great I AM; the Fountain of Exiſtence; who calls Happineſs and Immortality all his own. He, who thought it no Robbery

to

to be *Equal with God*; He, whoſe Outgoings were *from Everlaſting*; even He, was made in the Likeneſs of Man, and cut off out of the Land of the Living. Wonder, O Heavens! Be aſtoniſhed, O Earth! HE died the Death, of whom it is witneſſed, that He is "the true "GOD, and eternal Life*."

THE One *expoſed* Himſelf to Peril, in the Service of his *Sovereign* and his *Country*; which, though it was glorious to do, yet would have been ignominious, in ſuch Circumſtances, to have declined.—But CHRIST took the Field, though he was the *bleſſed* and *only Potentate*; the KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords. CHRIST took the Field, though He was *ſure* to *drop* in the Engagement; and put on the Harneſs, though He knew beforehand, that it muſt reek with his Blood. That Prince of Heaven reſigned his Royal Perſon, not barely to the Hazard, but to the inevitable Stroke; to Death, certain in its Approach, and armed with all its Horrors.—And for *whom?* Not for thoſe who were in any Degree deſerving; but for his own *diſobedient Creatures*; for the Pardon of condemned Malefactors; for a Band of Rebels, a

* 1 John v. 20.

Race of Traitors, the moſt obnoxious and inexcuſable of all Criminals. Whom he might have left to periſh in their Iniquities, without the leaſt Impeachment of his Goodneſs, and to the Diſplay of his avenging Juſtice.

THE One, 'tis probable, died *expeditiouſly*; was ſuddenly wounded, and ſoon ſlain. A Bullet, lodged in his Heart; a Sword, ſheathed in his Breaſt; or a Battle-ax, cleaving the Brain; might put a ſpeedy End to his Miſery; diſpatch him "as in a Moment."—Whereas, the divine Redeemer expired in tedious and protracted Torments. His Pangs were as *lingering*, as they were *exquiſite*. Even in the Prelude to his laſt Suffering, what a Load of Sorrows overwhelmed his ſacred Humanity! Till the intolerable Preſſure wrung Blood, inſtead of Sweat, from every Pore: till the crimſon Flood ſtained all his Raiment, and tinged the very Stones.—But, when the laſt Scene of the Tragedy commenced; when the Executioner's Hammer, had nailed him to the Croſs; O! how many *diſmal Hours*, did that illuſtrious Sufferer hang; a Spectacle of Woe to GOD, to Angels, and to Men! His Temples mangled with the thorny Crown! his Hands and Feet cleft with the rugged Irons! his whole Body covered

covered with Wounds and Bruiſes! and his Soul, his very Soul, pierced with Pangs of unutterable Diſtreſs!

So long he hung, that Nature, through all her Dominions, was thrown into ſympathizing Commotions. The *Earth* could no longer ſuſtain ſuch barbarous Indignities, without Trembling; nor the *Sun* behold them, without Horror. Nay, ſo long did he hang in this Extremity of Agony and Torture, that the Alarm reached even the remote *Regions* of the *Dead*.—Never, O my Soul, never forget the amazing Truth. The Lamb of GOD was ſeized; was bound; was ſlaughtered with the utmoſt Inhumanity; and endured Death, in all its Bitterneſs, for thee. His Murderers, ſtudiouſly cruel, ſo guided the fatal Cup; that he taſted *every Drop* of its Gall, before he drank it off to the *very Dregs*.

ONCE again; The Warrior died like a *Hero*, and fell gallantly in the Field of Battle.—But, died not CHRIST *as a Fool dieth*?* Not on the Bed of Honour, with Scars of Glory in his Breaſt; but, like ſome execrable Miſcreant, on

 a *Gibbet*;

* 2 *Sam.* iii. 33. Of this Indignity our LORD complains; *Are ye come out as againſt a Thief?* Matt. xxvi. 55.

a *Gibbet*; with Laſhes of the vile Scourge on his Back. Yes, the bleſſed JESUS bowed his expiring Head on the accurſed Tree; ſuſpended between Heaven and Earth, as an Outcaſt from Both, and unworthy of Either.

WHAT ſuitable Returns of inflamed and adoring Devotion, can we make to the Holy One of GOD; thus dying, that we might live? Dying in Ignominy and Anguiſh; that we might live for ever in the Heights of Joy, and ſit for ever on Thrones of Glory.—Alas! it is not in *us*, impotent, inſenſible Mortals, to be duly thankful. *He* only, who confers ſuch inconceivably rich Favours, can enkindle a proper Warmth of grateful Affection. Then build thyſelf a *Monument*, moſt gracious IMMANUEL, build thyſelf an everlaſting Monument of *Gratitude* in our Souls. Inſcribe the Memory of thy matchleſs Beneficence, not with Ink and Pen; but with that precious *Blood*, which guſhed from thy wounded Veins. Engrave it, not with the Hammer and Chizel; but with that ſharpened *Spear*, which pierced thy ſacred Side. Let it ſtand conſpicuous and indelible, not on outward Tables of Stone; but on the very inmoſt *Tables* of our *Hearts*.

ONE

ONE Thing more let me obſerve, before I bid Adieu to this intombed Warrior, and his garniſhed Sepulchre. How mean are theſe oſtentatious Methods, of *bribing* the *Vote* of Fame, and purchaſing a little poſthumous Renown! What a poor Subſtitute for a Set of memorable Actions, is poliſhed Alabaſter, or the Mimicry of ſculptured Marble! The real Excellency of this * bleeding Patriot, is written on the Minds of his Countrymen. It would be remembered with Applauſe, ſo long as the Nation ſubſiſts, without this artificial Expedient to

* Sir *Bevil Granville*, ſlain in the Civil Wars, at an Engagement with the Rebels—It may poſſibly be ſome Entertainment to the Reader, if I ſubjoin Sir *Bevil*'s Character; as it is drawn by that celebrated Pen, which wrote the Hiſtory of thoſe calamitous Times. — "That "which would have clouded any Victory, *ſays the noble "Hiſtorian*, and made the Loſs of others leſs ſpoken of, "was the Death of Sir *Bevil Granville*. He was in"deed an excellent Perſon, whoſe Activity, Intereſt, "and Reputation, were the Foundation of what had been "done in *Cornwall*: His Temper and Affections ſo "public, that no Accident which happened, could make "any Impreſſion upon him: And his Example kept "others from taking any thing ill, or at leaſt ſeeming to "do ſo. In a Word, a brighter Courage, and a gentler "Diſpoſition, were never married together, to make the "moſt chearful and innocent Converſation."

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perpetuate it.—And ſuch, ſuch is the Monument, I would wiſh for myſelf. Let me leave a Memorial, in the Breaſts of my Fellow-Creatures. Let ſurviving Friends bear Witneſs, that I have not lived to myſelf alone, nor been altogether unſerviceable in my Generation. O! let an uninterrupted Series of beneficent Offices, be the *Inſcription*; and the beſt Intereſts of my Acquaintance, the *Plate* that exhibits it.

LET the *Poor*, as they paſs by my Grave, point at the little Spot, and thankfully acknowledge—"There lies the Man, whoſe unwearied "Kindneſs was the conſtant Relief of my various Diſtreſſes; who tenderly viſited my languiſhing Bed, and readily ſupplied my indigent Circumſtances. How often were his "Counſels, a Guide to my perplexed Thoughts, "and a Cordial to my dejected Spirit! 'Tis "owing to GOD's Bleſſing, on his ſeaſonable "Charities, and prudent Conſolations; that "now live, and live in Comfort."—Let the Perſon, once *ignorant* and *ungodly*, lift up his Eyes to Heaven, and ſay within himſelf, as he walks over my Bones; "Here are the laſt Re"mains of that ſincere Friend, who *watched* "*for my Soul.* I can never forget, with what "heedleſs Gaiety, I was poſting on in the Path

" Paths of Perdition: and I tremble to think, " into what irretrievable Ruin I might quickly " have been plunged; had not his faithful Ad- " monitions arreſted me in the wild Career. I " was unacquainted with the Goſpel of Peace, " and had no Concern for its unſearchable " Treaſures; but now, enlightened by his *inſtructive Converſation*, I ſee the All-ſuffici- ency of my Saviour; and, animated by his *repeated Exhortations*, I count all Things but Loſs, that I may win CHRIST. Methinks, his Diſcourſes, ſeaſoned with Religion, and ſet Home by the divine Spirit, ſtill tingle in my Ears; are ſtill warm on my Heart; and, I truſt, will be more and more operative, till we meet each other in the Houſe not " made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens."

THE only *infallible* Way of immortalizing our Characters; a Way equally open to the meaneſt and moſt exalted Fortune; is, " To " make our Calling and Election ſure;" to gain ſome ſweet Evidence, that our *Names are written in Heaven*. Then, however they may be diſregarded or forgotten, among Men; they will not fail to be had in everlaſting Remembrance, before the LORD.—This is, of all Diſtinctions, far the nobleſt. *Ambition*, be this

thy Object, and every Page of Scripture will ſanctify thy Paſſion; even Grace itſelf will fan thy Flame.—As to earthly Memorials, yet a little While, and they are all obliterated. The Tongue of thoſe, whoſe Happineſs we have zealouſly promoted, muſt ſoon be ſilent in the Coffin. Characters cut with a Pen of Iron, and committed to the ſolid Rock, will ere long ceaſe to be legible *. But as many as are inrolled "in the Lamb's Book of Life," He himſelf declares, ſhall never be blotted out from thoſe Annals of Eternity †. When a Flight of Years has mouldered the triumphal Column into Duſt: when the brazen Statue periſhes, under the corroding Hand of Time: *thoſe Honours* ſtill continue; ſtill are blooming and incorruptible, in the World of Glory.

MAKE the extended Skies your Tomb;
Let Stars record your Worth:
Yet know, vain Mortals, all muſt die,
As Nature's *ſickleſt Birth.*

Would bounteous Heav'n indulge my Pray'r,
I frame a nobler Choice;
Nor, living, wiſh the pompous Pile;
Nor, dead, regret the Loſs.

I

* — *Data ſunt ipſis quoque Fata Sepulchris.* Juv.
† Rev. iii. 5.

In thy fair *Book of Life* divine,
My GOD, inſcribe my Name:
There let it fill ſome humble Place,
Beneath the ſlaughtered Lamb.

Thy Saints, while Ages roll away,
In endleſs Fame ſurvive;
Their Glories, o'er the Wrongs of Time
Greatly triumphant, live.

YONDER Entrance leads, I ſuppoſe, to the *Vault*. Let me turn aſide, and take one View of the Habitation, and its Tenants.—The ſullen *Door* grates upon its Hinges: Not uſed to receive many Viſitants, it admits me with Reluctance and Murmurs.—What meaneth this *ſudden Trepidation*; while I deſcend the Steps, and am viſiting the pale Nations of the Dead?—Be compoſed, my Spirits; there is nothing to fear, in theſe quiet Chambers. "Here, even "the Wicked ceaſe from troubling."

GOOD Heavens! what a ſolemn Scene!—How diſmal the *Gloom!* Here is perpetual Darkneſs, and Night even at Noon-day.—How doleful the *Solitude!* Not one Trace of chearful Society; but Sorrow and Terror ſeem to have made This, their dreaded Abode.—Hark! how the hollow Dome reſounds, at every Tread.

The

The *Echoes*, that long have ſlept, are awakened; and lament, and ſigh, along the Walls.

A BEAM, or two, finds its Way through the Grates; and reflects a feeble Glimmer, from the Nails of the *Coffins*. So many of thoſe ſad Spectacles, half concealed in Shades; half ſeen dimly by the baleful Twilight; add a deeper Horror to theſe gloomy Manſions.—I pore upon the Inſcriptions, and am juſt able to pick out; That theſe are the Remains of the Rich and Renowned. No vulgar Dead are depoſited here. The *Moſt Illuſtrious*, and *Right Honourable*, have claimed this for their laſt Retreat. And, indeed, they retain ſomewhat of a ſhadowy Pre-eminence. They lie, ranged in mournful Order, and in a Sort of ſilent Pomp, under the Arches of an ample Sepulchre: while meaner Corpſes, without much Ceremony, "go "down to the Stones of the Pit."

MY Apprehenſions recover from their Surpriſe. I find, here are no Phantoms, but ſuch as Fear raiſes.—However, it ſtill amazes me, to obſerve the Wonders of this nether World. Thoſe, who received vaſt Revenues, and called whole Lordſhips their own; are here reduced to Half a Dozen Feet of Earth, or confined in a

few

few *Sheets* of *Lead*. Rooms of State, and ſumptuous Furniture, are reſigned; for no other Ornament than the *Shroud*, for no other Apartment than the darkſome *Niche*.—Where is the Star, that blazed upon the Breaſt; or Coronet, that glittered round the Temples? The only Remains of departed Dignity are, the Weather-beaten Hatchment, and the tattered Eſcutcheon. I ſee no ſplendid Retinue, ſurrounding this ſolitary Dwelling. The lordly Equipage hovers no longer about the lifeleſs Maſter. He has no other Attendant, than a duſty *Statue*; which, while the regardleſs World is as gay as ever, the Sculptor's Hand has taught to weep.

THOSE, who gloried in high-born Anceſtors, and *noble Pedigree*; here, drop their lofty Pretenſions. They acknowledge Kindred with creeping Things, and *quarter Arms* with the meaneſt Reptiles. *They ſay to Corruption, Thou art my Father; and to the Worm, Thou art my Mother and my Siſter.*—Or, ſhould they ſtill aſſume the Stile of Diſtinction, ah! how impotent were the Claim! how apparent the Oſtentation! Is it ſaid by their Monument, HERE LIES THE GREAT? How eaſily is it replied by the Spectator!

——— *Falſe Marble! Where?*
Nothing but poor and ſordid Duſt lies Here.

Mortify-

Mortifying Truth! Sufficient, one would think, to wean the moſt ſanguine Appetite, from this tranſitory State of Things; from its fickly Satisfactions, its fading Glories, its vaniſhing Treaſures.

For now, ye *lying Vanities* of Life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!
Where are ye NOW? And what is your Amount?

WHAT is all the World, to theſe poor breathleſs Beings?—What are their *Pleaſures?* A Bubble broke.—What their *Honours?* A Dream that is forgotten.—What the Sum-total of their *Enjoyments* below? Once, perhaps, it appeared to inexperienced and fond Deſire, ſomething conſiderable. But, now Death has meaſured it with his Line, and weighed it in his Scale, what is the Upſhot? Alas! it is ſhorter than a Span; lighter than the dancing Spark; and driven away like the diſſolving Smoke.

INDULGE, my Soul, a ſerious Pauſe. Recollect all the *gay Things*, that were wont to dazzle thy Eyes, and inveigle thy Affections. Here, examine thoſe Baits of Senſe. Here, form an Eſtimate of their *real Value*. Suppoſe thyſelf firſt,

firſt, among the Favourites of Fortune; who revel in the Lap of Pleaſure; who ſhine in the Robes of Honour; and ſwim in Tides of inexhauſted Riches. Yet, how ſoon would the paſſing Bell proclaim thy Exit! And, when once that Iron Call, has ſummoned thee to thy future Reckoning; where would all theſe Gratifications be? At that Period, how will all the Pageantry of the moſt affluent, ſplendid, or luxurious Circumſtances, vaniſh into empty Air!—And is *this* a Happineſs, ſo paſſionately to be coveted?

I THANK you, ye Relics of ſounding Titles, and magnificent Names. Ye have taught me more of the Littleneſs of the World, than all the Volumes of my Library. Your Nobility arrayed in a Winding-ſheet; your Grandeur mouldering in an Urn; are the moſt indiſputable Proofs, of the *Nothingneſs* of created Things. Never, ſurely, did Providence write this important Point, in ſuch legible Characters; as in the Aſhes of *My Lord*, or on the Corpſe of *His Grace**.—Let others, if they pleaſe, pay their obſequious Court to your wealthy Sons; and ignobly fawn, or anxiouſly ſue, for Preferments.

My

* ——— *Mors ſola fatetur*
Quantula ſint Hominum Corpuſcula.— JUV.

My Thoughts ſhall often reſort, in penſive Contemplation, to the Sepulchres of their Sires; and learn, from their ſleeping Duſt—to *moderate* my Expectations from Mortals—to ſtand *diſengaged* from every undue Attachment, to the little Intereſts of Time—to get above the deluſive Amuſements of Honour; the gaudy Tinſels of Wealth; and all the empty Shadows of a periſhing World.

HARK! what *Sound* is that!—In ſuch a Situation, every Noiſe alarms.—Solemn and ſlow, it breaks again upon the ſilent Air.—'Tis the Striking of the Clock. Deſigned, one would imagine, to ratify all my ſerious Meditations. Methinks, it ſays *Amen*, and ſets a Seal, to every improving Hint. It tells me; That another Portion of my appointed Time, is elapſed. One calls it, "the Kneil of my departed Hours." 'Tis the Watch-word to Vigilance and Activity. It cries in the Ear of Reaſon; "Redeem the "Time. Catch the favourable *Gales* of *Oppor-* "*tunity:* O! catch them, while they breathe; "before they are irrecoverably loſt. The Span "of Life ſhortens continually. Thy Minutes "are all upon the Wing, and haſtening to be "gone. Thou art a Borderer upon Eternity; "and making inceſſant Advances to the State,

"thou

' thou art contemplating." May the Admonition ſink deep, into an attentive and obedient Mind! May it teach me that *Heavenly Arithmetic*, of " numbering my Days, and applying ' my Heart unto Wiſdom!"

I HAVE often walked, beneath the impending Promontory's craggy Cliff; I have ſometimes trod the vaſt Spaces of the lonely Deſart; and penetrated the inmoſt Receſſes of the dreary Cavern: but never, never beheld Nature lowering, with ſo *tremendous* a Form; never felt ſuch Impreſſions of *Awe*, ſtriking cold on my Heart; as under theſe black-browed Arches, amidſt theſe mouldy Walls, and ſurrounded by ſuch ruefful Objects. Where Melancholy, deepeſt Melancholy, for ever ſpreads her Raven Wings. —Let me now emerge from the damp and dreadful Obſcurity.—Farewel, ye Seats of Deſolation, and Shades of Death! Gladly I reviſit the Realms of Day.

HAVING caſt a *ſuperficial* View, upon theſe Receptacles of the Dead; Curioſity prompts my Inquiry to a more *intimate* Survey. Could we draw back the Covering of the Tomb; could we diſcern, What thoſe are now, who once were Mortals—O! how would it ſurpriſe, and grieve us!

us! *Surprise* us, to behold the prodigious Transformation, which has taken place on every Individual; *grieve* us, to observe the Dishonour done to our Nature in general, within these subterraneous Lodgments!

HERE, the sweet and winning *Aspect*, that wore perpetually an attractive Smile; grins horribly a naked, ghastly Skull.—The *Eye*, that outshone the Diamond's Brilliancy; and glanced its lovely Lightning, into the most guarded Heart: Alas! Where is it? Where shall we find the rolling Sparkler? How are all its sprightly Beams eclipsed! totally eclipsed!—The *Tongue*, that once commanded all the Power of Eloquence, in this strange Land has "forgot its Cunning." Where are now those Strains of Harmony, which ravished our Ears? Where is that Flow of Persuasion, which carried captive our Judgments? The great Master of Language and of Song, is become silent as the Night that surrounds him.—The pampered *Flesh*, so lately cloathed in Purple and fine Linen, how is it covered rudely with Clods of Clay! There was a Time, when the timorously nice Creature, would scarce "* adventure to set a Foot "upon

* Deut. xxviii. 56.

"upon the Ground, for Delicateneſs and Ten-"derneſs;" but is now enwrapped in clammy Earth, and ſleeps on no ſofter a Pillow than the ragged Gravel-ſtones.—Here, "the *ſtrong Men* "bow themſelves." The nervous Arm is unſtrung; the brawny Sinews are relaxed; the Limbs, not long ago the Seats of Vigour and Activity, lie down motionleſs; and the Bones, which were as Bars of Iron, are crumbled into Duſt.

HERE, the *Man* of *Buſineſs* forgets all his favourite Schemes, and diſcontinues the Purſuit of Gain. Here, is a total Stand to the Circulation of Merchandize, and the Hurry of Trade. In theſe ſolitary Receſſes; as in the Building of *Solomon*'s Temple; is heard no Sound of the Hammer and Ax. The Winding-ſheet and the Coffin, are the utmoſt Bound of all earthly Devices. "Hitherto may they go, but no far-"ther."—Here, the *Sons* of *Pleaſure* take a final Farewel, of their dear Delights. No more is the Senſualiſt anointed with Oil, or crowned with Roſe-buds. He chants no more, to the Melody of the Viol; nor revels any longer, at the Banquet of Wine. Inſtead of ſumptuous Tables, and delicious Treats, the poor Voluptuary is Himſelf a Feaſt for fattened Inſects; the

Reptile riots in his Fleſh; "the Worm feeds "ſweetly on him*."—Here alſo, *Beauty* fails; bright Beauty drops her Luſtre here. O! how her Roſes fade, and her Lilies languiſh, in this bleak Soil! How does the grand Leveller pour Contempt, upon the Charmer of our Hearts! How turn to Deformity, what captivated the World before!

COULD the *Lover* have a Sight of his once inchanting Fair-one; what a ſtartling Aſtoniſhment would ſeize him!—"Is This the Object, "I not long ago ſo paſſionately admired! I ſaid, "ſhe was divinely fair; and thought her, ſome-"what more than mortal. Her Form, was "Symmetry itſelf; every Elegance breathed in "her Air; and all the Graces waited on her Mo-"tions.—'Twas Muſic, when ſhe ſpoke: but, "when ſhe ſpoke Encouragement, 'twas little "leſs than Rapture. How my Heart danced, to "thoſe charming Accents!—And can that, "which, ſome Weeks ago, was to Admiration "*lovely*, be now ſo inſufferably *loathſome?*— "Where are thoſe bluſhing Cheeks? Where the "coral Lips? Where that ivory Neck, on which "the curling Jet, in ſuch gloſſy Ringlets, flowed? "With a thouſand other Beauties of Perſon, and "ten

* Job xxiv. 20.

"ten thouſand Delicacies of Action*?—Amaz-"ing Alteration! Deluſory Bliſs!—Fondly I "gazed upon the glittering *Meteor*. It ſhone "brightly; and I miſtook it for a *Star*; for a "permanent and ſubſtantial Good. But how is "it fallen! fallen from an Orb, not its own! "And all that I can trace on Earth, is but a "*putrid Maſs*."

LIE, poor *Florella!* lie deep, as thou doſt, in obſcure Darkneſs. Let Night, with her impenetrable Shades, always conceal Thee. May no prying Eye, be Witneſs to thy Diſgrace: but let thy *ſurviving Siſters*, think upon thy State; when they contemplate, the Idol in the Glaſs. When the pleaſing Image riſes gracefully to View, ſurrounded with a World of Charms; and flushed with Joy, at the Conſciouſneſs of them all—Then, in thoſe Minutes of Temptation and Danger, when Vanity uſes to ſteal into the Thoughts—Then, let them remember, what a *Veil of Horror* is drawn over a Face; which was once beautiful and brilliant, as theirs. Such a ſeaſonable Reflection, might

 regulate

* *Quo fugit Venus? Heu! Quove Color? decens*
Quo Motus? Quid habet illius, illius,
Quæ ſpirabat Amores,
Quæ me ſurpucrat mihi? HOR.

regulate the Labours of the Toilet; and create a more earneſt Solicitude, to poliſh the *Jewel*, than to varniſh the *Caſket*. It might then become their higheſt Ambition, to have the Mind decked with divine Virtues; and dreſſed after the amiable Pattern of their Redeemer's Holineſs.

And would this prejudice their Perſons, or depreciate their Charms?—Quite the Reverſe! It would ſpread a ſort of Heavenly Glory, over the fineſt *Set of Features*; and heighten the Lovelineſs of every other engaging Accompliſhment.—What is yet a more inviting Conſideration; theſe Flowers would not wither with Nature, nor be tarniſhed by Time; but would open continually into richer Beauties, and *flouriſh* even in the *Winter* of Age.—But, the moſt incomparable Recommendation of theſe noble Qualities, is; That, from their hallowed Relics, as from the fragrant Aſhes of the *Phœnix*, will ere long ariſe an illuſtrious Form; bright, as the Wings of Angels; laſting, as the Light of the new *Jeruſalem*.

For my Part; the Remembrance of this ſad Revolution, ſhall make me *aſhamed* to pay my Devotion, to a Shrine of periſhing Fleſh; and *afraid*,

afraid, to expect all my Happineſs, from ſo brittle a Joy. It ſhall teach me, not to think too highly of well-proportioned Clay; though formed in the moſt elegant Mould, and animated with the ſweeteſt Soul. 'Tis Heaven's laſt, beſt, and crowning Gift;—to be received with *Gratitude*, and cheriſhed with *Love*, as a moſt valuable Bleſſing; not worſhiped, with the Incenſe of Flattery, and Strains of fulſome Adoration, as a Goddeſs.—It will cure, I truſt, the *Dotage* of my *Eyes:* and incline me always to prefer the ſubſtantial "Ornaments, of a meek "and virtuous Spirit;" before the tranſient Decorations, of White and Red on the Skin.

HERE, I called in my roving Meditations, from their long Excurſion on this tender Subject. Fancy liſtened a while, to the Soliloquy of a Lover. Now Judgment reſumes the Reins, and guides my Thoughts to more near and ſelf-intereſting Inquiries.—However, upon a Review of the whole Scene; crowded with *Spectacles* of *Mortality*, and *Trophies* of *Death*; I could not forbear ſmiting my Breaſt, and fetching a Sigh, and lamenting over the nobleſt of all viſible Beings, laid proſtrate under the Feet of "the pale Horſe, and his Rider *."—I could

* Rev. vi. 8.

not forbear repeating that pathetic Exclamation; "*O! Thou* * *Adam, what haſt thou done!*" What Deſolation has thy Diſobedience wrought in the Earth!—See the Malignity, the ruinous Malignity of *Sin!* Sin, has demoliſhed ſo many ſtately Structures of Fleſh: Sin, has made ſuch Havock, among the moſt excellent Ranks of GOD's lower Creation: And Sin (that deadly Bane of our Nature) would have plunged our better Part, into the execrable Horrors of the nethermoſt Hell; had not our merciful Mediator interpoſed, and given Himſelf for our Ranſom.—Therefore, what grateful Acknowledgments, does the whole World of *penitent* Sinners owe; what ardent Returns of Love, will a whole Heaven of *glorified* Believers pay; to ſuch a Friend, Benefactor, and Deliverer!

MUSING upon theſe melancholy Objects, a faithful Remembrancer ſuggeſts from within—"Muſt this ſad Change ſucceed in *me* alſo? Am "I to draw my laſt Gaſp; to become a breath-"leſs Corpſe; and *be*, what I *deplore* †? Is "there

* 2 Eſdr. vii. 41.

† I paſs, with melancholy State,
By all theſe ſolemn Heaps of Fate;
And think, as ſoft and ſad I tread
Above the venerable Dead,
"Time was, like me, they Life poſſeſs'd;
"And Time will be, when I ſhall reſt." PARNEL.

" there a Time approaching, when this Body " ſhall be carried out upon the Bier, and con- " ſigned to its clay-cold Bed? While ſome " kind Acquaintance, perhaps, may drop one " parting Tear; and cry, Alas! my Brother!— " Is the Time approaching?"—Nothing is more certain. A Decree, much ſurer than the Law of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, has irrevocably determined the Doom.

SHOULD one of theſe ghaſtly Figures, burſt from his Confinement; and ſtart up, in frightful Deformity, before me—ſhould the *haggard Skeleton*, lift a clattering Hand; and point it full in my View—ſhould it open the ſtiffened Jaws; and, with a hoarſe tremendous Murmur, break this profound Silence—ſhould it accoſt *me*, as *Samuel*'s Apparition addreſſed the trembling King—"*The* LORD *ſhall deliver* Thee " *alſo into the Hands of Death. Yet a little* " *while, and* Thou *ſhalt be with me* *."—The *ſolemn*

* 1 *Sam.* xxviii. 19. On this place, the *Dutch* Tranſlator of the Meditations has added a Note; to correct, very probably, what he ſuppoſes a Miſtake. On the ſame Suppoſition, I preſume, the Compilers of our Rubric ordered the laſt Verſe of *Eccluſ.* xlvi. to be omitted, in the daily Service of the Church. But that the Sentiment, hinted above, is ſtrictly true, that it was שמואל הנא

ſolemn Warning, delivered in ſo ſtriking a Manner, muſt ſtrongly impreſs my Imagination. A Meſſage in Thunder, would ſcarce ſink deeper.—Yet, there is abundantly greater Reaſon to be alarmed, by that expreſs Declaration of the LORD GOD Almighty, "*Thou ſhalt ſurely die.*"—Well then, ſince Sentence is paſſed; ſince I am a condemned Man; and know not, when the Dead Warrant may arrive: let me die to *Sin*; and die to the *World*; before I die beneath the Stroke of a Righteous GOD. Let me employ the little uncertain Interval of Reſpite from Execution; in preparing for a happier State, and a better Life. That, when the fatal Moment comes, and I am commanded to ſhut my Eyes, upon all Things here below; I may open them again, to ſee my Saviour in the Manſions above.

SINCE this Body, which is ſo fearfully and wonderfully made, muſt fall to Pieces in the Grave: ſince I muſt ſoon reſign all my bodily Powers

Samuel himſelf, (not an infernal Spirit, perſonating the Prophet,) who appeared to the Female Necromancer at *Endor*; appeared, not in Compliance with any diabolical Incantation, but in Purſuance of the divine Commiſſion; this, I think, is fully proved in the *Hiſtorical Account of the Life of* David. Vol. I. Chap. 23.

Powers to Darkneſs, Inactivity, and Corruption: let it be my conſtant Care to uſe them well, while I poſſeſs them!—Let my *Hands* be ſtretched forth to relieve the Needy; and always be more "ready to give, than to receive."—Let my *Knees* bend, in deepeſt Humiliation, before the Throne of Grace: while my *Eyes* are caſt down to the Earth, in penitential Confuſion; or devoutly looking up to Heaven, for pardoning Mercy!—In every friendly Interview, let the "Law of Kindneſs dwell on my "*Lips*;" or rather, if the Serioufneſs of my Acquaintance permits, let the Goſpel of Peace flow from my Tongue. O! that I might be enabled, in every public Concourſe, to lift up my Voice like a Trumpet; and pour abroad a more joyful Sound, than its moſt melodious Accents, in proclaiming the glad Tidings of free Salvation!—Be ſhut, my *Ears*, reſolutely ſhut, againſt the malevolent Whiſpers of Slander, and the contagious Breath of filthy Talking. But be ſwift to hear the Inſtructions of Wiſdom; be all Attention, when your REDEEMER ſpeaks; imbibe the precious Truths; and convey them carefully to the Heart.—Carry me, my *Feet*, to the Temple of the LORD; to the Beds of the Sick; and

Houſes

Houſes of the Poor.—May all my Members, devoted intirely to my divine Maſter, be the willing Inſtruments of promoting his Glory!

THEN, ye Embalmers, you may ſpare your Pains. Theſe Works of Faith, and Labours of Love; theſe ſhall be my *Spices* and *Perfumes*. Enwrapped in theſe, I would lay me gently down, and ſleep ſweetly in the bleſſed JESUS; hoping, that GOD will "give Commandment "concerning my Bones;" and one Day fetch them up from the Duſt, as Silver from the Furnace, purified, "I ſay not, ſeven times, but "ſeventy times ſeven."

HERE, my Contemplation took Wing; and, in an Inſtant, alighted in the Garden, adjoining to Mount *Calvary*. Having viewed the Abode of my deceaſed Fellow-Creatures; methought, I longed to ſee the Place, where our LORD lay. —And, O! what a marvellous Spectacle was once exhibited, in this memorable Sepulchre! *He*, "who cloaths Himſelf with Light, as with "a Garment; and walks upon the Wings of "the Wind*;" HE was pleaſed to wear the Habili-

* The Scriptures, ſpeaking of the Supreme Being, ſay—*He walketh upon the Waves of the Sea*; to denote his

Habiliments of *Mortality*, and dwelt among the *proſtrate* Dead.—Who can repeat the wondrous Truth, too often? Who can dwell upon the tranſporting Theme, too long? HE, who ſits inthroned in Glory, and diffuſes Bliſs among all the heavenly Hoſts; HE was once a pale and bloody Corpſe, and preſſed this little Spot.

O DEATH! how great was thy Triumph in that Hour! Never did thy gloomy Realms contain

his uncontroulable Power, *Job* ix. 8. — *He walketh in the Circuit of Heaven*; to expreſs the Immenſity of his Preſence, *Job* xxii. 14. — *He walketh upon the Wings of the Wind*; to ſignify the amazing Swiftneſs of his Operations, *Pſal.* civ. 3.—In which laſt Phraſe, there is, I think, an Elegance and Emphaſis, not taken Notice of by our Commentators, yet unequalled in any Writer.—Not, He *flieth*; He *runneth*; but, He *walketh*: and that, on the *very Wings* of the Wind; on the moſt impetuous of Elements, rouſed into its utmoſt Rage, and ſweeping along with inconceivable Rapidity.—A Tumult in Nature, not to be deſcribed, is the *compoſed* and *ſedate* Work of the DEITY. A Speed, not to be meaſured, is (with Reverence I uſe the Expreſſion, and to comport with our low Methods of Conception) the *ſolemn* and *majeſtic Foot-pace* of JEHOVAH.—How *flat* are the following Lines, even in the great Maſter of Lyric Song,

Ocyor Cervis, & agente Nimbos
Ocyor Euro,

when compared with this inimitable Stroke of divine Poetry!—He *walketh* upon the *Wings* of the *Wind*.

tain *ſuch* a Priſoner before.—*Priſoner*, did I ſay? No; He was more than Conqueror. He aroſe, far more mightily than *Sampſon*, from a tranſient Slumber; broke down the Gates, and demoliſhed the Strong-holds, of thoſe dark Dominions.—And this, O Mortals, This is your only *Conſolation* and *Security*. JESUS has trod the dreadful Path, and ſmoothed it for your Paſſage. —JESUS, ſleeping in the Chambers of the Tomb, has brightened the diſmal Manſion; and left an inviting Odour, in thoſe Beds of Duſt. The dying JESUS (Never let the comfortable Truth depart from your Minds! The dying JESUS) is your ſure *Protection*, your unqueſtionable *Paſſport*, through the Territories of the Grave. Believe in Him; and they ſhall prove a "Highway to *Sion*;" ſhall tranſmit you ſafe to Paradiſe. Believe in Him; and you ſhall be no Loſers, but unſpeakable Gainers, by your Diſſolution. For, hear what the Oracle of Heaven ſays, upon this important Point: *Whoſo believeth in Me, ſhall never die**.—What ſublime, and emphatical Language, is This! Thus much, at leaſt, it muſt import—"The Nature of that "laſt Change, ſhall be ſurprizingly altered, for "the better. It ſhall no longer be *inflicted*, as "a Pu-

* John xi. 26.

a Puniſhment; but rather be *vouchſafed*, as a Bleſſing. To ſuch Perſons, it ſhall come attended, with ſuch a Train of Benefits; as will render it a Kind of happy Impropriety, to call it Dying. Dying! No; 'tis Then they *truly* begin to *live*. Their Exit, is the End of their Frailty, and Their Entrance upon Perfection. Their laſt Groan is the Prelude to Life and Immortality."

O YE timorous Souls, that are terrified at the ſound of the paſſing Bell; that turn pale, at the ſight of an opened Grave; and can ſcarce behold a Coffin or a Skull, without a ſhuddering horror: Ye that are *in Bondage* to the griſly Tyrant, and tremble at the Shaking of his iron rod; cry mightily to the Father of your Spirits, for *Faith* in his dear Son. Faith, will free you from your Slavery *. Faith, will embolden you

* Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes:
'Tis *Faith* diſarms Deſtruction.—
Believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb.

Theſe, and ſome other Quotations, I am proud to borrow from the *Night Thoughts*, eſpecially from *Night the Fourth*. In which, Energy of Language, Sublimity of Sentiment, and the moſt exquiſite Beauties of Poetry, ſhine the *leaſt* Perfections to be admired. Almoſt every line glows with Devotion; riſes into the moſt exalted Appre-

you to tread on (this fierceſt of) Serpents*.—Old *Simeon*, claſping the Child JESUS in the Arms of his Fleſh, and the glorious Mediator in the Arms of his Faith, departs with Tranquility and Peace. That bitter Perſecutor *Saul*, having won CHRIST; being found in CHRIST; longs to be diſmiſſed from cumbrous Clay, and kindles into Rapture at the Proſpect of Diſſolution†. Methinks, I ſee another of IMMANUEL's Followers, truſting in his Saviour; leaning on his Beloved; go down to the ſilent Shades, with Compoſure and Alacrity‡.—In This powerful Name, an innumerable Company of ſinful Creatures have ſet up their Banners; and

Apprehenſions of the adorable Redeemer; and is animated with the moſt lively Faith in His All-ſufficient Mediation. The Author of this excellent Performance has the peculiar Felicity, of ennobling all the Strength of Stile, and every Delicacy of Imagination, with the grand and diſtinguiſhing Truths of Chriſtianity. Theſe Thoughts give the higheſt Entertainment to the Fancy; and impart the nobleſt Improvement to the Mind. They not only refine our Taſte, but prepare us for Death, and ripen us for Glory. I never take up this admirable Piece, but I am ready to cry out—*Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens*; i. e. "Inſpire me with ſuch a "Spirit, and Life ſhall be delightful, nor Death itſelf "unwelcome."

* Luke x. 19. † Phil. i. 23. 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.
‡ 2 Pet. i. 14.

and "overcome, through the Blood of the "Lamb." Authorized by the Captain of thy Salvation, *Thou* alſo mayſt ſet thy Feet, upon the Neck of this King of Terrors. Furniſhed with this Antidote, *Thou* alſo mayſt play around the Hole of the Aſp, and put thy undaunted Hand on this Cockatrice-Den *. Thou mayſt† feel the Viper faſtening to thy mortal Part, and *fear* no *Evil:* Thou ſhalt one Day ſhake it off by a joyful Reſurrection, and *ſuffer* no *Harm.*

RESURRECTION! That chearing Word eaſes my Mind of an anxious Thought, and ſolves a moſt momentous Queſtion. I was going to aſk; "Wherefore do all theſe Corpſes lie "here, in this abject Condition? Is This their "final State? Has Death conquered? and will "the Tyrant hold Captivity captive? How long "wilt thou forget them, O LORD? For "ever?"—No, ſaith the Voice from Heaven, the Word of divine Revelation; *The Righteous* are all "*Priſoners of Hope* ‡." There is an Hour (an awful Secret That, and known only to all-foreſeeing Wiſdom) an appointed Hour there is, when an Act of Grace will paſs the Great Seal above, and give them an univerſal Diſcharge;

* Iſa. xi. 8. † Acts xxviii. 35. ‡ Zech. ix. 12.

charge; a general Delivery from the Abodes of Corruption.—Then, ſhall the LORD JESUS deſcend from Heaven, with the Shout of the Archangel, and the Trump of GOD. *Deſtruction* itſelf ſhall hear his Call, and the obedient *Grave* give up her dead. In a Moment, in the Twinkling of an Eye, they ſhake off the Sleep of Ten thouſand Years; and ſpring forth, like the bounding Roe, to "meet their LORD "in the Air."

AND, O! with what cordial Congratulations; what tranſporting Endearments; do the Soul and Body, thoſe affectionate Companions, reunite! But, with how much greater Demonſtrations of Kindneſs, are they *both* received, by their compaſſionate Redeemer! The Antient of Days, who comes in the Clouds of Heaven, is their Friend; their Father; their Bridegroom. He comes with irreſiſtible Power and infinite Glory; but they have nothing to fear from his majeſtic Appearance. Thoſe *tremendous Solemnities*, which ſpread Deſolation and Aſtoniſhment through the Univerſe; ſerve only to inflame their Love, and heighten their Hopes. The Judge, the awful Judge, amidſt all his Magnificence and Splendor, vouchſafes to confeſs their Names; vouchſafes to commemorate their

their Fidelity, before all the Inhabitants of the Skies, and the whole aſſembled World.

HARK! the Thunders are huſhed. See! the Lightnings ceaſe their Rage. The Angelic Armies ſtand in ſilent Suſpence. The whole Race of *Adam*, is wrapped in pleaſing, or anxious Expectation.—And now, that adorable Perſon, whoſe Favour is better than Life; whoſe Acceptance is a Crown of Glory; lifts up the Light of his Countenance upon the Righteous. He ſpeaks; and what raviſhing Words proceed from his gracious Lips! What Ecſtaſies of Delight, they enkindle in the Breaſts of the Faithful!—"I accept you, O my People! Ye are "they, that believed in my Name. Ye are "they, that renounced *Yourſelves*, and *are com-* "*plete in Me.* I ſee no Spot or Blemiſh in you; "for ye are waſhed in my Blood, and cloathed "with my Righteouſneſs. Renewed by my "Spirit, ye have glorified me on Earth, and "have been faithful unto Death. Come, then, "ye Servants of Holineſs, enter into the Joy of "your LORD. Come, ye Children of Light; "ye Bleſſed of my Father; receive the *Kingdom*, "that ſhall never be removed; wear the *Crown*, "which fadeth not away; and enjoy *Pleaſures* "for evermore!"

THEN, it will be one of the ſmalleſt Privileges of the Righteous, that they ſhall languiſh

no more; that Sickneſs will never again ſhew her pale Countenance, in their Dwellings *: *Death itſelf* will be "ſwallowed up in Victory." That fatal Javelin; which has drank the Blood of Monarchs, and finds its Way to the Hearts of all the Sons of *Adam*; ſhall be utterly broken. That enormous Scythe; which has ſtruck Empires from their Root, and ſwept Ages and Generations into Oblivion; ſhall lie by in perpetual Uſeleſſneſs. *Sin* alſo, which filled thy Quiver, thou inſatiate Archer!—Sin, which ſtrung thy Arm with reſiſtleſs Vigour—which pointed all thy Shafts with inevitable Deſtruction—Sin, will then be done away. Whatever is *frail*, or *depraved*, will be thrown off with our Grave-cloaths. All to come is perfect Holineſs, and conſummate Happineſs; the Term of whoſe Continuance is Eternity.

O ETERNITY! *Eternity!* How are our boldeſt, our ſtrongeſt Thoughts, loſt and overwhelmed in thee! Who can ſet Landmarks, to limit

* *Iſaiah*, ſpeaking of the new *Jeruſalem*, mentions this, as one of its Immunities; *The Inhabitant thereof ſhall no more ſay, I am ſick.* Another Clauſe, in its Royal Charter, runs thus; GOD *ſhall wipe away all Tears from their Eyes; and there ſhall be no more Death, neither Sorrow, nor Crying; neither ſhall there be any more Pain.* Iſa. xxxiii. 24. Rev. xxi. 4.

limit thy Dimenſions; or find Plumbets, to fathom thy Depths? *Arithmeticians* have Figures, to compute all the Progreſſions of Time. *Aſtronomers* have Inſtruments, to calculate the Diſtances of the Planets. But what Numbers can ſtate, what Lines can gauge, the Lengths and Breadths of Eternity? "It is higher than "Heaven; what canſt thou do? deeper than "Hell; what canſt thou know? The Meaſure "thereof, is longer than the Earth, broader "than the Sea*."

MYSTERIOUS, mighty Exiſtence! A Sum, not to be leſſened by the largeſt *Deductions!* An Extent, not to be contracted by all poſſible *Diminutions!* None can truly ſay, after the moſt prodigious Waſte of Ages; "So much of Eter-"nity is gone." For, when Millions of Centuries are elapſed, it is but juſt commencing; and, when Millions more have run their ample Round, it will be no nearer ending. Yea, when Ages, numerous as the Bloom of Spring; increaſed by the Herbage of Summer; both augmented by the Leaves of Autumn; and all multiplied by the Drops of Rain, which drown the Winter—when theſe, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand more—more than can be repreſented by any Similitude, or imagined by any

* Job xi. 8, 9.

Conception—when all theſe are revolved and finiſhed; Eternity, vaſt, boundleſs, amazing Eternity, will *only* be *beginning!*

WHAT a pleaſing, yet awful Thought is this! Full of Delight, and full of Dread. O! may it alarm our *Fears*; quicken our *Hopes*; and animate all our *Endeavours!* Since we are ſoon to launch into this endleſs and inconceivable State; let us give all Diligence, to ſecure our Entrance into Bliſs.—*Now*, let us give all Diligence; becauſe there is no Alteration, in the Scenes of Futurity. The Wheel never turns: All is ſtedfaſt and immoveable beyond the Grave. Whether we are then ſeated on the Throne, or ſtretched on the Rack; a Seal will be ſet to our Condition, by the Hand of everlaſting Mercy, or inflexible Juſtice.—The *Saints* always rejoice amidſt the Smiles of Heaven; their Harps are perpetually tuned; their Triumphs admit of no Interruption.—The Ruin of the *Wicked* is irremediable. The fatal Sentence, once paſſed, is never to be repealed. No Hope of exchanging their doleful Habitations. But all Things bear the ſame diſmal Aſpect, for ever and ever.

THE *Wicked*—My Mind recoils*, at the Apprehenſion of their Miſery. It has ſtudiouſly

* — *Animus meminiſſe horret, luctuque refugit.* VIRG.

waved the fearful Subject; and ſeems lling to purſue it, even now.—But 'tis r to reflect upon it, for a few Minutes; to endure it, to eternal Ages. Perhaps, Conſideration of their aggravated Miſery, be *profitably terrible:* may teach me more ly to prize the Saviour, who "delivers m going down into the bottomleſs Pit:" drive me, like the Avenger's Sword, to this City of Refuge, for obnoxious Sinners.

HE Wicked ſeem to lie here, like Male-rs, in a deep and ſtrong Dungeon; re-d againſt the Day of Trial.—"*Their rture* was without Peace." Clouds of or, ſat louring upon their cloſing Eye-lids; ſadly foreboding the "Blackneſs of Dark-ſs for ever." When the laſt Sickneſs ſeized Frame, and the inevitable Change ad-ed; when they ſaw the fatal Arrow, fitting e Strings; ſaw the deadly Archer, aiming eir Heart; and felt the envenom'd Shaft, ned in their Vitals—Good GOD! what fulneſs came upon them! What horrible d overwhelmed them! How did they ſtand dering and aghaſt, upon the tremendous ipice! Exceſſively afraid to plunge into Abyſs of Eternity, yet utterly unable to ain their Standing on the Verge of Life.

O! WHAT pale Reviews, what ſtartling Proſpects, conſpire to augment their Sorrows! —They look *backward*, and behold! a moſt melancholy Scene! Sins unrepented of; Mercy ſlighted; and the Day of Grace ending!—They look *forward*, and nothing preſents itſelf, but the righteous Judge; the dreadful Tribunal; and a moſt ſolemn Reckoning.—They roll *around* their affrighted Eyes, on attending Friends. If Accomplices in Debauchery; it ſharpens their Anguiſh, to conſider this farther Aggravation of their Guilt; That they have not ſinned alone, but drawn others into the Snare. If religious Acquaintance; it ſtrikes a freſh Gaſh into their Hearts, to think of never ſeeing them any more, but only at an unapproachable Diſtance, ſeparated by the unpaſſable Gulf.

AT laſt, perhaps, they begin to *pray*. Finding no other poſſible Way of Relief, they are conſtrained to apply unto the Almighty. With trembling Lips, and a faltering Tongue, they cry unto that Sovereign Being, "who kills and "makes alive."—But why have they *deferred*, ſo long deferred their Addreſſes to GOD? Why have they *deſpiſed* all his Counſels; and ſtood incorrigible, under his inceſſant Reproofs? How often have they been forewarned of theſe Terrors; and moſt importunately intreated, to *ſeek*

the LORD, while he might be found?—I wiſh, they may obtain Mercy at the eleventh, at the laſt Hour. I wiſh, they may be ſnatched from the Jaws; the opened, the gaping, the almoſt cloſing Jaws of Damnation. But, alas! Who can tell, whether affronted Majeſty, will lend an Ear to their Complaint? Whether the Holy One will work a Miracle of Grace, in Behalf of ſuch Tranſgreſſors? He may, for aught any Mortal knows, "laugh at their Calamity, and "mock when their Fear cometh."

THUS they lie, groaning out the poor Remains of Life; their Limbs bathed in Sweat; their Heart ſtruggling with convulſive Throes; Pains inſupportable throbbing in every Pulſe; and innumerable Darts of Agony transfixing their Conſcience.

In that dread Moment, how the frantic Soul
Raves round the Walls of her Clay Tenement;
Runs to each Avenue; and ſhrieks for Help;
But ſhrieks in vain! How wiſhfully She looks
On all She's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O! might She ſtay, to waſh away her Crimes,
And fit her for her Paſſage! Mournful Sight!
Her very Eyes weep Blood; and every Groan
She heaves, is big with Horror: But the Foe,
Like a ſtaunch Murd'rer, ſteady to his Purpoſe,

Purſues her cloſe thro' ev'ry Lane of Life,
Nor miſſes once the Track; but preſſes on;
Till, forc'd at laſt to the tremendous Verge,
At once ſhe ſinks *.—

IF *this* be the *End* of the Ungodly, "My "Soul, come not Thou into their Secret! Un- "to their Aſſembly, mine Honour, be not "Thou united!"—How awfully accompliſhed is that Prediction of inſpired Wiſdom! *Sin*, though ſeemingly ſweet in the Commiſſion; yet *at the laſt, it biteth like a Serpent, and ſtingeth like an Adder.*—Fly therefore from the Tents, O! fly from the Ways, of ſuch wretched Men.

HAPPY Diſſolution! were this the Period of their Woes. But, alas! all theſe Tribulations, are only "the *Beginning of Sorrows*;" a ſmall Drop only from that "Cup of Tremb- "ling," which is mingled for their future Portion.—No ſooner has the laſt Pang diſlodged their reluctant Souls, but they are hurried into the Preſence of an injured angry GOD. Not under the conducting Care of beneficent Angels, but expoſed to the Inſults of accurſed Spirits; who lately *tempted* them, now *upbraid* them, and will for ever *torment* them.—Who can imagine

* See a valuable Poem, intitled, *The Grave.*

imagine their Confuſion and Diſtreſs; when they ſtand, guilty and inexcuſable, before their incenſed Creator? They are received with Frowns. The GOD that made them, has no "Mercy on them *." The Prince of Peace, rejects them with Abhorrence. He conſigns them over to Chains of *Darkneſs*, and Receptacles of *Deſpair*; againſt the ſeverer Doom, and more public Infamy, of the Great Day.—Then, all the Vials of Wrath, will be emptied upon theſe wretched Creatures. The Law they have violated, and the Goſpel they have ſlighted; the Power they have defied, and the Goodneſs they have abuſed; will all get themſelves Honour in their exemplary Deſtruction. Then, GOD, the GOD to whom Vengeance belongeth, will draw the Arrow to the very Head, and ſet them as the Mark of his inexorable Diſpleaſure.

RESURRECTION will be no Privilege to them; but Immortality itſelf, their everlaſting Curſe.—Would they not bleſs the Grave, "that "Land where all Things are forgotten;" and wiſh to lie eternally hid, in its deepeſt Gloom? But, the Duſt refuſes, to *conceal* their Perſons; or to draw a *Veil* over their Practices. They alſo muſt awake; muſt ariſe; muſt appear at the Bar;

* Iſa. xxvii. 11.

Bar; and meet the Judge. A Judge, before whom "the Pillars of Heaven tremble, and the "Earth melts away." A Judge, once long-ſuffering, and very compaſſionate; but now unalterably determined, to teach ſtubborn Offenders—What it is, to *provoke* the Omnipotent Godhead: what it is, to *trample* upon the Blood of his Son: and offer *Deſpite* to all the gracious Overtures of his Spirit.

O! THE Perplexity! the Diſtraction! that muſt ſeize the impenitent Rebels, when they are ſummoned to the great Tribunal!—What will they do, in this Day of ſevere Viſitation? This Day of final Deciſion?—Where? How? Whence, can they find Help?—To which of the Saints will they turn? Whither betake themſelves, for Shelter or for Succour?—Alas! 'tis all in vain; 'tis all too late.—Friends and Acquaintance know them no more. Men and Angels abandon them, to their approaching Doom. Even the Mediator, the MEDIATOR himſelf, deſerts them in this dreadful Hour.—To *fly*, will be impracticable: to *juſtify* themſelves, ſtill more impoſſible: and now, to make any *Supplications*, utterly unavailable.

BEHOLD! the Books are opened. The Secrets of all Hearts are diſcloſed. The hidden Things of Darkneſs are brought to Light. How empty, how ineffectual *now*, are all thoſe refined

refined *Artifices*; with which Hypocrites impoſed upon their Fellow-creatures, and preſerved a Character in the Sight of Men!—The jealous GOD, who has been about their Path, and about their Bed, and 'ſpied out all their Ways, ſets before them the Things that they have done. They cannot anſwer him one in a Thouſand, nor ſtand in the awful Judgment. *The Heavens reveal their Iniquities, and the Earth riſes up againſt them**. They are *ſpeechleſs* with Guilt, and *ſtigmatized* with Infamy, before all the Armies of the Sky, and all the Nations of the Redeemed.—What a Favour would they eſteem it; to hide their aſhamed Heads, in the Bottom of the Ocean; or even to be buried, beneath the Ruins of the tottering World!

IF the Contempt, poured upon them, be thus inſupportable; how will their Hearts endure, when the *Sword* of infinite Indignation is unſheathed; and fiercely waved, around their defenceleſs Heads; or pointed directly, at their naked Breaſts? How muſt the Wretches ſcream with wild Amazement, and rend the very Heavens with their Cries, when the *right-aiming Thunderbolts* go abroad! Go abroad, with a dreadful Commiſſion, to drive them from the Kingdoms of Glory; and plunge them—not into

* Job xx. 27.

into the Sorrows of a Moment, or the Tortures of an Hour—but into all the reſtleſs Agonies, of unquenchable Fire, and everlaſting Deſpair*.

MISERY of Miſeries! too ſhocking for Reflection to dwell upon. But, if ſo diſmal to *foreſee*; and that at a Diſtance; together with ſome comfortable Expectation of eſcaping it—O! how bitter, inconceivably bitter, to *bear*; without any Intermiſſion; or any Mitigation; through hopeleſs and eternal Ages!

WHO has any Bowels of Pity?—Who has any Sentiments of Compaſſion? Who has any tender Concern for his Fellow-creatures? Who?—In GOD's Name, and for CHRIST's Sake, let Him ſhew it; by warning every Man, and beſeeching every Man, to *ſeek* the LORD while He may be *found*: To throw down the Arms of Rebellion, before the Act of Indemnity expires: Submiſſively to adore the Lamb, while he holds out the golden Sceptre.—Here, let us act the friendly Part to Mankind. Here, let the whole Force of our *Benevolence* exert itſelf: in exhorting Relations, Acquaintance, Neighbours, whomſoever we may probably influence,

* Regions of Sorrow, doleful Shades, where Peace
And Reſt can never dwell; Hope never comes,
That comes to All: but Torture without End
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconſum'd. MILT.

uence, to take the Wings of *Faith* unfeigned; *Repentance* undelayed; and flee away from is Wrath to come.

UPON the Whole; what ſtupendous Diſcories are theſe! Lay them up in a faithful Reembrance, O my Soul. Recollect them, th the moſt ſerious Attention; when thou ſt down, and when thou riſeſt up. When ou walkeſt, receive them for thy *Companions*; nen thou talkeſt, liſten to them as thy *Prompers*; and whatever thou doeſt, conſult them as y *Directors*.—Influenced by theſe Conſiderans, thy Views will greaten; thy Affections exalted; and thou thyſelf raiſed above the ntalizing Power of periſhing Things. Duly indful of theſe, it will be the Sum of thy *ſires*, and the Scope of thy *Endeavours*, to ain the Approbation of that Sovereign Being; ho will then fill the Throne, and pronounce e deciſive Sentence. Thou wilt ſee nothing orth a Wiſh *, in Compariſon of having his Will for thy Rule; his Glory for thy Aim; nd his Holy Spirit for thy ever actuating Prinple.

WONDER,

* Great Day of Dread, Deciſion, and Deſpair!
At Thought of Thee, each ſublunary Wiſh
Lets go its eager Graſp, and quits the World.
Night Thoughts.

WONDER, O Man; be loſt in Admiration; at thoſe *prodigious Events*, which are coming upon the Univerſe. Events, the Greatneſs of which, nothing finite can meaſure. Such, as will cauſe whatever is conſiderable or momentous in the Annals of all Generations, to ſink into Littleneſs and Nothing. Events (JESUS prepare us, for their Approach; defend us, when they take Place!) big with the everlaſting Fates, of all the Living, and all the Dead.—I muſt ſee the Graves cleaving; the Sea teeming; and Swarms unſuſpected, Crouds unnumbered, yea, Multitudes of *thronging Nations*, riſing from both.—I muſt ſee the World in Flames; muſt ſtand at the Diſſolution of all terreſtrial Things; and be an Attendant on the *Burial* of *Nature*.—I muſt ſee the vaſt Expanſe of the Sky, wrapt up like a Scroll; and the incarnate GOD, iſſuing forth from Light inacceſſible, with Ten thouſand times ten thouſand Angels, to judge both *Men* and *Devils*.—I muſt ſee the Curtain of Time drop; ſee all Eternity diſcloſed to View; and enter upon a *State* of Being, that will never, never, have an End.

AND ought I not (let the vaineſt Imagination determine; ought I not) to try the Sincerity of my Faith, and take Heed to my Ways? Is there an *Inquiry*; is there a *Care*; of greater, of equal, of comparable Importance?—Is not this

this an infinitely preſſing Call, to ſee that my Loins are girded about; my Lamp trimmed; and myſelf dreſſed for the Bridegroom's Appearance? That, waſhed in the Fountain opened in my Saviour's Side, and clad with the Marriage Garment wove by his Obedience; I may be found in Peace, unblameable, and unreproveable.—Otherwiſe, how ſhall I ſtand with Boldneſs; when the Stars of Heaven fall from their Orbs? How ſhall I come forth *erect* and *courageous*; when the *Earth* itſelf *reels* to and fro like a Drunkard *? How ſhall I look up with Joy, and ſee my Salvation drawing nigh; when the Hearts of Millions and Millions fail for Fear?

Now, Madam, leſt my Meditations ſet in a Cloud; and leave any unpleaſing Gloom upon your Mind; let me once more turn to the *brightening Proſpects* of the Righteous. A View of Them, and their delightful Expectations may ſerve to exhilarate the Thoughts; which have been muſing upon melancholy Subjects, and hovering about the Edges of infernal Darkneſs. Juſt as a ſpacious Field, arrayed in *chearful Green*, relieves and reinvigorates the Eye; which has fatigued itſelf by poring upon ſome minute, or gazing upon ſome glaring Object.

THE

* Iſa. xxiv. 20.

THE Righteous ſeem to lie by, in the Boſom of the Earth, as a *wary Pilot* in ſome well-ſheltered Creek; till all the Storms, which infeſt this lower World, are blown over. Here they enjoy ſafe Anchorage; are in no Danger of *foundering*, amidſt the Waves of prevailing Iniquity; or of being *ſhipwrecked*, on the Rocks of any powerful Temptation. But, ere-long, we ſhall behold them hoiſting their Flag of Hope riding before a ſweet Gale of atoning Merit, and redeeming Love; till they make, with all the Sails of an aſſured Faith, the bleſſed Port of eternal Life.

THEN, may the honoured Friend, to whom I am writing; rich in good Works; rich in Heavenly Tempers; but inexpreſſibly richer in her Saviour's Righteouſneſs—O! may ſhe enter the Harbour, like a gallant *ſtately* [illegible] turned ſucceſsful and victorious from [illegible] Expedition; with Acclamations, Honour, and Joy! While my *little Bark*, attendant on her Solemnity, and a Partaker of the Triumph, glides humbly after: and both reſt together in the Haven—the wiſh'd for, bliſsful Haven, of perfect Security, and everlaſting Repoſe.

The E N D.

Be ye not Slothfull but fol-lowers of Them who
thro Faith & Patience inherit ye Promise.
Heb. VI. 12
In Memory of ANNE STONHOUSE, a sincere CHRISTIAN.
How lov'd how valu'd once avails Thee not;
To whom related or by whom begot.
A heap of Dust alone remains of Thee:
Tis all THOU art, and all ye PROUD shall be!
She died a few days after ye Birth of her 4th Child Dec.r 15. 1747. in the 23.th year of her Age.
Life how short!
Eternity how long.
SUBLIMIORA PETAMUS

FLECTIONS

ON A

LOWER-GARDEN.

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n the Pleaſure, which we take in a Garden, *of the moſt innocent Delights in human Life.* den *was the Habitation of our firſt Parents he Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind almneſs and Tranquility, and to lay all its nt Paſſions at Reſt. It gives us a great Inſight e Contrivance and Wiſdom of Providence, and* s innumerable Subjects for Meditation.

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RE-

REFLECTIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

SOME Time ago, my Meditations took a Turn among the *Tombs*. They viſited the awful and melancholy Manſions of the Dead*; and you was pleaſed to favour them with your Attention.—May I, now, beg the Honour of your Company, in a more

* "Diſcourſes on the *Vanity* of the Creature, which "repreſent the Barrenneſs of every Thing in this World, "and its Incapacity of producing any ſolid or ſubſtantial "Happi-

more inviting and delightful Excurſion? In a beautiful *Flower-Garden*; where I lately walked, and at once regaled the Senſe, and indulged the Fancy.

IT was early in a *Summer Morning*. When the Air was cool; the Earth moiſt; the whole Face of the Creation freſh and gay. The noiſy World was ſcarce awake. *Buſineſs* had not quite ſhook off his ſound Sleep; and *Riot* had but juſt reclined his giddy Head. All was ſerene: All was ſtill: Every Thing tended to inſpire Tranquility of Mind, and invite to ſerious Thought.

ONLY the wakeful *Lark* had left her Neſt, and was mounting on high, to ſalute the opening Day. Elevated in Air, ſhe ſeemed to call the laborious Huſbandman to his Toil, and all her Fellow-Songſters to their Notes.—Earlieſt of Birds, ſaid I, Companion of the Dawn, may I always riſe at thy Voice! Riſe, to offer the Matting-

"Happineſs, are uſeful.—Thoſe Speculations alſo, which "ſhew the *bright Side* of Things, and lay forth thoſe in-"nocent Entertainments, which are to be met with "among the ſeveral Objects that encompaſs us, are no "leſs beneficial." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 393. *Upon the Plan of theſe Obſervations, the preceding and following Reflections are formed.*

Matting-Song; and adore that beneficent Being, "who maketh the Out-goings of the "Morning and Evening to rejoice."

How charming to rove abroad, at this ſweet *Hour* of *Prime!* To enjoy the Calm of Nature; to tread the dewy Lawns; and taſte the unrifled Freſhneſs of the Air!

Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Riſing ſweet,
With Charm of earlieſt Birds.

What a Pleaſure do the Sons of *Sloth* loſe? Little, ah! little is the Sluggard ſenſible, how delicious an Entertainment he foregoes, for the pooreſt of all animal Gratifications*.

THE Greyneſs of the Dawn decays gradually. Abundance of ruddy Streaks tinge the Fleeces

* See! how Revelation and Reaſon, the Scriptures and the Claſſics, unanimouſly exhort to this moſt beneficial Practice. They both invite us to *early Riſing*, by the moſt engaging Motives, and the moſt alluring Repreſentations.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field; let us lodge in the Villages. Let us get up early to the Vine-yards; let us ſee if the Vine flouriſh, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth. Cant. vii. 11, 12.

Luciferi primo cum Sidere, frigida Rura
Carpamus: dum mane novum, dum Gramina canent,
Et Ros in tenera Pecori gratiſſimus Herba eſt.

VIRG. *Georg.* III.

of the Firmament. Till, at length, the *dappled* Aſpect of the Eaſt is loſt, in one ardent and boundleſs *Bluſh*.—Is it the Surmiſe of Imagination, or do the Skies really redden with Shame; to ſee ſo many ſupinely ſtretched, on their drowſy Pillows?—Shall Man be loſt, in luxurious Eaſe? Shall Man waſte theſe precious Hours, in idle Slumbers? While the vigorous Sun is up, and going on his Maker's Errand? While all the feathered Choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their Homage in Harmony? —No. Let *Him* heighten the Melody of the tuneful Tribes, by adding the rational Strains of Devotion. Let *Him* improve the fragrant Oblations of Nature, by mingling, with the riſing Odours, the more refined Breath of Praiſe.

'Tis natural for Man to look upward; to throw his firſt Glance upon the Objects that are above Him.

Strait towards Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Sky.

Prodigious Theatre! Where Lightnings dart their Fire, and Thunders utter their Voice. Where Tempeſts ſpend their Rage, and Worlds unnumbered roll at large!—O the *Greatneſs* of that mighty Hand; which meteth out this

amazing Circumference, with a Span! O the *Immenſity* of that wonderful Being; before whom this unmeaſurable Extent, is no more than a Point!—And O (thou pleaſing Thought!) the unſearchable *Riches* of that *Mercy*, which is *greater than the Heavens** ! Is more enlarged and extenſive, in its gracious Exerciſe; than theſe illimitable Tracts of Air, and Sea, and Firmament! Which pardons Crimes of the moſt enormous Size, and the moſt horrid Aggravations; pardons them, in Conſideration of the Redeemer's Atonement, with perfect Freeneſs, and the utmoſt Readineſs! More readily, if it were poſſible, than this *all-ſurrounding Expanſe* admits, within its Circuit, a Ridge of Mountains, or even a Grain of Sand.

COME hither, then, ye *awakened*, trembling Sinners. Come †, weary and heavy-laden with a Senſe

* Pſal. cviii. 4.

† The Lines which follow, are admirably deſcriptive of the Spirit and Practice, hinted above. In them Deſire *pants*; Prayer *wreſtles*; and Faith, as it were, *graſps* the Prize.—I take leave to tranſplant them into this Place; and I could wiſh them a better, a more conſpicuous Situation, than either their *new* or their *native* Soil. Their native Soil, is no other than *The Lamentation of a Sinner*, written by Mr. *Sternhold*. Notwithſtanding the unpro-

a Senſe of your Iniquities. Condemn yourſelves. Renounce all Reliance on any thing of your own. Let your *Truſt be in the tender Mercy of* GOD, *for Ever and Ever.*

*IN them hath he ſet a Tabernacle for the Sun**. —Behold him coming forth, from the Chambers of the Eaſt. See! the Clouds, like floating Curtains, are thrown back at his Approach. With what *refulgent Majeſty* does he walk abroad! How tranſcendently bright is his Countenance; ſhedding Day, and inexhauſtible Light, through the Univerſe!—Is there a Scene, though

miſing Genius of the Performance, I think, We may challenge the greateſt Maſters, to produce any thing more ſpirited and importunate; more full of Nature, or more flushed with Life.

Mercy, Good LORD, Mercy I crave;
This is the total Sum;
For Mercy, LORD, is all my Suit;
LORD, let thy Mercy come.

The ſhort Sentences—Not a ſingle Copulative—The frequent Repetition of the Divine Name—The almoſt inceſſant Reiteration of the Bleſſing, ſo paſſionately deſired, and inexpreſſibly needed.—This is the genuine Language of Ardor; theſe are Beauties obvious to every Eye; and cannot fail, either to pleaſe the *judicious* Taſte, or to edify the *gracious* Heart.

* Pſal. xix. 4.

though finiſhed by the moſt elaborate and coſtly Refinements of Art, "comparable to theſe il-"luſtrious Solemnities of opening Sunſhine? "Before *theſe*, all the ſtudied Pageantry of the "Theatre; the glittering Oeconomy of an "Aſſembly; or even the heightened Orna-"ments of a Royal Palace; hide their dimi-"niſhed Heads, and ſhrink into nothing."—I have read of a Perſon, ſo ſtruck with the Splendors of this noble Luminary; that he imagined himſelf made on Purpoſe to contemplate its Glories. O! that Chriſtians would adopt his Perſuaſion, and transfer it to the *Sun of Righteouſneſs!* Thus applied, it would ceaſe to be a chimerical Notion, and become a moſt important Truth. For ſure I am, it is the ſupreme Happineſs of the eternal State; and therefore may well be the ruling Concern of this preſent Life; *to know the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom he hath ſent.*—Nor do I ſtand alone in this Opinion. The very beſt Judge of whatever is valuable in Science, or perfective of our Nature; a Judge, who formed his Taſte on the Maxims of Paradiſe, and received the Finiſhings of his Education in the third Heavens; this Judge, determines to *know nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and Him crucified.*

cified. He poſſeſſed, in his own Perſon, the fineſt, the moſt admired *Accompliſhments*; yet pronounces them no better than *Dung*, in Compariſon of the * ſupereminent Excellency of this ſaving Knowledge.

METHINKS, I diſcern a thouſand admirable Properties in the Sun. 'Tis, certainly, the beſt material Emblem of the Creator. There is more of GOD in its *Luſtre*, *Energy*, and *Uſefulneſs*, than in any other viſible Being. To worſhip it as a Deity, was the leaſt inexcuſable of all the heathen Idolatries. One ſcarce can wonder, that fallen Reaſon ſhould miſtake ſo fair a *Copy*, for the adorable *Original*. No Compariſon, in the whole Book of ſacred Wiſdom, pleaſes me more; than that which reſembles the bleſſed JESUS, to yonder Regent of the Day †. Who now advances on his azure Road, to ſcatter Light and diſpenſe Gladneſs through the Nations.

WHAT were all the Realms of the World, but a *Dungeon* of *Darkneſs*, without the Beams of the Sun? All their fine Scenes, hid from our View; loſt in Obſcurity.—In vain, we roll around

* Το υπερεχον της γνωσεως. Phil. iii. 7.

† *Unto you, that fear my Name, ſhall the Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe, with Healing in his Wings.* Mal. iv. 2.

round our Eyes, in the midnight Gloom. In vain, we ſtrive to behold the Features of amiable Nature. Turn whither we will, no Form or Comelineſs appears. All ſeems a dreary Waſte; an undiſtinguiſhed Chaos. Till the returning Hours, have unbarred the Gates of Light, and let forth the Morn.—Then, what a Proſpect opens! The Heavens are paved with Azure, and ſtrewed with Roſes. A Variety of the livelieſt Verdures array the Plains. The Flowers put on a Glow of the richeſt Colours. The whole Creation ſtands forth, dreſſed in all the Charms of Beauty. The raviſhed Eye looks round, and wonders.

And what had been the Condition of our intellectual Nature, without the great Redeemer, and his *Divine Revelation?*—Alas! what abſurd and unworthy Apprehenſions, did the *Pagan* Sages form of God! What idle Dreams, what childiſh Conjectures, were their Doctrines of a future State!—How did the Bulk, even of that favoured Nation, the *Jews*, weary themſelves in very Vanity, to obtain Peace and Reconciliation with their offended Jehovah! Till Jesus aroſe upon our benighted Minds, and brought Life and Immortality to light; till He aroſe, *to enlighten the wretched*

wretched Gentiles, and to be the Glory of his People Iſrael.

Now we no longer cry out, with a reſtleſs Impatience, *Where is GOD my Maker?* For we are allowed to contemplate the Brightneſs of his Glory, and the expreſs Image of his Perſon, *in the Face of JESUS CHRIST.*—Now, we no longer inquire, with an unſatisfied Solicitude, "Which is the Way to Bliſs?" Becauſe JESUS has marked the *Path*, by his ſhining Example; and left us an unerring *Clue*, in his holy Word.—Now, we have no more Reaſon to proceed with miſgiving Hearts, in our Journey to Eternity; or to aſk anxiouſly, as we go; "Who will roll away the Stone, and "open the everlaſting Doors? Who will re-"move the flaming Sword, and give us Ad-"miſſion into the Delights of Paradiſe?" For it is done, All done, by the Captain of our Salvation. Sin he has *expiated*, by the unblemiſhed Sacrifice of Himſelf. The Law he has *fulfilled*, by his perfect Obedience. The Sinner he *transforms*, by his ſanctifying SPIRIT. —In a Word; He hath both preſented us with a *clear Diſcovery* of good things to come; and adminiſtered to us an *abundant Entrance*, into the final Enjoyment of them.

WHEN-

WHENEVER, therefore, we bleſs GOD for the circling Seaſons, and revolving Day; let us adore, thankfully adore Him, for the *more precious* Appearance of the Sun of Righteouſneſs, and his glorious Goſpel. Without which, we ſhould have been groping, even to this Hour, in ſpiritual Darkneſs, and the Shadow of Death. Without which, we muſt have wandered in a Maze of inextricable Uncertainties; and have "ſtumbled upon the dark Mountains" of Error, till we fell into the bottomleſs Pit of Perdition.

WITHOUT that grand *enlivening* Principle, What were this Earth, but a lifeleſs Maſs? A rude Lump of *inactive* Matter? The Trees could never break forth into Leaves, nor the Plants ſpring up into Flowers. We ſhould no more behold the Meadows, mantled over with Green; nor the Valleys, ſtanding thick with Corn. Or, to ſpeak in the beautiful Language of a Prophet; * *No longer would the Fig-tree bloſſom, nor Fruit be in the Vine: The Labour of the Olive would fail, and the Fields could yield no Meat: The Flocks muſt be cut off from the Fold, and there would be no Herd in the Stalls.*—The Sun darts its Beams among

* Hab. iii. 17.

among all the Vegetable Tribes; and paints the Spring, and enriches the Autumn. This pierces to the Roots of the Vineyard and the Orchard; and ſets afloat thoſe fermenting Juices, which at length burſt into Floods of Wine, or bend the Boughs with a mellow Load.—Nor are its Favours confined to the *Upper Regions*; but diſtributed into the *deepeſt Receſſes* of Creation. It penetrates the Beds of Metal, and finds its Way to the Place of the Sapphires. It tinctures the Seeds of Gold, that are ripening into Ore; and throws a Brilliancy into the Water of the Diamond, that is hardening on its Rock.—In ſhort, the beneficial Agency of this magnificent Luminary, is inexpreſſible. It *beautifies*, and *impregnates*, univerſal Nature. "There is nothing "hid from the Heat thereof."

JUST in the ſame Manner, were the rational World *dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins*, without the reviving Energy of JESUS CHRIST. He is "the Reſurrection and the Life:" The overflowing Fountain of the one, and the all-powerful Cauſe of the other. The ſecond *Adam* is *a quickening Spirit*, and all his Saints live through Him. He ſhines upon their Affections; and they ſhoot forth into Heavenly Graces, and abound

bound in the Fruits of Righteouſneſs. Faith unfeigned, and Love undiſſembled, thoſe nobleſt Productions of the renewed Nature, are the Effect of *his* Operation on the Mind. Not ſo much as one divine Diſpoſition could ſpread itſelf, not one Chriſtian Habit unfold and flouriſh, without the kindly Influences of *his* Grace.

As there is no Fruitfulneſs, ſo likewiſe no *Chearfulneſs* *, without the Sun.—When that auſpicious Sovereign of the Day, diffuſes the Mildneſs of his morning Splendor, He creates an univerſal Feſtival. Millions of glittering Inſects awake into Exiſtence, and baſk in his Rays. The Birds ſtart from their Slumbers, and pour their delighted Souls, in Harmony. The Flocks, with bleating Accents, hail the welcome Bleſſing. The Valleys ring with rural Muſic; the Hills echo back the artleſs Strains. All that is vocal, joins in the general Choir: all that has Breath, exults in the chearing Influence.—Whereas; was that radiant Orb extinguiſhed, a tremendous Gloom would enſue, and Horror inſupportable. Nay; let it only be *eclipſed*, for a few

* "The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Univerſe, and produces all the Neceſſaries of Life, has "a particular Influence in *chearing* the Mind of Man, "and making the Heart *glad*." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

a few Minutes; and all Nature aſſumes an Air of *Sadneſs*. The Heavens are wrapt in Sables, and put on a kind of Mourning. The moſt ſprightly Animals hang down their dejected Heads. The Songſters of the Grove are ſtruck dumb. Howling Beaſts roam abroad for Prey: Ominous Birds come forth and ſcreech: The Heart of Man fails, or a ſudden Pang ſeizes the foreboding Mind.—So, when CHRIST hides away his Face; when Faith loſes Sight of that Conſolation of *Iſrael*; how *gloomy* are the Proſpects of the Soul! Our GOD ſeems to be a conſuming Fire, and our Sins cry loudly for Vengeance. The Thoughts bleed inwardly; the Chriſtian walks heavily. All without is irkſome; all within is diſconſolate.—Lift up then, moſt gracious JESUS, thou *nobler Day-ſpring* from on high! O liſt up the Light of thy Countenance, upon thy People! Reveal the Fulneſs of thy mediatorial Sufficiency; make clear our Title to this great Salvation; and thereby impart

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
*The Soul's calm Sunſhine, and the Heart-felt Joy**.

IN one Inſtance more, let me purſue the Similitude. The Sun, I obſerve, pours his Luſtre all

* POPE's *Eth. Ep.*

all *around*; to every *Diſtance*, and in every *Direction*. Profuſely liberal of his Gifts, He illuminates and chears all the Ends of the Earth, and the whole Compaſs of the Skies. The Eaſt reddens, with his riſing Radiance; and the weſtern Hills, are gilded with his ſtreaming Splendors. The chilly Regions of the North, are cheriſhed by his genial Warmth; while the ſouthern Tracts, glow with his Fire.—Thus, are the Influences of the Sun of Righteouſneſs, *diffuſive* and *unconfined*. The Generations of old felt them; and Generations yet unborn, will rejoice in them. The Merits of his precious Death extended to the firſt, and will be propagated to the laſt, Ages of Mankind.—May they, ere long, viſit the remoteſt Climates, and darkeſt Corners of the Earth! Command thy Goſpel, bleſſed JESUS, thy everlaſting Goſpel, to take the Wings of the Morning, and travel with yonder Sun. Let it fly upon ſtrong Pinions among every People, Nation, and Language. That, where the Heat ſcorches, and the Cold freezes, Thou mayſt be known, confeſſed, and adored! That *Strangers* to thy Name, and *Enemies* to thy Doctrine, may be enlightened with the Knowledge, and won to the Love, of thy Truth! O! may that beſt of

Æras

Æras come; that wiſhed for Period advance; when *all the Ends of the World ſhall remember themſelves, and be turned unto the* LORD; *and all the Kindreds of the Nations worſhip before him**!

FROM the Heavens, we retire to the Earth. —Here, the Drops of *Dew*, like ſo many liquid Cryſtals†, ſparkle upon the Eye. How *brilliant*, and unſullied, is their Luſtre! How little inferior to the proud Stone, which irradiates a Monarch's Crown! They want nothing but Solidity and Permanency; to equal them with the fineſt Treaſures of the Jeweler's Caſket.—Here, it muſt be confeſſed, they are greatly deficient; ſhort-lived Ornaments; poſſeſſed of little more, than a *momentary Radiance*. The Sun, that lights them up, will ſoon melt them into Air, or exhale them into Vapours. Within another Hour, we may "look for their Place, "and they ſhall be away."—O! may every good Reſolution of mine, and of my Flock's; may our united Breathings after GOD, not be like theſe *tranſient Decorations* of the Morning; but like the ſubſtantial Glory of the growing Day!

* Pſal. xxii. 27.

† Now Morn, her roſy Steps in th' Eaſtern Clime
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with *orient Pearl*.
MILT.

Day! The one ſhines more and more, with augmented Splendors; while the other, having glittered gaily for a few Moments, diſappear and are loſt.

How ſenſibly has this Dew *refreſhed* the vegetable Kingdoms! The fervent Heat of Yeſterday's Sun, had almoſt parched the Face, and exhauſted the Sweets, of Nature. But what a ſovereign Reſtorative, are theſe *cooling Diſtillations* of the Night! How they gladden, and invigorate, the languiſhing Herbs! Sprinkled with theſe reviving Drops, their Verdure deepens; their Bloom is new-fluſhed; their Fragrance, faint or intermitted, becomes potent and copious.—Thus does the ever-bleſſed SPIRIT *revive* the drooping troubled Conſcience of a Sinner. When that Almighty Comforter ſheds his ſweet Influence on the Soul; diſplays the all-ſufficient Sacrifice of a Divine Redeemer; and "witneſſes with our Spirit," that we are *intereſted* in the Saviour, and, by this Means, are *Children of GOD*; then, what a pleaſing Change enſues! Former Anxieties are remembered no more. Every uneaſy Apprehenſion vaniſhes. Soothing Hopes, and delightful Expectations, ſucceed. The Countenance drops its dejected Mien; the Eyes brighten with a lively Chearfulneſs; while the

Lips expreſs the Heart-felt Satisfaction, in the Language of Thankſgiving, and the Voice of Melody.—In this Senſe, merciful GOD, *be as the Dew unto Iſrael!* "Pour upon them the "continual Dew of thy Bleſſing." And O! let not my Fleece be dry, while heavenly Benediction deſcends upon all around.

WHO can number theſe pearly Drops? They hang on every Hedge; they twinkle from every Spray; and adorn the whole Herbage of the Field. Not a Blade of Graſs, not a ſingle Leaf, but wears the watry Pendants. So *vaſt* is the *Profuſion*, that it baffles the Arithmetician's Art.—Here, let the benevolent Mind contemplate and admire that emphatical Scripture; which, from this elegant Similitude, deſcribes the *Increaſe* of the *Meſſiah*'s Kingdom. The Royal Prophet, ſpeaking of CHRIST, and foretelling the Succeſs of his Religion, has this remarkable Expreſſion *; *The Dew of thy Birth is*

* *Pſalm* cx. 3. מרחם משחר לך טל ילדתך. The moſt exact Tranſlation of this difficult Paſſage is, I apprehend, as follows; *Præ rore uteri auroræ, tibi eſt ros juventutis, vel prolis tuæ.* The Dew of thy Birth is larger, more copious, than the Dew which proceeds from the Womb of the Morning.—I cannot acquieſce in the new Verſion; becauſe that disjoins *the Womb of the Morning*, from *the Dew of thy Birth*. Whereas, they ſeem to have a clear Affinity,

is of the Womb of the Morning. (i. e.) As the Morning is the Mother of Dews; produces them,

Affinity, and a close Connection. The Womb of the Morning is, with the utmost Pertinency, applied to the Conception and Production of Dews; agreeably to a delicate Line, in that great Master of just Description, and lively Painting, Mr. *Thomson:*

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews.
Summer.

We meet with a fine Expression in the Book of *Job*, which may serve to confirm this Remark; may illustrate the Propriety of the Phrase, used in this Connection. "Hath the Rain a Father, or who hath *begotten the Drops* "*of Dew?*" It seems, the Oriental Writers delighted to represent the Dew, as a kind of Birth, as the Offspring of the Morning. And if so, surely there could be no Image in the whole Compass of the Universe, better adapted to the Psalmist's Purpose: or more strongly significant of those Multitudes of Proselytes, which were *born, not of Blood, nor of the Will of the Flesh, nor of the Will of Man, but of GOD*; by the powerful Energy of his Word and Spirit.—Upon this Supposition, the whole Verse describes

The willing Subjection,
The gracious Accomplishments, } of Christ's Converts.
And the vast Number,

q. d. *In the Day of thy Power*, when thy glorious Gospel shall be published in the World, and accompanied with marvelous Efficacy—In that memorable Period, *Thy People*, discontinuing the former Oblations, commanded under the *Mosaic* Law; shall devote *themselves*, as so many

them, as it were, from a prolific Womb; and ſcatters them, with the moſt laviſh Abundance, over

living Sacrifices, to thy Honour. Not conſtrained by Force, but charmed with thy Excellency, they ſhall come in *Volunteers* to thy Service, and be *free-will Offerings* in thy Church.—Neither ſhall they be "empty Vines," or bare Profeſſors; but ſhall walk in all the *Beauties of Holineſs*, and bring forth ſuch amiable Fruit, as will adorn the Doctrine they embrace.—What is ſtill more deſireable, they ſhall be as *numerous*, as they are willing and holy. Born to Thee in Numbers, immenſe and inconceivable; exceeding even the countleſs Myriads of Dew-drops, which are begotten by the Night, and iſſue from the Womb of the recent Morning.

By this Interpretation, the Text, I think, is cleared of its Obſcurity; and appears both truly ſublime, and perfectly juſt.

May I be pardoned the *Digreſſion*, and acquitted from *Preſumption*; if, on this Occaſion, I take leave to animadvert upon, what ſeems harſh and unnatural, in the common Expoſition of the laſt Verſe of this Pſalm? All the Commentators (as many, at leaſt, as I have conſulted) inform their Readers; That to *drink of the Brook in the Way*, ſignifies *to undergo Sufferings and Death*. Which, in my Opinion, is a Conſtruction extremely forced, and hardly ſupportable; altogether remote from the Import of ſuch poetical Forms of Diction, cuſtomary among the Eaſtern Nations. In thoſe ſultry Climes, nothing could be more welcome to the Traveler, than a Brook ſtreaming near his Paths. To quench his Thirſt, and lave his Feet, in the cooling Current, was one of the greateſt Refreſhments imaginable, and re-animated him to purſue his

over all the Surface of the Earth: *So ſhall thy Seed be*, O thou everlaſting Father! By the Preach-

his Journey. For which Reaſon, among others, Brooks are a very favourite Image with the inſpired Penmen; uſed to denote a Situation *fertile* and *delightful*, or a State of *Pleaſure* and *Satisfaction*; but never, that I can recollect, to picture out the contrary Condition of Tribulation and Diſtreſs.

The *Water-floods*, indeed, in the ſacred Writings, often repreſent ſome imminent Danger, or grievous Affliction. But then they are not—נחלים בדרר—Streams ſo *calm*, that they keep within their Banks, and glide quietly by the Traveler's Footſteps; ſo *clear*, that they are fit for the wayfaring Man's Uſe, and invite his Lips to a Draught; both which Notions are plainly implied in the Text.—They are rather—משברי—*boiſterous Billows*; burſting over a Ship, or daſhing themſelves, with dreadful Impetuoſity, upon the Shore: Or—שבלת—*ſweeping Inundations*; which bear down all before them, and drown the neighbouring Country.—Beſides, in theſe Inſtances of Horror, we never find the Word—ישרה—*He ſhall drink*; which conveys a pleaſing Idea (unleſs when it relates to a Cup, filled with bitter, intoxicating, or impoiſoned Liquors; a Caſe quite different from that under Conſideration) but either—בעת—which imports *Terror* and *Aſtoniſhment*, Or elſe—שטף and עבר—which ſignify to *ruſh upon*; to *overwhelm*; and even to *bury* under the Waves.

Upon the Whole: May not the Paſſage more properly allude to the *Influences* of the *Holy Ghoſt*? Which were communicated, in unmeaſurable Degrees, to our great High-Prieſt; and were, in fact, the Cauſe of his ſurmounting all Difficulties.—Theſe are frequently repre-

Preaching of thy Word, ſhall ſuch an innumerable Race of regenerate Children be born unto Thee; and prove an Ornament and a Bleſſing to all Ages. Millions, Millions of willing Converts, from every Nation under Heaven, ſhall croud into thy Family, and repleniſh thy Church. Till they become like the Stars of the Sky, or the Sands of the Sea for Multitude; or even as *numberleſs* as theſe fine *Spangles*, which now cover the Face of Nature.—Behold then,

ſented by *Waters*; "Whoſo believeth on Me, out of his "Belly ſhall flow Rivers of *living Waters*." The Enjoyment of them is deſcribed by *drinking*; "He that "*drinketh* of the Water that I ſhall give him, ſhall never "thirſt."—Then, the Senſe may run in this well-connected and perſpicuous Manner. Is it aſked? How ſhall the Redeemer be able to execute the various and important Offices, foretold in the preceding Parts of the Pſalm? The Prophet replies, *He ſhall drink of the Brook in the Way*. He ſhall not be left barely to his human Nature, which muſt unavoidably ſink under the tremendous Work of recovering a loſt World. But, thro' the whole Courſe of his incarnate State, thro' the whole Adminiſtration of his Mediatorial Kingdom, ſhall be ſupported with omnipotent Succours. He ſhall drink at the Brook of Almighty Power, and travel on in the Greatneſs of an uncreated Strength.—*Therefore ſhall he lift up his Head*. By this Means, ſhall he be equal to the prodigious Taſk, and ſuperior to all Oppoſition. By this Means, ſhall he be thoroughly ſucceſsful, in whatever he undertakes; and greatly triumphant, over all his Enemies.

then, ye obſtinately Wicked, though you "are "not gathered, yet will the Saviour be glori- "ous." His Deſign ſhall not miſcarry, nor his Labour prove abortive; tho' you render it of none Effect, with regard to yourſelves. Think not, that IMMANUEL will want Believers, or Heaven Inhabitants, becauſe *You* continue incorrigible. No; the Lamb that was ſlain, will "ſee of the Travail of his Soul, and "be ſatisfied;" in a never-failing Series of faithful People below, and an immenſe Choir of glorified Saints above. Who ſhall form his Retinue, and ſurround his Throne, in ſhining and triumphant Armies, ſuch as no Man can number.

HERE, I was reminded of the various Expedients which Providence, unſearchably wiſe, uſes, to *fructify* both the material and intellectual World.—Sometimes, you ſhall have *impetuous* and heavy *Showers*, burſting from the angry Clouds. They laſh the Plains, and make the Rivers foam. A Storm brings them, and a Deluge follows them.—At other times, theſe *gentle Dews* are formed, in the ſerene Evening Air. They ſteal down by ſlow Degrees, and with inſenſible Stillneſs. So ſubtle, that they deceive the niceſt Eye: ſo ſilent, that they eſcape

the moſt delicate Ear: and, when fallen, ſo very light, that they neither bruiſe the tendereſt, nor oppreſs the weakeſt Flower.—Very *different* Operations! Yet each concurs in the *ſame* beneficial End, and both impart Fertility to the Lap of Nature.

So, ſome Perſons have I known, reclaimed from the unfruitful Works of Darkneſs, by *violent* and ſevere Means. The Almighty addreſſed their ſtubborn Hearts, as he addreſſed the *Iſraelites* at *Sinai*, with Lightning in his Eyes, and Thunder in his Voice. The Conſcience, ſmit with a Senſe of Guilt, and apprehenſive of eternal Vengeance, trembled through all her Powers; juſt as that ſtrong Mountain tottered to its Centre. Pangs of Remorſe, and Agonies of Fear, preceded their new Birth. They were reduced to the laſt Extremities, almoſt overwhelmed with Deſpair, before they found Reſt in JESUS CHRIST.—Others have been recovered from a vain Converſation, by Methods more *mild* and attractive. The Father of Spirits applied himſelf to their teachable Minds, in "a ſtill and ſmall Voice." His Grace came down, as the Rain into a Fleece of Wool; or as theſe ſoftening Drops, which now water the Earth. The Kingdom of GOD took place in their Souls, without Noiſe or Obſervation.

They

They paſſed from Death unto Life, from a carnal to a regenerate State, by almoſt imperceptible Advances. The Tranſition reſembled the Growth of Corn: was very viſible, when effected; though ſcarce ſenſible, while accompliſhing.—O Thou Author and Finiſher of our Faith, recal us from our Wanderings, and re-unite us to Thyſelf! Whether thou *alarm* us with thy Terrors, or *allure* us with thy Smiles: whether thou drive us with the Scourge of Conviction, or draw us with the Cords of Love: let us, in anywiſe, return to Thee. For Thou art our ſupreme Good; Thou art our only Happineſs.

Before I proceed farther, let me aſcend the *Terrace*, and take one Survey of the neighbouring *Country*.—What a Proſpect ruſhes upon my Sight! How vaſt; how various; how "full "and plenteous with all Manner of Store!" Nature's whole Wealth!—What a rich and inexhauſtible Magazine is here: furniſhing Subſiſtence for every Creature! Methinks, I read, in theſe ſpacious Volumes, a moſt lively Comment, upon that noble Celebration of the Divine Beneficence; *He openeth his Hand, and filleth all Things living with Plenteouſneſs.*

Theſe

Theſe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this univerſal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! Thyſelf how wond'rous then!
MILT.

THE *Fields* are covered deep, and ſtand thick, with Corn. They expand the milky *Grain* to the Sun; while the Gales, now inclining, now raiſing each flexile Stem, open all their Ranks to the Agency of his Beams. Which will ſoon impart a firm Conſiſtence to the Grain, and a gloſſy golden Hue to the Ear. That they may be qualified, to fill the Barns of the Huſbandman with Plenty, and his Heart with Gladneſs.

YONDER lie the *Meadows*, ſmoothed into a perfect Level; decorated with an Embroidery of the gayeſt Flowers; and loaded with * ſpontaneous Crops of *Herbage*. Which, converted into Hay, will prove a moſt commodious Proviſion for the Barrenneſs of Winter; will ſupply with Fodder our ſerviceable Animals, when all the Verdure of the Plain is killed by Froſt, or buried in Snows.—A winding *Stream*, glides along the flowery Margin; and receives the Image of the bending Skies, and waters the Roots of many a branching Willow. 'Tis ſtocked, no doubt,

* — — *Injuſſa vireſcunt*
Gramina — — VIRG.

doubt, with Variety of *Fiſh*; which afford a ſolitary Diverſion to the Angler, and nouriſh for his Table a delicious Treat. Nor is it the only Merit of this liquid Element, to maintain the finny Nations; it alſo carries *Cleanlineſs*, and diſpenſes *Fruitfulneſs*, where-ever it rolls the cryſtal Current.

THE *Paſtures*, with their verdant Mounds, chequer the Proſpect; and prepare a ſtanding Repaſt for our Cattle. There, "our Oxen are "made ſtrong to labour; and our Sheep bring "forth Thouſands and ten Thouſands." There, the Horſe acquires Vigour, for the Diſpatch of our Buſineſs; and Speed, to expedite our Journeys. From thence, the Kine bring home their Udders, diſtended with one of the richeſt, and healthieſt Liquors, in the World.

ON ſeveral Spots, a *Grove* of Trees, like ſome grand Colonnade, erects its tow'ring Head. Every one projects a friendly Shade, for the Beaſts; and creates a hoſpitable Lodging, for the Birds. Every one ſtands ready, to furniſh *Timber* for a Palace; *Maſts* for a Navy; or, with a more condeſcending Courteſy, *Fuel* for our Hearths.—One of them ſeems ſkirted with a wild uncultivated *Heath*; which, like well-diſpoſed Shades in Painting, throws an additional Luſtre on the more ornamented Parts of the Land-

Landſcape. Nor is its Uſefulneſs, like that of a Foil, relative only, but real. There, ſeveral valuable Creatures are produced, and accommodated; without any Expence, or Care of ours. There, likewiſe, ſpring abundance of thoſe *Herbs*, which aſſwage the Smart of our Wounds, and allay the fiery Tumults of the Fever. Which impart Floridity to our circulating Fluids; add a more vigorous Tone to our active Solids; and, thereby, repair the Decays of our enfeebled Conſtitutions.

Nearer the Houſes, We perceive an ample Spread of Branches; not ſo ſtately as the Oaks, but more amiable for their annual Services. A little while ago, I beheld them; and all was one beauteous, boundleſs Waſte of *Bloſſoms*. The Eye marvelled, at the lovely Sight; and the Heart rejoiced, in the Proſpect of autumnal Plenty. But now, the blooming Maid is reſigned, for the uſeful Matron. The Flower is fallen, and the *Fruit* ſwells out on every Twig.—Breathe ſoft, ye Winds! O, ſpare the tender Fruitage, ye ſurly Blaſts! Let the *Pear-tree* ſuckle her juicy Progeny; till they drop into our Hands, and diſſolve in our Mouths. Let the *Plum* hang unmoleſted upon her Boughs; till ſhe fatten her delicious Fleſh, and cloud her poliſhed Skin with Blue. And as for the *Apples*,

Apples, that ſtaple Commodity of our *Orchards*, et no injurious Shocks precipitate them immaturely to the Ground; till revolving Suns, have inged them with a ruddy Complexion, and concocted them into an exquiſite Flavour. Then, what copious Hoards, of what burniſhed Rinds, and what delightful Reliſhes, will repleniſh the Store-room! Some, to preſent us with an early Entertainment, and refreſh our Palates amidſt the ſultry Heats. Some, to borrow Ripeneſs from the falling Snows, and carry Autumn into the Depths of Winter. Some, to adorn the Salver, make a Part of the Deſſert, and give an agreeable * Cloſe to our Feaſts. Others, to fill our Vats with a foaming Flood; which, mellowed by Age, may ſparkle in the Glaſs, with a Livelineſs and Delicacy, little inferior to the Blood of the Grape.

I OBSERVE ſeveral ſmall *Incloſures*, which ſeem to be apprehenſive of ſome hoſtile Viſit from the North; and, therefore, are defended, on that Quarter, by a thick Wood, or a lofty Wall. At the ſame time, they cultivate an uninterrupted Correſpondence with the South; and throw open their whole Dimenſions, to its friendly Warmth. One, in particular, lies

* — — *Ab Ovo*
Uſque ad Mala — — HOR.

lies within the Reach of a diſtinguiſhing View; and proves to be a *Kitchen-Garden*. It looks, methinks, like a plain and frugal Republic. Whatever may reſemble the Pomp of Courts, or the Enſigns of Royalty, is baniſhed from this humble Community. None of the Productions of the Olitory affect Finery; but all are habited with the very Perfection of Decency. Here, thoſe celebrated Qualities are eminently united, the utmoſt Simplicity with the exacteſt Neatneſs*.—A ſkilful Hand has parcelled out the whole Ground, into narrow Beds, and intervening Alleys. The ſame diſcreet Management has aſſigned to each verdant Family, a peculiar and diſtinct Abode. So that there is no Confuſion, amidſt the greateſt Multiplicity; becauſe every Individual knows its proper Home, and all the Tribes are ranged with perfect Regularity.—If it be pleaſing to behold their orderly Situation, and their modeſt Beauties; how much more delightful, to conſider the Advantages, they yield! What a *Fund* of choice *Accommodations* is Here! What a Source of wholeſome Dainties! And all, for the Enjoyment of Man. Why does the *Parſley*, with her frizzled Locks, ſhag the Border; or why

* *Simplex Munditiis.* HOR.

why the *Celery*, with her whitening Arms, perforate the Mold; but to render his Soops ſavoury? The *Aſparagus* ſhoots its tapering Stems, to offer him the Firſt-fruits of the Seaſon; and the *Artichoke* ſpreads its turgid Top, to give him a Treat of vegetable Marrow. The Tendrils of the * *Cucumber* creep into the Sun; and, though baſking in its hotteſt Rays, they ſecrete for their Maſter, and barrel up for his Uſe, the moſt cooling Juices of the Soil. The *Beans* ſtand firm, like Files of embattled Troops; the *Peas* reſt upon their Props, like ſo many Companies of Invalids; while both repleniſh their Pods with the Fatneſs of the Earth, on purpoſe to pour it on their Owner's Table.—Not one Species, among all this Variety of Herbs, is a Cumberer of the Ground. Not a ſingle Plant, but is good for Food, or ſome way ſalutary. With ſo beneficent an Oeconomy,

* *Virgil*, with great Conciſeneſs, and equal Propriety, deſcribes the *Cucumber*—

—*Tortuſque per herbam*
Creſceret in Ventrem Cucumis.— Georg. IV.

MILTON has (if We admit Dr. *Bentley's* Alteration, which is, I think, in *this* Place, unqueſtionably juſt) almoſt tranſlated the *Latin* Poet,

—— Forth crept
The *ſwelling* Gourd—

Par. Loſt, B. VII. l. 320.

my, are the ſeveral Periods of their Miniſtration ſettled; that no Portion of the Year is left deſtitute of nouriſhing Eſculents. What is ſtill more obliging, every Portion of the Year affords *ſuch* Eſculents, as are beſt ſuited to the Temperature of the Air, and the State of our Bodies.—Why then ſhould the *Poſſeſſor* of ſo valuable a Spot, envy the Condition of Kings *? Since He may daily walk amidſt Rows of peaceable and obſequious, though mute Subjects. Every One of which tenders him ſome agreeable Preſent, and pays him a willing Tribute. Such as is moſt happily adapted, both to ſupply his Wants, and to regale his Taſte: to furniſh Him, at once, with Plenty and with Pleaſure.

AT a Diſtance, one deſcries the mighty *Hills*. They heave their huge Ridges among the Clouds; and look like the Barriers of Kingdoms, or the Boundaries of Nature. Bare and deformed as their Surface may appear, their Bowels are fraught with inward Treaſures! Treaſures, lodged faſt in the *Quarries*, or ſunk deep in the *Mines*. From thence, Induſtry may draw her Implements, to plow the Soil; to reap

* Hic *rarum tamen in Dumis Olus, albaque circum Lilia, Verbenaſque premens, veſcumque Papaver,* Regum æquabat Opes Animis: *ſeraque revertens Nocte domum, Dapibus Menſas onerabat inemptis.*

VIRG. Georg. IV.

reap the Grain; and procure every neceſſary Convenience. From thence, Art may fetch her Materials, to rear the Dome; to ſwell the Organ; and form the nobleſt Ornaments of politer Life.

On another Side, the *great Deep* terminates the View. *There go the Ships: There is that Leviathan:* And there, in that World of Waters, an inconceivable Number of Animals have their Habitation.—This is the capacious *Ciſtern* of the *Univerſe*; which admits, as into a Receptacle; and diſtributes, as from a Reſervoir; whatever waters the whole Globe. There's not a Fountain, that guſhes in the unfrequented Deſart; nor a Rivulet, that flows in the remoteſt Continent; nor a Cloud, that ſwims in the higheſt Regions of the Firmament; but is fed by this all-repleniſhing Source.—The Ocean is the grand *Vehicle* of *Trade*, and the Uniter of diſtant Nations. To us it is peculiarly kind, not only as it wafts into our Ports, the Harveſt of every Climate; and renders our Iſland the Centre of Traffic; but alſo as it ſecures us from foreign Invaſions, by a ſort of impregnable Entrenchment *.

Me-

* *Whoſe Rampart was the Sea.* Nahum iii. 8.

I hope, this little Excurſion into the Country, will not be looked upon as a *Departure* from my Subject. Becauſe,

METHINKS, the View of this profuſe Munificence inſpires a *ſecret Delight*, and kindles a *diſintereſted Good-will*.—While the "little Hills "clap their Hands," and the luxuriant "Val-"leys laugh and ſing;" who can forbear catching the general Joy? Who is not touched, with lively Senſations of Pleaſure?—While the everlaſting Father, is ſcattering Bleſſings through his whole Family, and crowning the Year with his Goodneſs; who does not feel his Breaſt overflowing, with a diffuſive Benevolence?—My Heart, I muſt confeſs, beats high with Satisfaction; and breathes out *congratulatory Wiſhes*, upon all the Tenants of theſe rural Abodes: "Peace be within your Walls, as well

"as

a rural View, though no eſſential Part of a Garden, is yet a deſirable Appendage, and neceſſary to *complete* its Beauty.—As Uſefulneſs is the moſt valuable Property, which can attend any Production; *this* is the Circumſtance, chiefly touched upon in the Survey of the Landſcape. Though every Piece of this extenſive and diverſified Scene, is caſt in the moſt elegant Mould; yet nothing is calculated merely for Shew and Parade. You ſee nothing formed in the Taſte of the oſtentatious Obeliſk, or inſignificant Pomp of the Pyramid. No ſuch idle Expences were admitted into that conſummate Plan, which regulated the Structure of the Univerſe. All the Decorations of Nature are no leſs *advantageous*, than *ornamental*; ſuch as ſpeak the MAKER infinitely beneficent, as well as incomparably magnificent.

"as Plenteouſneſs around your Dwellings." Live, ye highly favoured; live ſenſible of your Benefits, and thankful to your Benefactor. Look round upon theſe prodigiouſly large Incomes of the fruitful Soil, and call them (for you have free Leave) all your own.—Only let me remind you of one very important Truth. Let me ſuggeſt, and may you never forget; That you are *obliged* to CHRIST JESUS, for every one of theſe Accommodations, which ſpring from the teeming Earth, and the ſmiling Skies.

1. CHRIST * *made* them, when they were not.—He fetched them up from utter Darkneſs;

* When I aſcribe the Work of Creation to the SON, I would by no Means be ſuppoſed, to withhold the ſame Honour, from the Eternal FATHER, and Ever-bleſſed SPIRIT. The Acts of thoſe inconceivably glorious Perſons are, like their Eſſence, undivided and one. But I chooſe to ſtate the Point in this Manner, becauſe this is the manifeſt Doctrine of the New Teſtament; is the expreſs Belief of our Church; and a moſt noble Peculiarity of the Goſpel Revelation.—I chooſe it alſo, becauſe I would take every Opportunity of inculcating, and celebrating, the *Divinity* of the REDEEMER. A Truth, which imparts an unutterable Dignity to Chriſtianity: A Truth, which lays an immoveable Foundation, for all the comfortable Hopes of a Chriſtian: A Truth, which will render the Myſtery of our Redemption, the Wonder and Delight of Eternity: And with this Truth, every one will obſerve, my Aſſertion is inſeparably connected.

neſs; and gave them both their Being, and their Beauty. He created the Materials, of which they are compoſed; and moulded them into this endleſs Multiplicity, of amiable Forms, and uſeful Subſtances. He arrayed the Heavens, with a Veſture of the mildeſt Blue; and cloathed the Earth, in a Livery of the gayeſt Green. His Pencil ſtreaked, and his Breath perfumed, whatever is beautiful or fragrant in the Univerſe. His Strength ſet faſt the Mountains; His Goodneſs garniſhed the Vales; and the ſame *Touch* which healed the *Leper*, wrought the whole viſible *Syſtem* into this complete Perfection.

2. CHRIST *recovered* them, when they were forfeited.—By *Adam*'s Sin, we loſt our Right to the Comforts of Life, and Fruits of the Ground. His Diſobedience was the moſt impious

If any One queſtions, whether this be the Doctrine of our Church; let the *Creed*, which we repeat in our moſt ſolemn Devotions, determine his Doubt: "I believe," ſays that Form of ſound Words, "in one LORD "JESUS CHRIST, very GOD of very GOD, *by* "*whom all Things were made.*"—If it be farther inquired, From whence the *Nicene* Fathers derived this Article of their Faith? I anſwer, From the Writings of the beloved Diſciple, who lay on the Saviour's Boſom; and of that great Apoſtle, who had been caught up into the Third Heaven. *John* i. 3. *Coloſſ.* i. 16.

bious and horrid *Treaſon*, againſt the KING of Kings. Conſequently, his whole Patrimony became *confiſcated*: as well the Portion of temporal good Things, ſettled upon the human Race during their Minority; as that everlaſting Heritage reſerved for their Enjoyment, when they ſhould come to full Age. But the "Seed of the Woman," inſtantly interpoſing, took off the Attainder, and redeemed the alienated Inheritance. The firſt *Adam* being diſinherited, the ſecond *Adam* * was *appointed Heir*

* *Heb.* i. 2.—In this Senſe at leaſt, CHRIST is *the Saviour of all Men*. The former and latter Rain; the precious Fruits of the Earth; Food to eat, and Raiment to put on;—all theſe he purchaſed, even for his irreclaimable Enemies. *They* eat of his Bread, who lift up their Heel againſt Him.

We learn from hence, in what a peculiar and endearing Light, the *Chriſtian* is to contemplate the Things that are ſeen. *Heathens* might diſcover an eternal Power, and infinite Wiſdom, in the Structure of the Univerſe; Heathens might acknowledge a moſt ſtupendous Liberality, in the unreſerved Grant of the whole Fabric, with all its Furniture, to the Service of Man. But the Chriſtian ſhould ever keep in Mind his Forfeiture of them, and the Price paid to redeem them. He ſhould receive the Gifts of indulgent Providence, as the *Iſraelites* received their Law, from the Hand of a Mediator. Or rather, To him they ſhould come, not only iſſuing from the Stores of an unbounded Bounty, but ſwimming (as it were) in that crimſon Tide, which ſtreamed from IMMANUEL's Veins.

of all Things, viſible as well as invisible. And we hold our Poſſeſſion of the former; we expect an Inſtatement in the latter; purely by virtue of our Alliance to Him, and our Union with Him.

3. CHRIST *upholds* them, which would otherwiſe tumble into Ruin.—*By Him*, ſays the Oracle of Inſpiration, *all Things conſiſt* *. His Finger rolls the Seaſons round, and preſides over all the celeſtial Revolutions. His Finger winds up the Wheels, and impels every Spring, of vegetative Nature. In a Word, the whole Weight of the Creation, reſts upon his mighty Arm; and receives the whole Harmony of its Motion, from his unerring Eye.—This habitable Globe, with all its rich Appendages, and fine Machinery, could no more continue, than they could create themſelves. *Start* they would into inſtant *Confuſion*; or *drop* into their primitive *Nothing*; did not his Power ſupport, and

* *Col.* i. 17. I beg leave to ſubjoin St. *Chryſoſtom*'s pertinent and beautiful Note, upon the Paſſage; by which it will appear, that the Sentiment of theſe Sections, is not merely a private Opinion, but the avowed Belief of the primitive Church. Τί ἐστιν, ſays the eloquent Father, εἰς αὐτὸν χρεμάζει ἡ πᾶσιν ὑποστάσις· ὁ μόνον αὐτῷ· αὐτὰ ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος εἰς τὸ εἶναι παρήγαγεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῷ· αὐτὰ συνέχεται νῦν· ὥστε ἂν ἀποσπασθῇ τῆς αὐτοῦ προνοίας, ἀπολωλε καὶ διέφθαρται.

and his Wiſdom regulate them, every Moment. In Conformity to his Will, they ſubſiſt ſtedfaſt and invariable in their Orders; and wait only for his ſovereign Nod, to "fall away like Wa-"ter, that runneth apace."

4. CHRIST * *actuates* them, which would otherwiſe be lifeleſs and inſignificant.—Penſioners they are, conſtant Penſioners, on his Bounty; and borrow their *All* from his Fulneſs. *He only has Life*; and whatever operates, operates by an Emanation from his All-ſufficiency. Does the Grape refreſh you, with its enlivening Juices? It is by a Warrant received, and Virtue derived, from the Redeemer. Does Bread ſtrengthen your Heart, and prove the Staff of your Life? Remember, that it is by the Saviour's Appointment, and through the Efficacy of his Operation. You are charmed with *his* Melody, when the "Time of the Singing of

* *John* v. 17. *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work*; or, I exert that unremitting and unwearied Energy, which is the Life of the Creation.—Thus the Words are paraphraſed by a maſterly Expoſitor, who has illuſtrated the Life of our bleſſed LORD, in the moſt elegant Taſte of Criticiſm; with the moſt amiable Spirit of Devotion; and without any Mixture of the malignant Leaven, or low Singularities, of a Party. See the *Family Expoſitor*, Vol. I. Sect. 47.

" Birds is come, and the Voice of the Nightin-
" gale is heard in your Land." You taſte *his* Goodneſs in the luſcious Fig, the melting Peach, and the muſky Flavour of the Apricot. You ſmell *his* Sweetneſs in the opening Honeyſuckle, and every odoriferous Shrub.

COULD theſe Creatures ſpeak for themſelves, they would, doubtleſs, diſclaim all Sufficiency of their own, and aſcribe the whole Honour to their Maker.—" We are Servants," would they ſay, " of HIM, who died for you. *Ciſterns*
" only, dry Ciſterns in ourſelves, we *tranſmit*
" to Mortals no more, than the uncreated
" Fountain transfuſes into us. Think not,
" that, from any Ability of our own, we furniſh
" you with Aſſiſtance, or adminiſter to your
" Comfort. 'Tis the Divine Energy, the Di-
" vine Energy alone, that works in us, and
" does you Good.—We *ſerve* you, O ye Sons
" of Men, that you may *love* Him, who placed
" us in theſe Stations. O! love the LORD,
" therefore, all ye who are ſupported by our
" Miniſtry; or elſe we ſhall * groan, with In-
" dignation and Regret, at your Abuſe of our
" Services.—Uſe us, and welcome; for we are
" yours, if ye are CHRIST's. Crop our
" choiceſt Beauties; riſle all our Treaſures;
" accom-

* Rom. viii. 22.

" accommodate yourſelves with our moſt va-
" luable Qualities; only let us be Incentives
" to your *Gratitude*, and Motives to your
" *Obedience*."

HAVING ſurveyed the ſpacious Sky; and ſent a Glance round the inferior Creation; 'tis Time to deſcend from this Eminence, and confine my Attention to the *beautiful Spot* below.—Here Nature, always pleaſing, every-where lovely, appears with peculiar Attractions. Yonder, ſhe ſeems dreſſed in her deſhabille; grand, but irregular. Here, ſhe calls in her Hand-maid Art; and ſhines in all the delicate Ornaments, which the niceſt Cultivation is able to convey. *Thoſe*, are her common Apartments, where ſhe lodges her ordinary Gueſts; *This*, is her Cabinet of Curioſities, where ſhe entertains her intimate Acquaintance.—My Eye ſhall often expatiate, over thoſe Scenes of univerſal Fertility: My Feet ſhall ſometimes bruſh thro' the Thicket, or traverſe the Lawn, or ſtroll along the Foreſt Glade: But to this delightful Retreat, ſhall be my chief Reſort. Thither, will I *make Excurſions*; but Here, will I *dwell*.

IF, from my low Procedure, I may form an Alluſion to the moſt exalted Practices; I

woul'

would obſerve, upon this Occaſion; That the celebrated *Eraſmus*, and our judicious *Locke*, having trod the Circle of the Sciences, and ranged thro' the whole Extent of *human* Literature, at length betook themſelves ſolely to the *Bible*. Leaving the Sages of Antiquity, they ſat inceſſantly at the Feet of JESUS. Wiſely they withdrew, from that immenſe Multiplicity of Learning; from thoſe endleſs Tracts of amuſing Erudition; where, noxious Weeds are mixed with wholeſome Herbs; where, is generally a much larger Growth of prickly Shrubs, than of fruitful Boughs. They ſpent their moſt mature Hours, in thoſe hallowed Gardens, which GOD's own Wiſdom planted; which GOD's own Spirit watereth; and in which GOD's own Son is continually walking. Where, He meeteth thoſe that ſeek Him; and revealeth to them the Glories of his Perſon, and the Riches of his Goodneſs.

THUS would I finiſh the Remainder of my Days! Having juſt *taſted* (what they call) the politer Studies; I would now devote my whole *Application* to the lively Oracles. From other Purſuits, I might glean, perhaps, a few ſcattered Fragments of low, of lean, of unſatisfactory Inſtruction. From this, I truſt to reap a Harveſt of the ſublimeſt Truths; the nobleſt

Improve-

Improvements; and the pureſt Joys *.—Waft me then, O! waft my Mind to *Sion*'s conſecrated Bowers. Let my Thoughts perpetually rove, through the awfully-pleaſing Walks of Inſpiration. Here, grow thoſe Heaven-born Plants, the Trees of *Life* and *Knowledge*; whoſe ambroſial Fruits we now may "take, and eat, "and live for ever." Here, flow thoſe precious Streams of *Grace* and *Righteouſneſs*; whoſe living Waters "whoſoever drinks, ſhall thirſt no more." And, what can the Fables of *Grecian* Songs, or the fineſt Pages of *Roman* Eloquence—what can they exhibit, in any Degree comparable to theſe matchleſs Prerogatives of Revelation?—Therefore, though I ſhould not diſlike to pay a *Viſit* now-and-then to my Heathen Maſters, I would *live* with the Prophets and Apoſtles. With thoſe, I would carry on ſome occaſional Correſpondence: but theſe ſhould be my Boſom-Friends; my inſeparable Companions; "my "Delight, and my Counſellors."

WHAT *Sweets* are theſe, which ſo agreeably ſalute my Noſtrils? They are the Breath of the Flowers; the Incenſe of the Garden.—How liberally

* *Quicquid docetur, Veritas; quicquid præcipitur, Bonitas; quicquid promittitur, Felicitas.*

liberally does the Jeſſamine diſpenſe her odoriferous Riches? How deliciouſly has the Woodbine embalmed this Morning Walk? The Air is all Perfume.—And is not this, another moſt engaging Argument, to forſake the Bed of *Sloth?* Who would lie diſſolved in ſenſeleſs Slumbers; while ſo many breathing Sweets, invite him to a Feaſt of Fragrancy? Eſpecially conſidering, That the advancing Day will exhale the volatile Dainties. A *fugitive Treat* they are, prepared only for the Wakeful and Induſtrious. Whereas, when the Sluggard lifts his heavy Eyes, the Flowers will droop; their fine Scents be diſſipated; and, inſtead of this refreſhing Humidity, the Air will become a Kind of liquid Fire.

WITH this very *Motive*, heightened by a Repreſentation of the moſt charming Pieces of Morning Scenery, the Parent of Mankind awakes his lovely Conſort. There is ſuch a Delicacy in the Choice, and ſo much Life in the Deſcription, of theſe rural Images; that I cannot excuſe myſelf, without repeating the whole Paſſage.—Whiſper it, ſome friendly *Genius*, in the Ear of every One, who is now ſunk in Sleep, and loſt to all theſe refined Gratifications!

Awake:

Awake: the Morning ſhines, and the freſh Field
Calls you: Ye loſe the Prime, to mark how ſpring
The tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove;
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed;
How Nature paints her Colours; how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets.*

How delightful is this Fragance! It is diſtributed in the niceſt *Proportion*; neither ſo ſtrong, as to oppreſs the Organs; nor ſo faint, as to elude them. We are ſoon cloyed at a ſumptuous Banquet; but this Pleaſure never loſes its *Poignancy*, never palls the Appetite.—Here, Luxury itſelf is innocent; or rather, in this Caſe, Indulgence is incapable of Exceſs.—This balmy Entertainment, not only regales the *Senſe*, but † chears the very *Soul*; and, inſtead of clogging, elates its Powers.—It puts me in Mind of that ever memorable Sacrifice, which was once made in Behalf of offending Mortals. I mean the *Sacrifice of the bleſſed* JESUS; when He offered up Himſelf to GOD; "for a ſweet-"ſmelling Savour." Such the Holy Spirit ſtiles that wonderful Oblation: as if no Image, in the whole ſenſible Creation, was ſo proper to give

* MILT. Par. Loſt, B. V. l. 20.

† *Ointment and Perfume rejoice the Heart.* Prov. xxvii. 9.

give us an Idea of the *ineffable Satisfaction*; which the Father of Mercies conceived, from that unparalleled Atonement; as the *pleaſing Senſations*, which ſuch rich Perfumes are capable of raiſing. "Thouſands of Rams, and Ten "Thouſands of Rivers of Oil," from an apoſtate World; the moſt ſubmiſſive Acknowledgements, added to the moſt coſtly Offerings, from Men of defiled Hands, and unclean Lips; what could they have effected? A Prophet repreſents the "High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth E-"ternity," turning Himſelf away from ſuch filthy Rags; turning Himſelf away, with a diſdainful Abhorrence *, as from the noiſome Steams of a Dunghill.—But in CHRIST's immaculate Holineſs; in CHRIST's conſummate Obedience; in CHRIST's moſt precious Blood-ſhedding; with what unimaginable Complacency, does Juſtice reſt ſatisfied, and Vengeance acquieſce!—All thy *Works*, O Thou Surety for ruined Sinners! all thy *Sufferings*, O Thou ſlaughtered Lamb of GOD! as well as all thy *Garments*, O Thou Bridegroom of thy Church! *ſmell of Myrrh, Aloes, and Caſſia* †! They are infinitely more grateful to the eternal Godhead, than the choiceſt Exhalations of the Garden, than

* Amos v. 21, 22. † Pſalm xlv. 8.

than all the Odours of the ſpicy Eaſt, can be to the human Noſtrils.

As the Altar of old ſanctified the Gift; ſo this is the great Propitiation, which recommends the obnoxious Perſons, and unprofitable Services of the believing World. In *this*, may my Soul be intereſted! By *this*, may it be reconciled to the Father!—There is ſuch a leprous Depravity cleaving to my Nature, as pollutes whatever I perform. My moſt profound Adorations, and ſincereſt Acts of Religion, muſt not preſume to *challenge* a Reward, but humbly *implore* Forgiveneſs *. Renouncing, therefore, myſelf in every Inſtance of Duty; diſclaiming all Shadow of Confidence † in any Deeds of my own; may I now, and evermore, *be accepted through the Beloved!*

WHAT

* A Writer of diſtinguiſhed Superiority, *thus* addreſſes the great Obſerver of Actions, and Searcher of Hearts; and vindicates *my* Sentiments, while he ſo juſtly and beautifully utters his own;

Look down, great GOD, with Pity's ſofteſt Eye,
On a poor breathing Particle in Duſt.
His Crimes forgive; forgive his Virtues too,
Thoſe *ſmaller Faults, half Converts* to the Right.
Night-Thoughts, N° IX.

† See Page 44 & 45. in the *ſecond* Edition of a moſt *candid* and *evangelical* little Treatiſe, called CHRISTIANITY

WHAT *Colours*, what charming Colours, are here! Theſe, ſo nobly bold; and Thoſe, ſo delicately languid. What a Glow is enkindled in ſome! what a Gloſs ſhines upon others! In one, methinks, I ſee the Ruby with her bleeding Radiance; in another, the Sapphire with her Sky-tinctured Blue; in all, ſuch an exquiſite Richneſs of Dyes, as no other Set of Paintings in the Univerſe can boaſt *.—With what a maſterly *Skill*, is every one of the varying Tints *diſpoſed!* Here, they ſeem to be thrown on with an eaſy Daſh,

TIANITY the Great ORNAMENT of Human Life.—"If Chriſtians happily avoid the *dangerous* Extreme, and too often *fatal* Rock, of a dead *fruitleſs* Faith on the one hand, He [*i. e.* Satan] will endeavour, by all kind of plauſible Inſinuations, to ſplit them on the oppoſite, *viz.* Spiritual Pride, Oſtentation, and *Dependence on their Works*, as if THESE were the *meritorious*, or *procuring* Cauſe of all true Peace, Hope, Conſolation, and Divine Acceptance—Now this *Self Dependence* may be ranked among the *moſt dangerous* of the infernal Politics, becauſe the fatal Poiſon lies *deep*, and too often *undiſcerned*."

* ——— *Who can paint*
Like Nature? *Can Imagination boaſt,*
Amid his gay Creation, Hues like theſe?
And can he mix them with that matchleſs Skill,
And lay them on ſo delicately fine,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry Bud that blows?—

THOMS. Spring.

Daſh, of Security and Freedom; there, they are adjuſted by the niceſt Touches, of Art and Accuracy. Thoſe which form the Ground, are always ſo judiciouſly chóſen, as to heighten the Luſtre of the ſuperadded Figures; while the Verdure of the Impalement, or the Shadings of the Foliage, impart new Livelineſs to the Whole. Indeed; whether they are blended, or arranged; ſoftened, or contraſted; they are manifeſtly under the Conduct of a Taſte, that never miſtakes; a Felicity, that never falls ſhort of; the very Perfection of Elegance.—Fine, inimitably fine, is the *Texture* of the Web; on which theſe ſhining Treaſures are diſplayed. What are the Labours of the *Perſian* Looms, or the boaſted Commodities of *Bruſſels*, compared with theſe curious Manufactures of Nature? Compared with theſe, the moſt admired Chintſes loſe their Reputation; even ſuperfine Cambrics, appear coarſe as Canvaſs in their Preſence.

WHAT a cheering Argument does our Saviour derive from hence, to ſtrengthen our *Affiance* in GOD! He directs us to learn a Leſſon of Heaven-depending Faith, from every Bird, that wings the Air; and from every Flower, that bloſſoms in the Field. If Providence, with unremitted Care, ſupports thoſe inferior Creatures; and arrays theſe inſenſible Beings, with ſo much

Splendor; ſurely, He will in no-wiſe with-hold, from his elect Children, "Bread to eat, and "Raiment to put on."—Ye faithful Followers of the Lamb, diſmiſs every low *Anxiety*, relateing to the needful *Suſtenance* of Life. He that feeds the Ravens, from an inexhauſtible Magazine; He that paints the Plants, with ſuch ſurpaſſing Elegance; in ſhort, He that provides ſo liberally, both for the animal and vegetable Parts of His Creation; will not, cannot, neglect His own People.—*Fear not, little Flock*, ye peculiar Objects of Almighty Love! *it is your Father's good Pleaſure, to give you a Kingdom**. And, If He freely gives you, an everlaſting Kingdom hereafter; is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, that he will deny you any neceſſary Conveniencies here?

One cannot forbear reflecting, in this Place, on the too prevailing Humour, of being fond and oſtentatious of *Dreſs* †. What an abject and

* Luke xii. 32.

† Mr. *Addiſon* has a fine Remark on a female Warrior, celebrated by *Virgil*. He obſerves, that with all her other great Qualities, this *little Foible* mingled itſelf. Becauſe, as the Poet relates, an intemperate Fondneſs for a rich and ſplendid Suit of Armour, betrayed her into Ruin. In this Circumſtance, our Critic diſcovers a *Moral*

and miſtaken Ambition is this! How unworthy the Dignity of *immortal*, and the Wiſdom of *rational*

Moral concealed; this He admires, as a neat, though oblique *Satire*, on that trifling Paſſion. *Spect.* Vol. I. N° 15.

I would refer it to the judicious Reader, whether there is not a Beauty of the *ſame* Kind, but touched with a *more* maſterly Hand, in the Song of *Deborah*.—Speaking of *Siſera*'s Mother, the ſacred euchariſtic Ode repreſents Her, as anticipating, in her fond Fancy, the Victory of her Son; and indulging the following Soliloquy—*Have they not ſped? Have they not divided the Prey? To* Siſera *a Prey of divers Colours; a Prey of divers Colours of Needle-work; of divers Colours of Needle-work on both Sides; meet for the Necks of them that take the Spoil?*—She takes no notice of the ſignal Service, which her Hero would do to his Country, by quelling ſo dangerous an Inſurrection. She never reflects on the *preſent* Acclamations, the *future* Advancement, and the *eternal* Renown, which are the Tribute uſually paid to a Conqueror's Merit. She can conceive, it ſeems, nothing greater, than to be clad in an embroidered Veſture; and to trail along the Ground, a Robe of the richeſt Dyes. This is, in *her* Imagination, the moſt lordly Spoil, He can win; the moſt ſtately Trophy, He can erect.—It is alſo obſervable, how She *dwells* upon the trivial Circumſtance; reiterating it again and again. It has ſo charmed her ignoble Heart; ſo intirely engroſſed her little Views; that She can *think* of nothing elſe; *ſpeak* of nothing elſe; and can hardly ever *deſiſt* from the darling Topic.—Is not this a keen, tho' delicately couched Cenſure, on that poor, contemptible, groveling Taſte; which is enamoured with ſilken Fi-

rational Beings! Eſpecially, ſince theſe little Productions of the Earth, have indiſputably the Pre-eminence, in ſuch outward Embelliſhments.—Go; cloathe thyſelf with Purple, and fine Linen; trick thyſelf up in all the gay Attire, which the Shuttle or the Needle can furniſh. Yet know, to the Mortification of thy Vanity, that the *native* Elegance of a common Daiſy*, eclipſes all this *elaborate* Finery.—Nay, wert thou decked like ſome illuſtrious Princeſs, on her Coronation-day, in all the Splendor of royal Apparel; couldſt thou equal even *Solomon*, in the Height of his Magnificence and Glory; yet, would the meaneſt among the *flowery Populace* outſhine thee. Every diſcern-

ing

nery, and makes the *Attributes* of a Butterfly the *Idol* of its Affections?

How conſpicuous, is the elevated and magnificent Spirit of that venerable *Mother* in *Iſrael*; when viewed in compariſon with the low, the deſpicable Turn of this *Canaanitiſh Lady!*—Such ſtrong and beautiful *Contraſts* are, I think, ſome of the moſt ſtriking Excellencies of poetic Painting: and in no Book are they more frequently uſed, or expreſſed with greater Life, than in the *ſacred* Volumes of Inſpiration.

* Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our mean Attire, and Impotence of Pride.

PRIOR.

ing Eye, would give the Preference, to theſe Beauties of the * Ground.—Scorn then to borrow thy Recommendations, from a neat Diſpoſition of Threads, and a curious Arrangement of Colours. Aſſume a becoming Greatneſs of Temper. Let thy Endowments be of the immortal Kind. Study to be *all-glorious within.* Be cloathed with Humility. Wear the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit †. To ſay all in a Word; *Put on the* LORD JESUS CHRIST ‡: Let His *Blood* be ſprinkled upon thy Conſcience, and it ſhall be whiter than the virgin Snows. Let His *Righteouſneſs*, like a ſpotleſs Robe, adorn thy inner Man; and thou ſhalt be amiable, even in the moſt diſtinguiſhing Eye of GOD. Let His bleſſed *Spirit* dwell in thy Heart; and, under His ſanctifying Operations, thou ſhalt be made Partaker of a Divine Nature.

* Mr. *Cowley*, with his uſual Brilliancy of Imagination, ſtiles them *Stars of Earth.*

† How beautifully does the Prophet deſcribe the *Furniture* of a renewed and heavenly *Mind*; under the Similitude of a rich and complete *Suit* of *Apparel! I will greatly rejoice in the* LORD; *my Soul ſhall be joyful in my* GOD; *for he hath cloathed me with the Garments of Salvation*; *He hath covered me with the Robe of Righteouſneſs, as a Bridegroom decketh himſelf with Ornaments, and as a Bride adorneth herſelf with her Jewels.* Iſa. lxi. 10.

‡ Rom. xiii. 14.

THESE are real Excellencies; truly noble Accompliſhments theſe. In this Manner be arrayed, be beautified; and thou wilt not find a Rival, in the Feathers of a Peacock, or the Foliation of a Tulip. Theſe will exalt thee, far above the *low Pretenſions* of Lace and Embroidery. Theſe will prepare thee to ſtand in the beatific Preſence, and to take thy Seat among the Angels of Light.

WHAT an inchanting *Situation* is this! One can ſcarce be melancholy within the Atmoſphere of Flowers. Such lively Hues, and delicious Odours, not only addreſs themſelves agreeably to the Senſes; but touch, with a ſurpriſing Delicacy, the ſweeteſt Movements of the Mind.

——*To the Heart inſpiring*
Vernal Delight and Joy.* MILT. B. IV.

How often have I felt them diſſipate the *Gloom* of Thought, and transfuſe a ſudden Gaiety

* "I would have my Reader endeavour to MORALIZE this natural Pleaſure of the Soul, and to improve this *vernal Delight* as *Milton* calls it, into a *Chriſtian Virtue*. When we find ourſelves inſpired with this pleaſing Inſtinct, this ſecret Satisfaction and Complacency, ariſing from the Beauties of the Creation, let us conſider, to *Whom* we ſtand indebted for all theſe Enter-

Gaiety thro' the dejected Spirit! I cannot wonder, that Kings deſcend from their *Thrones*, to walk amidſt blooming Ivory and Gold; or retire from the moſt ſumptuous Feaſt, to be recreated with the more refined Sweets of the Garden. I cannot wonder, that Queens forego, for a while, the Compliments of a Nation, to receive the Tribute of the Parterre; or withdraw from all the Glitter of a *Court*, to be attended with the more ſplendid *Equipage* of a Bed of Flowers.—But, if this be ſo pleaſing; what tranſporting Pleaſure muſt ariſe, from the Fruition of uncreated Excellency! O! what unknown Delight, to enter into thy *immediate Preſence*, moſt bleſſed LORD GOD! To ſee Thee*, Thou

"Entertainments of Senſe; and *Who* it is, that thus "opens his Hand, and fills the World with Good.— "Such an habitual Diſpoſition of Mind *conſecrates* every "Field and Wood; turns an *ordinary Walk* into a morn- "ing or evening Sacrifice; and will improve thoſe "tranſient Gleams, which naturally brighten up and "refreſh the Soul on ſuch Occaſions, into an inviolable "and perpetual State of Bliſs and Happineſs."

Spect. Vol. V. N° 394.

* *Iſaiah* repreſents the Felicity of the Righteous, in the everlaſting World, by this elegant and amiable Image; *Thine Eyes ſhall ſee the King in his Beauty.—Milton* touches the ſame Subject, with wonderful Elevation and Majeſty of Thought:

Thou King of Heaven, and LORD of Glory, no longer "through a Glaſs darkly, but Face "to Face!" To have all thy Goodneſs, all thy Greatneſs, ſhine before us; and be made glad for ever with the brighteſt Diſcovery of thy Perfections, with the ineffable Joy of thy Countenance!

THIS we cannot bear, in our preſent imperfect State. The Effulgence of unveiled Divinity, would dazle a mortal Sight. Our feeble Faculties, would be *overwhelmed* with ſuch a *Fulneſs* of ſuperabundant Bliſs; and muſt lie *oppreſſed*, under ſuch an exceeding great, eternal *Weight* of Glory.—But, when this Corruptible hath put on Incorruption, the Powers of the Soul will be greatly invigorated; and theſe earthly Tabernacles, will be transformed into the Likeneſs of CHRIST's glorious Body. Then, though "the Moon ſhall be confounded, and the Sun "aſhamed *," when the LORD of Hoſts is revealed from Heaven; yet, ſhall his faithful People be enabled to *ſee Him as He is* †.

HERE

——— *They walk with* GOD,
High in Salvation, and the Climes of Bliſs.
Words, which, like the fiery Car, almoſt tranſport our Affections to thoſe glorious Abodes.

Iſa. xxxiii. 17. MILT. B. XI. v. 707.

* Iſai. xxiv. 23. † 1 John iii. 2.

HERE then, my Wiſhes, here be fixed. Be *this* your determined and invariable Aim.—Here, my Affections, here give a Looſe to your whole Ardor. Cry out, in the Language of Inſpiration; *This one Thing have I deſired of the* LORD, *which*, with inceſſant Earneſtneſs, *I will require*; *that I may dwell in the* celeſtial *Houſe of the* LORD, *all the Days of my* future *Life*; *to behold the fair Beauty of the* LORD *, and to contemplate, with Wonder and Adoration—with unſpeakable and everlaſting Rapture—all the Attributes of the incomprehenſible Godhead.

SOLOMON, a moſt penetrating Judge of human Nature, knowing how highly Mankind is charmed, with the fine Qualities of Flowers; has figured out the bleſſed JESUS, that "faireſt "among ten thouſand," by theſe lovely Repreſentatives. He ſtiles him † *The Roſe of Sharon*, and *The Lily of the Vallies* ‡; like the firſt,

* Pſal. xxvii. 4. † Cant. ii. 1.

Malus ut arboribus decori eſt, ut vitibus uvæ,
Utque Roſæ campis, ut lilia vallibus alba,
Sic CHRISTUS *decus omne ſuis.*—

‡ By the *Lily of the Vallies*, I apprehend, is meant, not the Flower which commonly paſſes under that Denomination, and is comparatively mean; but the grand, majeſtic, garden Lily; growing in a rich irriguous Soil, where

firſt, full of Delights and communicable Graces; like the laſt, exalted in Majeſty, and complete in Beauty.—In that ſacred Paſtoral, he ranges the Creation; borrows its moſt finiſhed Forms; and dips his Pencil in its choiceſt Dyes, to preſent us with a Sketch of the Amiableneſs of his Perſon. His Amiableneſs, who is the Light of the World; the Glory of his Church; the only Hope, the ſovereign Conſolation of Sinners; and exalted, infinitely exalted, not only above the ſublimeſt Compariſon, but even "above all Bleſſing and Praiſe."—May I alſo make the ſame heavenly Uſe, of all ſublunary Enjoyments! Whatever is pleaſureable, or charming *below*; let it raiſe my Deſire to thoſe delectable Objects, which are *above*. Which will yield, not partial, but perfect Felicity; not tranſient, but never ending, Satisfaction and Joy.—Yes, my Soul, let theſe Beauties in *Miniature*, always remind thee of that glorious Perſon;

where it flouriſhes in the moſt ample manner, and arrives at the higheſt Perfection. The Circumſtance of the Vallies, added by the ſacred Writer, is ſignificant not of the *Species*, but of the *Place*.—This is by far the nobleſt Interpretation, and moſt exactly ſuitable to the ſpiritual Senſe; which intimates, That the bleſſed JESUS delights to dwell, by the Communications of his Spirit, in *humble* Hearts.—שושנת העמקים *Lilium Vallibus gaudens*.

Perſon; in whom "dwells all the *Fulneſs* of the "Godhead bodily." Let theſe little Emanations, teach thee to thirſt after the eternal Fountain. O! may the Creatures, be thy conſtant Clue to the Creator! For this is a certain Truth, and deſerves thy frequent Recollection, demands thy moſt attentive Conſideration; That the whole Compaſs of finite Perfection, is only a faint *Ray* *, ſhot from that immenſe Source—is only a ſmall *Drop*, derived from that inexhauſtible Ocean—of all Good.

WHAT a ſurpriſing *Variety* is obſervable, among the flowery Tribes! How has the bountiful Hand of Providence, diverſified theſe niceſt Pieces of his Workmanſhip! added the Charms of an endleſs Novelty, to all their other Perfections!—A conſtant Uniformity would ſoon render the Entertainment tireſome, or inſipid; therefore, every Species is formed on a ſeparate Plan, and exhibits ſomething entirely *new*. The Faſhion ſpreads not from Family to Family; but every one has a Mode of its own, which is truly

* —Thou ſitt'ſt above all Heav'ns,
To Us inviſible, or *dimly ſeen*
In theſe thy loweſt Works; yet theſe declare
Thy Goodneſs beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.
MILT. Book V.

truly original. The moſt curſory Glance, perceives an apparent Difference, as well as a peculiar Delicacy, in the *Airs* and *Habits*, the *Attitude* and *Lineaments*, of every diſtinct Claſs.

Some rear their Heads, with a majeſtic Mien; and overlook, like *Sovereigns* or *Nobles*, the whole Parterre. Others ſeem more moderate in their Aims, and advance only to the middle Stations; a Genius turned for Heraldry, might term them, the *Gentry* of the Border. While others, free from all aſpiring Views, creep unambitiouſly on the Ground, and look like the *Commonalty* of the Kind.—Some are interſected with elegant *Stripes*, or ſtudded with radiant *Spots*. Some affect to be genteelly *powdered*, or neatly *fringed*; while others are plain in their Aſpect, unaffected in their Dreſs, and content to pleaſe with a naked *Simplicity*. Some aſſume the Monarch's *Purple*; ſome look moſt becoming in the Virgin's *White*; but *Black*, doleful Black, has no Admittance into the Wardrobe of Spring. The Weeds of Mourning would be a manifeſt Indecorum, when Nature holds an univerſal Feſtival. She would, now, inſpire none but delightful Ideas; and therefore always makes her Appearance, in ſome * amiable Suit.—Here, *ſtands* a Warrior, clad

*—*Nunc formoſſimus annus.* Virg.

clad with Crimſon; there, *ſits* a Magiſtrate, robed in Scarlet; and yonder, *ſtruts* a pretty Fellow, that ſeems to have dipped his Plumes in the Rainbow, and glitters in all the gay Colours of that reſplendent Arch. Some *riſe* into a curious Cup, or *fall* into a Set of beautiful Bells. Some *ſpread* themſelves in a ſwelling Tuft, or *croud* into a delicious Cluſter.—In ſome, the predominant Stain, ſoftens by the gentleſt *Diminutions*; till it has even ſtole away from itſelf. The Eye is amuſed at the agreeable Deluſion; and we wonder to find ourſelves inſenſibly decoyed, into a quite different Luſtre. In others, you would think, the fine Tinges were emulous of Pre-eminence. Diſdaining to mingle, they *confront* one another, with the Reſolution of Rivals, determined to diſpute the Prize of Beauty; while each is improved, by the Oppoſition, into the higheſt Vivacity of Complexion.

HOW manifold are thy Works *, O LORD! Multiplied even to a Prodigy. Yet *in Wiſdom*, conſummate Wiſdom, *haſt thou made them all.*—How I admire the *Vaſtneſs* of the Contrivance, and the *Exactneſs* of the Execution! Man, feeble Man, with Difficulty accompliſhes a ſingle Work. Hardly, and after many Efforts, does He

* Pſal. civ. 24.

He arrive at a tolerable Imitation, of ſome one Production of Nature. But the Almighty Artiſt ſpoke Millions of Subſtances, into inſtantaneous Being; the whole Collection wonderfully various, and each Individual completely perfect.—Repeated Experiments generally, I might ſay, always diſcover Errors or Defects, in *our* happieſt Inventions. Nay, what wins our Approbation, at the preſent Hour, or in this particular Place, is very probably, in ſome remote Period or ſome diſtant Clime, treated with Contempt. Whereas, *theſe* fine Structures have pleaſed every Taſte, in every Country, for almoſt ſix thouſand Years. Nor has any * Fault been detected in the original Plan, nor any Room left for the leaſt Improvement upon the firſt Model.—All our Performances, the more *minutely* they are ſcanned, the more *imperfect* they appear. With regard to theſe delicate Objects, the more we ſearch into their Properties, the more we are raviſhed with their Graces. They are ſure to diſcloſe freſh Strokes of the moſt maſterly Skill; in Proportion to the Attention, with which they are examined.

NOR

* Eccleſ. iii. 14. *I know, that whatſoever* GOD *doth, it ſhall be for ever; Nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it.*

NOR is the *Simplicity* of the *Operation* leſs aſtoniſhing, than the Accuracy of the Workmanſhip, or the Infinitude of the Effects. Should you aſk; "Where, and what are the Materials, "which beautify the blooming World? What "rich Tints; what ſplendid Dyes; what Stores "of Shining Crions; ſtand by the Heavenly "Limner, when he paints the Robe of Na-"ture?" 'Tis anſwered, His powerful Pencil needs no ſuch coſtly Apparatus. A ſingle Principle, under his conducting Hand, branches out into an Immenſity of the moſt varied, and moſt finiſhed Forms. The *Moiſture* of the Earth, and of the circumambient Air, paſſed through proper Strainers, and diſpoſed in a Range of pellucid Tubes: This performs all the Wonders, and produces all the Beauties, of Vegetation. This *creeps* along the Fibres of the low-ſpread Moſs; and *climbs* to the very Tops of the lofty-waving Cedars. This, attracted by the Root, and circulating through inviſible Canals; this burſts into Gems; expands itſelf into Leaves; and cloaths the Foreſt, with all its verdant Honours.—This one *, *plain* and *ſimple*, Cauſe

* "When every ſeveral Effect has a particular ſeparate "Cauſe, this gives no Pleaſure to the Spectator, as not "diſcovering Contrivance. But that Work is beheld "with

Cauſe gives Birth to all the Charms; which deck the Youth, and Maturity, of the Year. This *bluſhes*, in the early Hepatica; and *flames*, in the late advancing Poppy. This *reddens* into Blood, in the Veins of the Mulberry; and *attenuates* itſelf into leafen Gold, to create a Covering for the Quince. This *breathes*, in all the fragrant Gales of our Garden; and *weeps* odorous Gum, in the Groves of *Arabia*.—So *wonderful* is our Creator *in Counſel*, and ſo *excellent in Working!*

In a Grove of Tulips, or a Knot of Pinks, one perceives a Difference in almoſt every Individual. Scarce any two, are turned, and tinctured, exactly alike. Each allows himſelf a little *Particularity* in his *Dreſs*, though all belong to one Family: ſo that they are various, and yet the ſame.—A pretty Emblem this, of the *ſmaller Differences* between Proteſtant Chriſtians. There are Modes in Religion, which admit of Variation, without Prejudice to ſound Faith,

"with Admiration and Delight, as the Reſult of deep "Counſel, which is *complicated* in its *Parts*, and yet "*ſimple* in its *Operations*. Where a great Variety of Ef-"fects are ſeen to ariſe from one Principle operating "uniformly." ABERNETHY *on the Attributes*.

* Iſa. xxviii. 29.

Faith, or real Holineſs. Juſt as the Drapery, on theſe Pictures of the Spring, may be formed after a Variety of Patterns, without blemiſhing their Beauty, or altering their Nature.—Be it ſo then, that, in ſome Points of inconſiderable Conſequence, ſeveral of our Brethren diſſent: yet, let Us all live amicably and ſociably together; for we harmonize in *Principals*, though we vary in *Punctilios*. Let us join in Converſation, and intermingle Intereſts; diſcover no Eſtrangement of Behaviour, and cheriſh no Alienation of Affection. If any Strife ſubſiſts, let it be to follow our Divine Maſter moſt cloſely, in Humility of Heart, and Unblameableneſs of Life. Let it be to ſerve one another moſt readily, in all the kind Offices of a cordial Friendſhip. Thus ſhall we be *united*, though *diſtinguiſhed*; united in the ſame grand Fundamentals, though diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſmall Circumſtantials; united in one important Bond of brotherly Love, though diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſlighter Peculiarities of Sentiment.

Between Chriſtians, whoſe Judgments diſagree only about a Form of Prayer, or Manner of Worſhip, I apprehend, there is no more *eſſential* Difference; than between Flowers which bloom from the ſame Kind of Seed, but happen

to be ſomewhat diverſified in the Mixture of their Colours.—Whereas, if *one* denies the Divinity of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and degrades the incarnate GOD to the Meanneſs of a mere Creature; if *another* cries up the Worthineſs of human Works, and depreciates the alone-meritorious Righteouſneſs of the glorious Mediator; if a *third* addreſſes the incommunicable Honours to a finite Being, and bows to the Image, or prays to the Saint—Theſe are Errors, extremely derogatory to the REDEEMER's Dignity, and not a little prejudicial to the Comfort of his People. Againſt theſe to remonſtrate; againſt theſe to urge every Argument, and uſe every Diſſuaſive; beſpeaks not the cenſorious Bigot, but the Friend of Truth, and the Lover of Mankind.—Whereas, to ſtand neuter and ſilent, while ſuch Principles are propagated, would be an Inſtance of criminal Remiſſneſs, rather than of Chriſtian Moderation.—For the *Perſons*, we will not fail to maintain a tender Compaſſion: we will not ceaſe to put up earneſt Interceſſions: we will alſo acknowledge and love, whatever is excellent and amiable in their Character. Yet, we dare not ſubſcribe their *Creed*; we cannot remit our aſſiduous, but kind Endeavours; if by any Means we may recon-

reconcile them to a more *ſcriptural* Belief, and a *purer* Worſhip *.

ANOTHER Circumſtance, recommending and endearing the flowery Creation, is their *regular Succeſſion.* They make not their Appearance all at once, but in an orderly Rotation. While a proper Number of theſe obliging Retainers are in waiting, the others abſcond; but hold themſelves in a Poſture of Service, ready to take their Turn, and fill each his reſpective Station, the Inſtant it becomes vacant.—The *Snowdrop,* foremoſt of the lovely Train, breaks her Way through the frozen Soil, in order to preſent her early Compliments to her Lord. Dreſſed in the Robe of Innocency, ſhe ſteps forth, fearleſs of Danger; long before the Trees

 have

* In ſome former Editions, I expreſſed myſelf, on this Point, *unwarily* and *harſhly.* But my Meaning, and real Sentiments, were no other than thoſe repreſented above.—The Reader, from ſuch unguarded Intimations, might too naturally be led to conclude, That the Author avows, and would ſtir up, a Spirit of *Perſecution.* But, this is a Method of dealing with Opponents in religious Doctrines, which He diſclaims, as abſurd; and abhors, as iniquitous. He is for no Force, but that of rational Conviction; for no Conſtraint, but that of affectionate Perſuaſion. *Thus,* If You pleaſe, *compel them to come in,* Luke xiv. 23.

have ventured to unfold their Leaves, even while the Icicles are pendent on our Houſes.—Next, peeps out the *Crocus*; but cautiouſly, and with an Air of Timidity. She hears the howling Blaſts, and ſkulks cloſe to her low Situation. Afraid ſhe ſeems, to make large Excurſions from her Root; while ſo many ruffian Winds are abroad, and ſcouring along the Æther.—Nor is the *Violet* laſt, in this ſhining Embaſſy of the Year. Which, with all the Embelliſhments, that would grace a Royal Garden, condeſcends to line our Hedges, and grow at the Feet of Briars. Freely, and without any Solicitation, ſhe diſtributes the Bounty of her emiſſive Sweets: while herſelf, with an exemplary Humility, retires from Sight; ſeeking rather to adminiſter Pleaſure, than to win Admiration*. Emblem, expreſſive Emblem, of thoſe *modeſt* Virtues, which delight to bloom in Obſcurity: which extend a chearing Influence to Multitudes, who are ſcarce acquainted with the Source of their Comforts! Motive, engaging Motive, to that *ever-active* Beneficence; which ſtays not for the Importunity of the Diſtreſſed, but anticipates their Suit, and prevents them with the Bleſſings of its Goodneſs!—The poor *Polyanthus*, that lately

* *Prodeſſe quam conſpici.*

lately adorned the Border with her ſparkling Beauties; and, tranſplanted into our Windows, gave us a freſh Entertainment; is now no more. I ſaw her Complexion fade; I perceived her Breath decay; till at length ſhe expired, and dropt into her Grave.—Scarce have we ſuſtained this Loſs, but in comes the *Auricula*, and more than retrieves it. Arrayed ſhe comes, in a ſplendid Variety of amiable Forms; with an Eye of Cryſtal, and Garments of the moſt gloſſy Sattin; exhaling Perfume, and powdered with Silver. A very diſtinguiſhed Proceſſion this! The favourite Care of the Floriſt! Scarce one among them, but is dignified with a Character of Renown; or has the Honour to repreſent, ſome celebrated Toaſt. But theſe alſo, notwithſtanding their illuſtrious Titles, have exhauſted their whole Stock of Fragrance, and are mingled with the meaneſt Duſt.—Who could forbear grieving at their Departure, did not the *Tulips* begin to raiſe themſelves on their fine Wands, or ſtately Stalks? They fluſh the Parterre with one of the gayeſt Dreſſes, that blooming Nature wears. Did ever *Beau* or *Belle* make ſo gaudy an Appearance, in a Birth-night Suit? Here, one may behold the innocent Wantonneſs of Beauty. Here, ſhe indulges a Thouſand Freaks, and ſports herſelf in the moſt charming Diverſity

of Colours. Yet, I ſhould wrong her, were I to call her a *Coquet*; becauſe, ſhe plays her lovely Changes, not to enkindle diſſolute Affections, but to diſplay her Creator's Glory.—Soon ariſes the *Anemone*; incircled at the Bottom, with a ſpreading Robe; and rounded, at the Top, into a beautiful Dome. In its looſely-flowing Mantle, you may obſerve a noble Negligence; in its gently-bending Tufts, the niceſt Symmetry. I would term it, the *fine Gentleman* of the Garden; becauſe, it ſeems to have learnt the ſingular Addreſs, of uniting Simplicity with Refinement, of reconciling Art and Eaſe.—The ſame Month has the Merit of producing the *Ranunculus*. All bold and graceful, it expands the Riches of its Foliage; and acquires, by Degrees, the loveſieſt Enamel in the World. As Perſons of intrinſic Worth, diſdain the ſuperficial Arts of Recommendation, practiſed by *Fops*; ſo, this lordly Flower ſcorns to borrow any of its Excellence, from Powders and Eſſences. It needs no ſuch Attractives, to render it the Darling of the Curious; being ſufficiently engaging from the Elegance of its Figure, the radiant Variety of its Tinges, and a certain ſuperior Dignity of Aſpect.—Methinks, Nature improves in her Operations. Her lateſt Strokes are moſt maſterly. To crown the Collection, ſhe introduces the

Carnation.

Carnation. Which captivates every Eye, with a noble Spread of Graces; and charms another Senſe, with a Profuſion of exquiſite Odours. This ſingle Flower has centred in itſelf, the Perfections of all the preceding. The Moment it appears, it ſo commands our Attention, that we ſcarce regret the Abſence of the reſt.—The *Gilly-flower*, like a real Friend, attends you through all the Viciſſitudes and Alterations of the Seaſon. While others make a tranſient Viſit only, this is rather an Inhabitant, than a Gueſt in your Gardens; adds *Fidelity* to *Complaiſance.*

It is in vain to attempt a Catalogue of theſe amiable Gifts. There is an endleſs *Multiplicity*, in their Characters; yet an invariable *Order*, in their Approaches. Every Month, almoſt every Week, has its peculiar Ornaments; not ſervilely copying the Works of its Predeceſſor, but forming, ſtill forming, and ſtill executing ſome new Deſign. So laviſh is the Fancy, yet ſo exact is the Proceſs, of Nature!

Here, let me ſtand awhile, to contemplate this *Diſtribution* of Flowers, through the ſeveral Periods of the Year.—Were they all to bloſſom together; there would be at once a promiſcuous *Throng*, and at once a total *Privation.* We ſhould ſcarce have an Opportunity, of adverting to the dainty Qualities of Half;

and muſt ſoon loſe the agreeable Company of them All. But now, ſince every Species has a ſeparate Poſt to occupy; and a diſtinct Interval for appearing; we can take a leiſurely and minute Survey of each ſucceeding Set. We can view and review their Forms; enter into a more intimate Acquaintance with their charming Accompliſhments; and receive all thoſe pleaſing Services, which they are commiſſioned to yield.—This remarkable Piece of Oeconomy, is productive of another very valuable Effect. It not only places, in the moſt advantageous Light, every particular Community; but is alſo a ſure proviſionary Reſource, againſt the Frailty of the whole Nation. Or, to ſpeak more truly, it renders the flowery Tribes a Sort of * *Immortal* Corps. For, though ſome are continually dropping; yet, by this Expedient, others are as continually riſing, to beautify our Borders, and prolong the Entertainment.

WHAT *Goodneſs* is this, to provide ſuch a Series of Gratifications for Mankind! Both to diverſify,

* In Alluſion to the celebrated Practice of the *Perſian* Kings; "who maintained, for their Lifeguard, a Body "of Troops, called *Immortal*; becauſe it perpetually "ſubſiſted: For as ſoon as any of the Men died, another "was immediately put into his Place." ROLLIN'S *Antient Hiſtory*, VOL. II.

diverſify, and perpetuate, the fine Collation! To take care, that our Paths ſhould be, in a Manner, inceſſantly ſtrewed with Flowers!—And what *Wiſdom*, to bid every one of theſe inſenſible Beings, know the preciſe Juncture for their coming forth! Inſomuch that no Actor on a Stage, can be more exact in performing his Part; can make a more regular Entry, or a more punctual Exit.

WHO imboldens the *Daffodil*, to venture abroad in *February*; and to truſt her flowering Gold, with inclement and treacherous Skies? Who informs the various Tribes of *Fruit-bearing Bloſſoms*; that vernal Suns, and a more genial Warmth, are fitteſt for their delicate Texture? Who teaches the *Clove* to ſtay; till hotter Beams are prepared, to infuſe a ſpicy Richneſs into her Odours, and tincture her Complexion with the deepeſt Crimſon?—Who diſpoſes theſe beautiful Troops, into ſuch orderly Bodies; *retarding* ſome and *accelerating* others? Who has inſtructed them to *file off*, with ſuch perfect Regularity; as ſoon as the Duty of their reſpective Station is over? And, when one Detachment retires, Who gives the Signal, for another immediately to *advance?* Who, but that unerring Providence, which, from the higheſt Thrones of Angels, to the

the very loweſt Degrees of Exiſtence, orders all Things in "Number, Weight, and Meaſure!"

THESE, O my Soul, are the Regulations of that moſt adorable, that moſt beneficent Being, who bowed the Heavens; came down to dwell on Earth; and united the *Frailty* of thy mortal Nature, to all the *Glories* of His Godhead. All the Honour of this admirable Eſtabliſhment, belongs to thy Ranſom, thy Surety, thy Saviour. To HIM it belongs, who ſuſtained the *Vengeance*, which thou hadſt deſerved, and waſt doomed to ſuffer; who fulfilled the *Obedience*, which thou waſt obliged, but unable, to perform; and who humbled himſelf (ſtupendous, ineffable Loving-Kindneſs!) humbled Himſelf to Death, even the Death of the Croſs.—HE formed this vaſt Machine, and adjuſted its nice Dependencies. The Pillars, that ſupport it; the Embelliſhments, that adorn it; and the Laws, that govern it; are the Reſult of his unſearchable Counſels. O! the *Heights* of His Majeſty, and the *Depths* of his Abaſement!

WHICH ſhall we admire moſt, His eſſential *Greatneſs*, or His free *Grace?* He created the exalted Seraph, that ſings in Glory; and every the minuteſt Inſect, that flutters in Air, or crawls in Duſt. He marks out a Path, for all thoſe

thoſe Globes of Light, which travel the Circuit of the Skies; and diſdains not to rear the Violet from its lowly Bed, or to plait the Daiſy which dreſſes our Plains. So *grand* are his Operations; yet ſo *condeſcending* his Regards!—If Summer, like a ſparkling Bride, is brilliant and glorious in her Apparel; what is this, but a feeble Reflection of his uncreated *Effulgence?* If Autumn, like a munificent Hoſt, opens her Stores, and gives us all Things richly to enjoy; what is this but a little Taſte of his inexhauſtible *Liberality?* If Thunders roar, you hear the Sound of his Trumpet: If Lightnings glare, you ſee the Launching of his glittering Spear: If "the perpetual Hills be ſcattered, and the "everlaſting Mountains bowed," you behold a *Diſplay*—No, ſays the Prophet, you have rather * *The Hiding of his Power.* So immenſe is His Power;

* *Hab.* iii. 4. Nothing can be more magnificently conceived, than the *Imagery* of this whole Chapter; and upon the Foot of our Interpretation, nothing was ever more delicately and nobly turned, than the *Sentiment* of this Clauſe. Other Senſes of the Paſſage, I acknowledge, may be aſſigned with equal Propriety. But none, I think, can be imagined ſo *majeſtic* and *ſublime*. As the Original will fairly admit of it; as it carries no Diſagreement with the Context; and expreſſes a moſt important, as well as undoubted Truth; I hope, I may be permitted to uſe it

Power; ſo uncontroulable and inconceivable; that all theſe mighty Works are but a *Sketch*, in which more is concealed than diſcovered.

THUS, I think, we ſhould always view the viſible Syſtem; with an Evangelical *Teleſcope* (if I may be allowed the Expreſſion,) and with an Evangelical *Microſcope*. Regarding CHRIST JESUS,

at leaſt by way of Accommodation.—Eſpecially, as it ſuggeſts one of the fineſt *Mottos* imaginable; wherewith to inſcribe all the viſible Productions of the Creator's Hand. When, ſtruck with Aſtoniſhment, we conſider their Grandeur, Beauty, and conſummate Perfections; let us, in Juſtice to their Author, apply the exalted Reflection of this ſacred Ode: "In all theſe *is the Hiding*, "rather than an adequate Diſplay, *of his* matchleſs "*Power*. Tho' they challenge our Praiſe, and ſurpaſs "our Comprehenſion; yet are they by no means the ut- "moſt Exertions, but rather ſome ſlighter Eſſays, of "omnipotent Skill."—*Milton*, relating the Overthrow of the fallen Angels, introduces a grand Circumſtance, not much unlike the preceding. *Meſſiah*, unaided and alone, had routed an innumerable Hoſt of apoſtate Spirits. This was great and marvellous. But to create a juſter Idea of the illuſtrious Conqueror, our Poet beautifully adds;

Yet half his Strength he put not forth.

If we forget to make the ſame Remark, when we contemplate GOD in his Works; we muſt neceſſarily form very ſcanty Conceptions of that SUPREME BEING, before whom all Nations are as a "Drop of a Bucket, "and are counted as the ſmall Duſt of the Balance."

JESUS, as the great Projector and Architect; who planned, and executed, the amazing Scheme. Whatever is magnificent or valuable; tremendous or amiable; ſhould ever be aſcribed to the Redeemer. This, is the Chriſtian's *Natural Philoſophy*. With regard to this Method of conſidering the Things that are ſeen; we have an inſpired Apoſtle, for our Preceptor and Precedent. Speaking of CHRIST, He ſays; "Thou, LORD, in the Beginning, haſt laid the "Foundation of the Earth; and the Heavens "are the Work of thy Hands."—Did we carefully attend to this leading Principle, in all our Examinations of Nature; it would, doubtleſs, be a moſt powerful Means of *enkindling* our Love, and * *ſtrengthening* our Faith. When I look

* The Apoſtles, I obſerve, delight to uſe this Method, of diſplaying the *Honours* of the Redeemer, and eſtabliſhing the *Faith* of his People—The beloved Diſciple, teaching that moſt precious Doctrine, "of a Lamb ſlain "to take away the Sins of the World;" in order to evince the Sufficiency of CHRIST's Sacrifice for this bleſſed Purpoſe, affirms, That *All Things were made by Him: And without Him was not any thing*, no, not ſo much as one ſingle being, *made*, John i. 3.—St. *Paul*, preaching the ſame glad Tidings to the *Coloſſians*, and expreſsly maintaining, That we have Redemption through his Blood; ſeems to foreſee an Objection of this kind. "To expiate Tranſgreſſions againſt an infinite Majeſty,

"is

I look round upon Millions of noble Subſtances, and carry with me this tranſporting Reflection, "The Maker of them all, expired "on a Croſs for me;" how can I remain any longer indifferent? Muſt not the *coldeſt* Heart, begin to glow with Gratitude?—When I ſurvey an Immenſity of the fineſt Productions imaginable; and remember, That the Author of them

"is a moſt prodigious Act. It muſt coſt vaſtly more "than any common Surety can pay, to redeem a ſinful "World. What Reaſon have we to believe, that JESUS "is equal to this mighty Undertaking?" All poſſible Reaſon, replies the Apoſtle, from the Dignity of his Perſon, For He is *the Image of the inviſible* GOD; and from the Greatneſs of his Works, For *by Him all Things were made*. Conſider the Operations of his Hands, and you cannot doubt the atoning Efficacy of his Death, *Col.* i. 15, 16.—The Author of the Epiſtle to the *Hebrews*, falls exactly into the ſame Train of arguing. Declaring, that CHRIST JESUS has purged our Sins, by the Sacrifice of Himſelf; he proves His ample Ability for this tremendous Office, from His eſſential Excellence, becauſe He is the *Brightneſs of his Father's Glory*; and from His admirable Works, becauſe *He made the Worlds, and upholdeth all Things by the Word of his Power*, Heb. i. 2, 3.—Which Truth, as it is ſo important in itſelf; of ſuch ſignal Comfort to Chriſtians; and ſo particularly inſiſted on, by the inſpired Writers; I hope, I ſhall need no Apology, for an Attempt to illuſtrate and enforce it, in a kind of evangelical *Deſcant* upon *Creation*, annexed to theſe Reflections.

them all, is my "Righteouſneſs and my Re-"demption;" how can I chooſe but repoſe the moſt *chearful* Confidence, in ſuch a Mediator!

LET me add one more Remark, upon the admirable *Adjuſtment* of every Particular, relating to theſe fine Colonies planted in the Parterre.—With ſuch Accuracy and Correctneſs, is their Structure finiſhed; that any the leaſt conceivable Alteration, would very much impair their Perfection. Should you ſee, for Inſtance, the nice Diſpoſition of the *Tulip*'s Attire fly abroad, diſorderly and irregular, like the flaunting *Woodbine:* Should the *Jeſſamine* rear her diminutive Head, on thoſe grand Columns which ſupport the *Hollihock:* Should the erect and manly Aſpect of the *Piony,* hang down with a penſive Air, like the flexile Bells of the *Hyacinth:* Should that noble Plainneſs, which diſtinguiſhes the *Lily,* be exchanged for the glittering Fringes, which edge the *Pink;* or the gaudy Stains, which bedrop the *Iris:* Should thoſe tapering Pillars, which ariſe in the Middle of its Vaſe, and, tipt with golden Pendants, give ſuch a Luſtre to the ſurrounding Panels of Alabaſter — Should thoſe ſink and diſap-

diſappear, like the Chives which cover the Heart of the Anemone: — In many of theſe Caſes, would not the Tranſpoſition be fantaſtical and aukward? In all, to the apparent *Prejudice* of every Individual?

AGAIN; with regard to the *Time* of their appearing; this Circumſtance is ſettled, by a remarkable Foreſight and Precaution. What would become of the *Sailor*; if, in very ſtormy Weather, he ſhould raiſe a lofty Maſt, and croud it with all his Canvaſs! Such would be the ill Effect; if the moſt ſtately Species of Flowers, ſhould preſume to come abroad, in the bluſtering Months. Ah! how would they rue the imprudent Boldneſs! Therefore, thoſe only that ſhoot the ſhorteſt Stems, and diſplay the ſmalleſt Spread of Leaves, or (if you pleaſe) carry the leaſt Sail, are launched amidſt the blowing Seaſons. — How injudiciouſly would the *Perfumer* act; if he ſhould unſeal his fineſt Eſſences, and expoſe them to the Northern Winds, or Wintry Rains! Our blooming Artiſts of the aromatic Profeſſion, at leaſt the moſt delicate among them, ſeem perfectly aware of the Conſequences of ſuch a Procedure. Accordingly, they poſtpone the Opening of their odoriferous Treaſures; till a ſerener Air,

and

id more * unclouded Skies, grant a Protec-
on to their amiable Traffic: till they are
nder no more Apprehenſions, of having their
icy Cells rifled by rude Blaſts, or drowned in
iceſſant Showers:

* *Caſimir*, in a very poetical Manner, addreſſes him-
lf to the dormant Roſe; and moſt prettily invites her
venture abroad, by the Mention of theſe two Cir-
mſtances:

Siderum ſacros imitata vultus,
Quid lates dudum, Roſa? Delicatum
Effer e terris caput. O tepentis
Filia cæli.

Jam tibi nubes *fugiunt* aquoſæ,
Quas fugant albis Zephyri *quadrigis;*
Jam tibi mulcet Boream *jocantis*
Aura Favonî.

Child of the Summer, charming Roſe,
No longer in Confinement lie;
Ariſe to Light; thy Form diſcloſe;
Rival the Spangles of the Sky.

The *Rains* are gone; the Storms are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way:
Come then, thou ſweetly bluſhing Flow'r;
Come, lovely Stranger, come away.

The *Sun* is dreſs'd in beaming *Smiles*,
To give thy Beauties to the Day:
Young *Zephyrs* wait, with gentleſt *Gales*,
To fan thy Boſom, as they play.

WHAT a ſtriking Argument is here for *Reſignation*; unfeigned Reſignation, to all the Diſpoſals of *Providence!* Too often are our diſſatiſfied Thoughts apt to find Fault with Divine Diſpenſations. We tacitly arraign our Maker's Conduct, or queſtion his Kindneſs with regard to ourſelves. We fanſy our Lot, not ſo commodiouſly ſituated; or our Condition, not ſo happily circumſtanced; as if we had been placed in ſome other Station of Life.—But, let us behold this exquiſitely nice Regulation of the *minuteſt* Plants; and be aſhamed of our *repining* Folly. Could any Fibre in their Compoſition, be altered; or one Line in their Features, be tranſpoſed; without clouding ſome of their Beauties? Could any Fold in their Veſtments, be varied; or any Link in their orderly Succeſſion, be broken; without injuring ſome delicate Property? And does not that All-ſeeing Eye, which preſerves ſo exact a Harmony, among theſe *pretty Toys*; maintain as watchful a Care, over His *rational Creatures?* Does He chooſe the propereſt Seaſon, for the Cowſlip to ariſe, and drink the Dews? And can He neglect the Concerns, or miſjudge the Conveniencies, of His Sons and Daughters? He, who has ſo completely diſpoſed, whatever pertains to the vegetable Oeconomy; that the leaſt Diminution

nution or Addition, would certainly hurt the finiſhed Scheme; does, without all Peradventure, preſide, with equal Attention, over the Intereſts of his own People.

BE ſtill, then, thou uneaſy Mortal*; know, that GOD is unerringly wiſe; and be aſſured, that, amidſt the greateſt Multiplicity of Beings, He does not overlook thee. Thy Saviour has given me Authority to aſſert, That thou art of far ſuperior Value, in the Eſtimate of Omnipotence, than all the Herbage of the Field.—If His ſacred Will, ordains *Sickneſs* for thy Portion; never dare to imagine, That uninter-

 rupted

* *Permittas ipſis expendere numinibus, quid*
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima *quæque dabunt dii:*
Carior eſt illis homo, quam ſibi.— JUV.

Since all the downward Tracts of Time
GOD's watchful Eye ſurveys;
O! who ſo wiſe to chooſe our Lot,
And regulate our Ways?

Since none can doubt his equal Love,
Unmeaſurably kind;
To his *unerring*, *gracious* Will,
Be ev'ry Wiſh reſign'd.

Good when He gives, ſupremely Good;
Nor leſs, when he denies;
Ev'n Croſſes, from his ſov'reign Hand,
Are Bleſſings in Diſguiſe.

ture; may comprehend the Evidences of its Divine Inſpiration. Yet have no ardent *Longing* for the ſpiritual Bleſſings, it offers; ſee "no "Form or Comelineſs" in the Saviour, it deſcribes, ſo as to render Him the *ſupreme* Deſire of their Souls.

THE *chief* End of theſe beautiful Appearances, Philoſophers ſay, is to enfold and cheriſh the Embryo Seed; or to ſwathe the tender Body, during its infant State.—But, whatever is the chief End of Nature; 'tis certain, ſhe never departs from the Deſign, of adminiſtering *Delight* to Mankind *. This is inſeparably connected with her other Views.—Were it only to ſecure a reproductive Principle, what need of ſuch *elegant Complications?* Why ſo much Art employed, and ſo many Decorations added? Why ſhould Veſtments be prepared, richer than Brocades; more delicate than Lawns; and of a finer Glow, than the moſt admired Velvets?—If the great Mother

* "We find that the moſt important Parts in the Ve-
"getable World, are thoſe which are the moſt beautiful.
"Theſe are the Seeds by which the ſeveral Races of
"Plants are propagated and continued, and which are
"always lodged in Flowers or Bloſſoms. Nature ſeems
"to hide her principal Deſign, and to be induſtrious in
"making the Earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is
"carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own
"Preſervation." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

Mother had no other Aim, than barely to accommodate her little Offspring; warm Flannel, or homely Fuſtian, would have ſerved her Turn. Served it, full as well as the moſt ſumptuous Tiſſues, or all the Furniture of the Mercer's Shop.

EVIDENT then it is, that Flowers were endued with ſuch enchanting Graces, for the *Pleaſure* of *Man*. In Purſuance of this original Intention, they have always paid their Court to the Human Race; they ſtill ſeem particularly ſolicitous of recommending themſelves to our Regard. The fineſt of each Species croud about our Habitations; and are rarely to be ſeen, at a Diſtance from our Abodes. They *thrive* under our cultivating Hand, and obſerving Eye; but degenerate, and *pine away*, if unregarded by their Lord.—To win his Attention, and deck his Retreats, they hide their Deformities under Ground; and diſplay nothing but the moſt *graceful* Forms and *engaging* Colours, to his Sight.—To merit a farther Degree of his Eſteem, the Generality of them diſpenſe a delightful Perfume. What is ſtill more obliging, they * reſerve their *richeſt* Exhalations,

* — — — — The Flow'rs,
That open *now* their choiceſt boſom'd Smells,
Reſerv'd from Night, and *kept for thee in Store*.
MILT

halations, to embalm his Morning and Evening Walks*. Becauſe He uſually chooſes thoſe cool Hours, to recreate himſelf among their blooming Ranks; therefore, at thoſe Hours, they are moſt laviſh of their Fragrance, and breathe out their choiceſt Spirits.

O MAN, greatly beloved by thy Creator! The Darling of Providence! Thou art diſtinguiſhed by *his Goodneſs*; diſtinguiſh thyſelf alſo by *thy Gratitude*. Be it thy one undivided Aim, to glorify him; who has been at ſo much Expence, to gratify thee!—While all theſe inferior Creatures, in *ſilent* Eloquence, declare the Glory of GOD; do thou lend them thy *Tongue*. Be thou the High-Prieſt of the mute Creation. Let their Praiſes become vocal in thy Songs.—Adore the ſupreme Benefactor, for the Bleſſings He ſhowers down, upon every Order of Beings. Adore him for numberleſs Mercies, which are appropriated to thyſelf. But, above all, adore Him, for that noble Gift of a *rational*, and *immortal* Soul.—This conſtitutes us Maſters of the Globe,

* The twining Jaſmine, and the bluſhing Roſe,
With laviſh Grace their *Morning* Scents diſcloſe;
The ſmelling Tub'roſe and Jonquil declare
The ſtronger Impulſe of an *Ev'ning* Air.
PRIOR's *Sol.*

Globe, and gives us the real Enjoyment of its Riches. This diſcovers ten thouſand Beauties, which otherwiſe had been loſt; and renders them both a Source of Delights, and a Nurſery of Devotion.—By Virtue of this exalted Principle, we are qualified to admire our Maker's Works, and capable of *bearing* his illuſtrious *Image:* bearing his illuſtrious Image, not only when theſe Ornaments of the Ground, have reſigned their Honours; but, when the great Origin of Day, is extinguiſhed in the Skies; and all the flaming Orbs on high, are put out in obſcure Darkneſs.—*Then* to ſurvive; to ſurvive the Ruins of one World, and to enjoy GOD—to reſemble GOD—to be "filled with "all the Fulneſs of GOD," in another—What a Happineſs, what an ineſtimable Happineſs, is this! Yet, *this* is thy Privilege, (barter it not, for Trifles of an Hour!) this thy glorious Prerogative, O Man!

O! THE Goodneſs, the *exuberant Goodneſs*, of our GOD! I cannot forbear celebrating it once more, before I paſs to another Conſideration.—How much ſhould we think ourſelves obliged, to a generous Friend; who ſhould *build* a ſtately Edifice *, purely for our Abode! But,

* I cannot perſuade myſelf, that the Compariſon is ſtretched beyond proper Bounds, when carried to thi

P

But, how greatly would the Obligation be increaſed; if the Hand that built, ſhould alſo *furniſh*

Pitch. It is my ſtedfaſt Opinion, That the World, at leaſt this lower World, with its various Appurtenances, was intended *purely* for Man; that it is *appropriated* to him; and that he (in Subordination to GOD's Glory) is the *End* of its Creation.—Other Animals, 'tis true, partake of the Creator's Benefits: but then, they partake under the Notion of Man's Domeſticks, or on the Foot of Retainers to Him; as Creatures, which bear ſome Relation to his Service, and ſome way or other contribute to his Good. So that ſtill He is the *Centre* of the Whole; or, as our incomparable *Milton*, equally Maſter of Poetry and Divinity, expreſſes himſelf, *All Things live for Man. Par. Loſt*, B. XI. 161.

Mr. *Pope*, in his Ethic Epiſtles, is pleaſed to explode this Tenet, as the Height of *Pride*, and a groſs *Abſurdity*.—For my Part, I ſee no Reaſon for ſuch a Charge. With all Submiſſion to ſo ſuperior a Genius, it ſeems very remote from Pride, to be duly ſenſible of Favours vouchſafed: to contemplate them in all the Extent of their Munificence, and acknowledge them accordingly. I ſhould rather imagine, That to contract their Size, when they are immenſly large; to ſtint their Number, when they are altogether innumerable; that ſuch a Procedure ſavours more of *Inſenſibility*, than our Hypotheſis of Preſumption; and has more in it of *Ingratitude*, than that of Arrogance.

And how can it be deemed an Abſurdity, To maintain that GOD gave us *a World*, for our Poſſeſſion; when it is our Duty to believe, That he gave us his *only Son*, for our Propitiation? Sure, it can be neither difficult, nor extrava-

furniſh it! And not only furniſh it, with all that is commodious and comfortable; but *ornament*

extravagant to ſuppoſe, That he deſigned the habitable Globe, with its whole Furniture, for our preſent Uſe; ſince he with-held not his holy Child JESUS, but freely delivered him up, for our final Salvation.

Upon the Whole; I cannot but conclude, That the Attempt of our famous Poet is neither *kind*, with regard to his Fellow-creatures—nor *grateful*, with regard to his Creator—neither is his Scheme, in Fact, *true*. The Attempt not *kind*, with regard to Man; becauſe, it robs him of one of the moſt delightful and raviſhing Contemplations imaginable. To conſider the great Author of Exiſtence as having *me* in his Eye, when he formed univerſal Nature; as contriving all Things, with an immediate View, to the Exigencies of my particular State; and making them all in ſuch a Manner, as might be moſt conducive to my particular Advantage; this muſt occaſion the ſtrongeſt Satisfactions, whenever I caſt a Glance on the Objects that ſurround me—Not *grateful* with regard to GOD; becauſe it has the moſt direct Tendency to diminiſh our Senſe of his Kindneſs, and by that Means, to throw a Damp upon our Gratitude. It teaches us to look upon ourſelves, as almoſt loſt among a Croud of other Beings, or regarded only with an occaſional and incidental Beneficence. Which muſt certainly weaken the Diſpoſition, and indeed ſlacken the Ties, to the moſt adoring Thankfulneſs.—To which, I apprehend, we may juſtly add; Neither is the Scheme, in Fact, *true*. For, not to mention what might be urged from the ſure Word of Revelation, this one Argument appears ſufficiently concluſive. The World began with Man; the World

muſt

ment it alſo, with whatever is ſplendid and delightful! *This*, has our moſt indulgent Creator done; in a Manner infinitely ſurpaſſing, all we could wiſh, or imagine.

THE *Earth* is aſſigned us for a Dwelling.—The *Skies* are ſtretched over us, like a magnificent Canopy, dyed in the pureſt Azure; and beautified, now with Pictures of floating Silver, now with Colourings of reflected Crimſon.—

The

muſt ceaſe with Man; conſequently, the grand Uſe, the principal End of the World, is, to ſubſerve the Intereſt of Man. It is on all Sides agreed, That the Edifice was erected, when Man was to be furniſhed with an Habitation; and that it will be demoliſhed, when Man has no farther Need of its Accommodations. When he enters into the Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens, "the Earth, and all the Works that are "therein, ſhall be burnt up." From which it ſeems a very obvious and fair Deduction, That Man is the *final Cauſe* of this inferior Creation.

So that I think my Readers and myſelf, *privileged* (not to ſay, on the Principles of Gratitude, *obliged*) to uſe thoſe lovely Lines of our Author, with a Propriety and Truth, equal to their Elegance and Beauty;

For me *kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,*
Suckles each Herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry Flow'r!
Annual, for me, *the Grape, the Roſe renew*
The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew;
For me, *the Mine a thouſand Treaſures brings;*
For me, *Health guſhes from a thouſand Springs.*

Eth. Ep. I. *ver.* 129.

The *Graſs* is ſpread under us, as a ſpacious Carpet; wove with ſilken Threads of Green, and damaſked with Flowers of every Hue.—The *Sun*, like a golden Lamp, is hung out in the ethereal Vault; and pours his Effulgence, all the Day, to lighten our Paths.—When Night approaches, the *Moon* takes up the friendly Office; and the *Stars* are kindled in twinkling Myriads, to chear the Darkneſs with their milder Luſtre, not diſturb our Repoſe by too intenſe a Glare.—The *Clouds*, beſides the rich Paintings they hang around the Heavens, act the Part of a ſhifting Screen; and defend us, by their ſeaſonable Interpoſition, from the ſcorching Beams of Summer. May we not alſo regard them, as the great Watering-pots of the Globe? Which, waſted on the Wings of the Wind, diſpenſe their Moiſture * evenly through the

* This Circumſtance, amidſt Abundance of other delicate and edifying Remarks upon the Wonders of Nature, is finely touched in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* recorded in the Book of *Job*, Chap. xxxviii. ver. 15.—פלג תעלה שטף *Who hath divided a Water-courſe for the Overflowing of Waters?*—The *Hebrew* is ſo pregnant and rich with Senſe, that no *Tranſlation* can do it Juſtice. The following *Paraphraſe*, perhaps, may repreſent the principal Ideas comprehended in the expreſſive Original.—Who has *branched out*, and with admirable Judgment,

the univerſal Garden; and fructify, with their Showers, whatever our Hand plants.—The *Fields* are our exhauſtleſs Granary.—The *Ocean* is our vaſt Reſervoir.—The *Animals* ſpend their Strength, to diſpatch our Buſineſs; reſign their Cloathing, to repleniſh our Wardrobe; and ſurrender their very Lives, to provide for our Tables.—In ſhort, every *Element* is a Store-houſe of Conveniencies; every *Seaſon* brings us the choiceſt Productions; all *Nature* is our Caterer.—And, which is a moſt endearing Recommendation of theſe Favours, they are all as lovely, as they are uſeful. You obſerve nothing mean or inelegant. All is clad in *Beauty*'s fairest

ment, *diſpoſed* a Variety of *Aqueducts*; for that immenſe Collection of Waters, which float in the Sky? Who *diſtributes* thoſe pendulous Floods, through all the Borders of the Earth? Diſtributes them, not in dreadful Cataracts, or *promiſcuous* Gluts of Rain; but in kindly Drops, and refreſhing Showers; with as much *Regularity* and *Oeconomy*, as if they were conveyed by *Pipes* from a *Conduit*?—To WHOM ſhall we aſcribe that Niceneſs of Contrivance, which now emits, now reſtrains them: ſometimes derives their humid Train to one Place, ſometimes to another: diſpenſes them to *this* Soil in larger, to *that* in ſmaller Communications: and, in a Word, ſo manages the mighty Fluid, that every Spot is *ſupplied*, in exact Proportion to its Wants; none *deſtroyed*, by an undiſtinguiſhing Deluge?

faireſt Robe *, and regulated by *Proportion*'s niceſt Rule. The whole Scene, exhibits a Fund of Pleaſures to the Imagination, at the ſame Time, that it more than ſupplies all our Wants †.

THEREFORE thou art *inexcuſable*, O Man, whoſoever thou art, that *rebelleſt* againſt thy Maker. He ſurrounds thee, with unnumbered Benefits; and follows thee, with an Effuſion of the richeſt, nobleſt Gifts. He courts thy Affections; He ſolicits thy Gratitude; by Liberalities which are never intermitted, by a Bounty which knows no Limits.—Moſt Bleſſed LORD, let this thy Goodneſs, thy unwearied Goodneſs, lead us to Repentance. *Win* us to thyſelf, Thou Fountain of Felicity, by theſe ſweet Inducements. *Draw* us to our Duty, Thou GOD of our Salvation, by theſe "Cords of Love."

WHAT

* Perhaps, it was from ſuch an Obſervation, that the *Greeks*, thoſe critical and refined Judges of Things, expreſſed the *Mundane Syſtem* by a Word, which ſignifies *Beauty*—κοσμος.

† "Thoſe ſeveral living Creatures, which are made "for our Service or Suſtenance, at the ſame Time either "fill the Woods with their Muſic, furniſh us with Game, "or raiſe pleaſing Ideas in us by the Delightfulneſs of "their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers, are "as refreſhing to the Imagination, as to the Soil thr "which they paſs." *Spect.* Vol. V. N

WHAT a living Picture is Here, of the *beneficial* Effects of *Induſtry!* By Induſtry and Cultivation, this neat Spot is an Image of *Eden.* Here, is all that can entertain the Eye, or * regale the Smell. Whereas, without Cultivation, this ſweet Garden had been a deſolate Wilderneſs. Vile Thiſtles had made it loathſome, and tangling Briers inacceſſible. Without Cultivation, it might have been a Neſt for Serpents, and the horrid Haunt of venomous Creatures. But, the Spade and Pruning-knife in the Hand of Induſtry, have improved it into a Sort of Terreſtrial Paradiſe.

How naturally does this lead our Contemplation, to the Advantages which flow from a virtuous *Education*; and the Miſeries, which enſue from the † *Neglect* of it!—The Mind, without early Inſtruction, will, in all Probability, become like the "Vineyard of the Sluggard." If left to the Propenſities of its own depraved Will; what can we expect, but the moſt luxuriant Growth of unruly Appetites; which, in Time, will break forth into all Manner of ſcandalous Irregularities? What?—but that *Anger*, like a prickly Thorn, arm the Temper with

* *Omnis copia narium.* HOR.

† *Neglectis urenda filix innaſcitur agris.* HOR.

with an untractable Moroſeneſs: *Peeviſhneſs*, like a ſtinging Nettle, render the Converſation irkſome and forbidding: *Avarice*, like ſome choaking Weed, teach the Fingers to gripe, and the Hands to oppreſs: *Revenge*, like ſome poiſonous Plant, replete with baneful Juices, rankle in the Breaſt, and meditate Miſchief to its Neighbour: While unbridled *Luſts*, like Swarms of noiſome Inſects, taint each riſing Thought; and render "every Imagination of "the Heart, only evil continually."—Such, are the uſual Products of ſavage Nature! Such, the Furniture of the uncultivated Soul!

WHEREAS, let the Mind be put under the "Nurture and Admonition of the LORD:" Let holy Diſcipline clear the Soil: Let ſacred Inſtructions ſow it with the beſt Seed: Let Skill and Vigilance dreſs the riſing Shoots; direct the young Ideas, how to ſpread; the wayward Paſſions, how to move.—Then, what a different State of the inner Man, will quickly take place! *Charity* will breathe her Sweets, and *Hope* expand her Bloſſoms: The *perſonal* Virtues diſplay their Graces, and the *ſocial* ones their Fruits *: The Sentiments become

* This Transformation of the *Heart*, and Renewal of the *Life*, are repreſented in Scripture, by Similitudes nearly allied to the Images uſed above.—GOD,

come generous; the Carriage endearing; the Life honourable and uſeful *.

O! THAT Governors of *Families*, and Maſters of *Schools*, would watch, with a conſcientious Solicitude, over the Morals of their tender Charge! What Pity it is, that the advancing Generation ſhould loſe theſe invaluable Endowments, through any Supineneſs in their Inſtructors!—See! with what Aſſiduity, the *curious Floriſt* attends his little Nurſery! He viſits them early and late; furniſhes them with the propereſt Mould; ſupplies them with ſeaſonable Moiſture; guards them from the Ravages of Inſects; ſcreens them from the Injuries of the Weather; marks their ſpringing Buds; obſerves them attentively,

ſanctifying Spirit, *will make the Soul as a watered Garden.* Under the Operation of this divine Principle, *The Deſart ſhall rejoice, and bloſſom as the Roſe.* Where-ever it exerts the refining and ennobling Energy, *Inſtead of the Thorn, ſhall come up the Firr-tree; and, inſtead of the Brier, the Myrtle-tree,* Jerem. xxxi. 12. Iſa. xxxv. 1. lv. 13.

* —— *A teneris aſſueſcere tanti eſt!* VIRG.

—— —— —— ου γαρ μικρον διαφερει, το ηθος η ηθως ευθυς εκ νεων εθιζεσθαι, αλλα παμπολυ, μαλλον δε το παν. ARISTOT. The Principles we imbibe, and the Habits we contract, in our early Years, are not Matters of *ſmall Moment*, but of the *utmoſt Conſequence* imaginable. They not only give a tranſient or ſuperficial Tincture, to our *firſt* Appearance in Life; but moſt commonly ſtamp the Form, of our *whole* future Conduct, and even of our *eternal* State.

tentively, through their whole Progreſs; and never intermits his Anxiety, tills he beholds them blown into full Perfection.—And ſhall a Range of *painted Leaves*, which flouriſh To-day, and To-morrow fall to the Ground—Shall theſe be tended, with more zealous Application, than the exalted Faculties of an *immortal* Soul!

YET truſt not in Cultivation *alone*. It is the Bleſſing of the Almighty Huſbandman, which imparts *Succeſs* to ſuch Labours of Love. If GOD "ſeal up the Bottles of Heaven," and command the Clouds to with-hold their Fatneſs, the beſt manured Plot becomes a barren Deſart. And if HE reſtrain the Dew of his Heavenly Benediction, all human Endeavours miſcarry; the rational Plantation languiſhes; our moſt pregnant Hopes, from Youths of the moſt promiſing Genius, prove abortive. *Their Root will be as Rottenneſs, and their Bloſſom will go up as Duſt* *.—Therefore, let *Parents* plant; let *Tutors* water; but let both look up to the Father of *Spirits*, for the deſired Increaſe.

ON every Side, I eſpy ſeveral *budding* Flowers. As yet, they are like Bales of Cloth from the Packer's Warehouſe. Each is wrapt within a ſtrong Encloſure, and its Contents are tied

* Iſa. v. 24.

together by the firmeſt Bandages. So that all their Beauties lie concealed, and all their Sweets are locked up. — Juſt ſuch is the *niggardly* Wretch; whoſe Aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminated upon *Himſelf*. Who makes his own private Intereſts, or perſonal Pleaſures, the ſole Centre of his Deſigns, and the ſcanty Circumference of his Actions.

ERE long, the ſearching Beams will open theſe ſilken Folds, and draw them into a graceful *Expanſion*. Then, what a lovely Bluſh will glow in their Cheeks; and what a balmy Odour exhale from their Boſoms! — So, when Divine Grace ſhines upon the Mind, even *the Churl becomes bountiful*. The Heart of Stone is taken away; and a Heart of Fleſh, a Heart ſuſceptible of the ſofteſt, moſt compaſſionate Emotions, is introduced in its Stead. O! how ſweetly do the ſocial Affections dilate themſelves, under ſo benign an Influence! Juſt like theſe diſcloſing Gems, under the powerful Eye of Day. The tender Regards, are no longer *confined* to a ſingle Object; but *extend* themſelves into a generous Concern for Mankind, and ſhed liberal Refreſhments on all within their Reach*.

ARISE

* The Prophet, deſcribing the *charitable* Temper, very beautifully ſays; *If thou draw out thy Soul to the Hungry!* — This,

ARISE then, Thou Sun of Righteouſneſs; ariſe, with Healing under thy Wings; and tranſfuſe thy gentle, but penetrating Ray, through all our intellectual Powers. Inlarge every *narrow* Diſpoſition, and fill us with a *diffuſive* Benevolence. Make Room in our Breaſts, for the whole human Race; and teach us to love all our Fellow-creatures, for their amiable Creator's Sake. May we be pleaſed with their Excellencies, and rejoice in their Happineſs; but feel their Miſeries as our own, and, with a Brother's Sympathy, haſten to relieve them!

DISPOSED at proper Diſtances, I obſerve a Range of ſtrong and *ſtately Stalks*. They ſtand like Towers, along the Walls of a fortified City; or riſe like lofty Spires, amidſt the Group

This, I think, may not improperly be illuſtrated by the Circumſtances obſerved above. The Opening of thoſe Buds into a large and extenſive Spread, is a pretty Pourtrait of the *Amplitude* of a *generous* Heart; which cannot ſhut up its Compaſſion, or remain unconcerned at any human Calamity. The Freeneſs and Copiouſneſs, with which the expanded Flowers are continually pouring out their choiceſt Eſſences, may repreſent the various Acts of an unwearied Liberality; together with thoſe endearing Words, and that cordial Affection, which *embalm*, as it were, a Gift; double its value; and conſtitute what the ſacred Penman ſtiles, *Drawing out the Soul*, נפש פנה *De prompſeris Animam tuam*. Iſa. lviii. 10.

of Houſes. They part, at the Top, into ſeveral penſile ſpiky Pods. From each of which, We ſhall ſoon ſee a fine Figure diſplaying itſelf: *rounded* into a Form, which conſtitutes a perfect Circle; *ſpread wide* open, into the moſt frank and communicative Air; and tinged with the Colour, which is ſo peculiarly captivating to the Miſer's Eye.

But the Property I chiefly admire, is its paſſionate *Fondneſs* for the *Sun*. When the Evening Shades take place, the poor Flower droops, and folds up its Leaves. It mourns all the long Night, and pines amidſt the Gloom, like ſome forlorn Lover, baniſhed from the Object of his Affections. No ſooner does Providence open "the Eyelids of the Morn-"ing," but it meets * and welcomes the returning Light; courts and careſſes it, all the Day; nor ever loſes Sight of the refulgent Charmer, ſo long as he continues above the Horizon!—In the Morning, you may perceive it, preſenting a golden Boſom to the Eaſt; at Noon, it points upward, to the middle Sky; in the Evening, follows the ſame attractive Influence to the Weſt.

Surely,

* —— *Illa ſuum, quamvis Radice tenetur,*
Vertitur ad Solem. —— Ovid.

SURELY, Nature is a Book, and every Page rich with ſacred Hints. To an attentive Mind, the *Garden* turns *Preacher*; and its blooming Tenants, are ſo many lively Sermons. What an engaging Pattern, and what an excellent Leſſon, have we here!—*So*, let the Redeemed of the LORD *look unto* JESUS *, and be conformed to their Beloved. Let us all be *Heliotropes* (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) to the *Sun* of *Righteouſneſs*. Let our Paſſions riſe and fall; take this Courſe or that; as his Word determines, as his holy Example guides. Let us be ſo accommodated, both to his commanding and providential Will, as the Wax is turned to the imprinted Seal; or, as the Aſpect of this enamoured Flower, to the ſplendid Star, which creates our Day.

IN every *Enjoyment*, O thou watchful Chriſtian, look unto JESUS; receive it as proceeding from his Love, and purchaſed by his Agonies †.—In every *Tribulation* look unto JESUS; mark his gracious Hand, managing the Scourge, or mingling the bitter Cup; attempering it to a

* Heb. xii. 2.

† He ſunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raiſe us to his Throne:
There's not a Gift his Hand beſtows,
But coſt his Heart a Groan. WATTS.

proper Degree of Severity; adjuſting the Time of its Continuance; and ready to make theſe ſeeming Diſaſters, productive of real Good.—In every Infirmity and *Failing*, look unto JESUS, thy merciful High-Prieſt; pleading his atoning Blood, and making Interceſſion for Tranſgreſſors.—In every *Prayer* look unto JESUS, thy prevailing Advocate; recommending thy Devotions, and "bearing the Iniquity of thy holy "Things*."—In every *Temptation* look unto JESUS, the Author of thy Strength, and Captain of thy Salvation; who alone is able to lift up the Hands which hang down, to envigorate the enfeebled Knees, and make thee more than Conqueror over all thy Enemies.—But eſpecially, when the *Hour* of thy *Departure* approaches; when "thy Fleſh and thy Heart fail;" when all the Springs of Life are irreparably breaking; *then* look unto JESUS with a believing Eye†. Like expiring *Stephen*, behold him ſtanding at the Right-hand of GOD, on purpoſe to ſuccour his People, in this their laſt Extremity. Yes, my Chriſtian Friend; when thy Journey through Life is finiſhed, and thou art arrived on the very Verge of Mortality; when thou art juſt launching out

* Exod. xxviii. 38.

† *Look unto ME, and be ye ſaved, all the Ends of the Earth.* Iſa. xlv. 22.

out into the inviſible World, and all before thee is vaſt Eternity; Then, O then, be ſure to look ſtedfaſtly unto JESUS! "See by Faith "the LORD'S CHRIST." View him, as the only *Way* *, to the everlaſting Manſions; as the only *Door* †, to the Abodes of Bliſs.

YONDER Tree, which faces the South, has ſomething too remarkable, to paſs without Obſervation.—Like the fruitful, though feeble Vine, She brings forth a large Family of Branches: but, unable to ſupport them herſelf, commits them to the Tuition of a ſunny Wall. As yet, the tender Twigs have ſcarce gemmed their future Bloſſoms. However, I may anticipate the well-known Productions; and picture to myſelf the *Paſſion-Flower*. Which will, in due Time, with a long and copious Succeſſion, adorn the Boughs.

I HAVE read, in a *Latin* Author, of Flowers inſcribed with the Names of Kings ‡: but here is One, imblazoned with the Marks of the bleeding Prince of Life. I read, in the inſpired Writings, of Apoſtolic Men; who bore about in their Bodies, the Dying of the LORD JESUS:

* John xiv. 6. † John x. 9.

‡ *Dic, quibus in terris inſcripti Nomina Regum*
Naſcantur Flores?— VIRG.

JESUS*: but, here is a *blooming Religioſa*, that carries apparent Memorials of the ſame tremendous and fatal Cataſtrophe.—Who would have expected to find ſuch a Tragedy of Woe, exhibited in a Collection of the moſt delicate Delights? Or to ſee *Calvary*'s horrid Scene, pourtrayed on the ſofteſt Ornaments of the Garden?—Is Nature then actuated by the noble Ambition, of paying *commemorative* Honours, to her agonizing Sovereign? Is She kindly officious to *remind* forgetful Mortals, of that Miracle of Mercy; which it is their Duty to contemplate, and their Happineſs to believe?—Or, is a *ſportive* Imagination my Interpreter; and all the ſuppoſed Reſemblance, no more than the precarious Gloſs of Fancy? Be it ſo; yet even Fancy has her Merit, when ſhe ſets forth, in ſuch pleaſing Imagery, the crucified JESUS. Nor ſhall I refuſe a willing Regard, to Imagination herſelf; when ſhe employs her creative Powers, to revive the Senſe of ſuch unparalleled Love, and prompt my Gratitude to ſo divine a Friend.

THAT *ſpiral Tendril*, ariſing from the Bottom of the Stalk; is it a Repreſentation of the *Scourge*, which laſhed the Redeemer's unſpotted Fleſh; and inflicted thoſe Stripes, by which our

* 2 Cor. iv. 10.

our Souls are healed? Or, is it twiſted for the *Cord*, which bound his Hands in painful and ignominious Confinement: thoſe beneficent Hands, which were inceſſantly ſtretched out to unlooſe the heavy Burdens, and to impart Bleſſings of every choice Kind?—Behold the *Nails*, which were drenched in his ſacred Veins, and riveted his Feet to the accurſed Tree: thoſe beautiful Feet*, which always went about doing Good; and travelled far and near, to ſpread the glad Tidings of everlaſting Salvation. —See the *Hammer*, ponderous and maſſy, which drove the rugged Irons through the ſhivering Nerves; and forced a Paſſage for thoſe dreadful Wedges, between the diſlocated Bones.—View the *Thorns*, which incircled our Royal Maſter's Brow, and ſhot their keen afflictive Points into his bleſſed Head. O the Smart! the racking Smart! when, inſtead of the triumphal Laurel, or the odoriferous Garland, that pungent and ragged Wreath, was planted on the meek Meſſiah's Forehead! When violent and barbarous Blows of the ſtrong Eaſtern Cane,

* *How beautiful are the Feet of him that bringeth good Tidings, that publiſheth Peace, that bringeth good Tidings of Good, that publiſheth Salvation!* Iſa. lii. 7.

markable Reſemblance to "The righteous "Branch; The Plant of Renown*." While Others appoint it a Place in the Parterre; I would tranſplant the Paſſion-Flower, or rather tranſfer its ſacred Significancy, to my Heart. *There* let it bloom, both in Summer and in Winter; bloom, in the moſt impreſſive Characters, and with an undecaying Luſtre. That I alſo may wear—wear on my very Soul, the Traces of IMMANUEL; pierced for my Sins, and bruiſed for my Tranſgreſſions. That I alſo may *be crucified with* CHRIST†; at leaſt in penitential Remorſe, and affectionate Sympathy. That I may *know the Fellowſhip of his Sufferings*‡; and feel all my evil Affections, wounded by his Agonies, mortified by his Death.

THERE is another Subject of the verdant Kingdom, which, on Account of its very uncommon Qualities, demands my particular Notice. One, ſo extremely diffident in her Diſpoſition, and delicate in her Conſtitution; that She dares not venture herſelf abroad in the open Air: but is nurſed up in the Warmth of a *Hot-bed*, and lives cloiſtered in the Cells of a *Green-houſe*.

* So the bleſſed JESUS is deſcribed, *Jerem.* xxiii. 5. *Ezek.* xxxiv. 29.

† Gal. ii. 20. ‡ Phil. iii. 10.

houſe. But, the moſt curious Peculiarity is, That, of all her kindred Species, ſhe alone partakes of *perceptive* Life; at leaſt advances neareſt to this more exalted State of Being; and may be looked upon as the Link, which connects the animal and the vegetable World. A Stranger, obſerving her Motions, would almoſt be induced to ſuſpect; that ſhe is endued with ſome inferior Degrees of Conſciouſneſs and Caution. For, if You offer to handle this *Senſitive Plant*, She immediately takes an Alarm; haſtily contracts her Fibres; and, like a Perſon under Apprehenſions of Violence, *withdraws* from your Finger, in a Kind of precipitate *Diſorder*. Perhaps, the Beauty of her Aſpect might be ſullied, or the Niceneſs of her Texture diſcompoſed, by the human Touch. Therefore, like a coy Virgin, ſhe recedes from all unbecoming Familiarities; and will admit no ſuch improper, if not pernicious, Freedoms.

WHATEVER be the Cauſe of this unuſual Effect; it ſuggeſts an inſtructive Admonition to the Chriſtian. *Such* ſhould be our apprehenſive timorous Care, with Regard to Sin; and all, even the moſt diſtant, Approaches of Vice. *So* ſhould we avoid the very Appearance of Evil, and ſtand aloof from every Occaſion of falling. —If Sinners entice; if forbidden Pleaſures tempt;

tempt; or if Opportunity beckon, with the Gain of Injuſtice in her Hand: O! turn from the gilded Snare; touch not the beauteous Bane; but fly, fly with Haſte, fly without any Delay, from the bewitching Ruin.—Does *Anger* draw near with her lighted Torch, to kindle the Flame of Reſentment in our Breaſts? Does *Flattery* ply our Ears, with her inchanting and intoxicating Whiſpers? Would *Diſcontent* lay her leaden Hand upon our Temper, and mould into our Minds her ſour Leaven; in order to make Us a Burden to ourſelves, and unamiable to Others? Inſtantly let us divert our Attention from the dangerous Objects; and not ſo much endeavour to *antidote*, as to *ſhun*, the moral Contagion. Let us revolve in our Meditations, that wonderful *Meekneſs* of our diſtreſſed Maſter; which, amidſt the moſt abuſive and provoking Inſults, maintained an uniform Tenour of unſhaken Serenity. Let us contemplate that prodigious *Humiliation*; which brought Him, from an infinite Height above all Worlds, to make his Bed in the Duſt of Death. Let us ſooth our jarring, our uneaſy Paſſions, with the Remembrance of that *Chearfulneſs* and *Reſignation*; which rendered him, in the deepeſt Poverty, unfeignedly thankful; and, under the heavieſt Tribulations, moſt ſubmiſſively patient.

HARBOUR

HARBOUR not, on any Conſideration, the Betrayer of your Virtue. Be deaf, inflexibly deaf, to every beguiling Solicitation. If it obtrude into the unguarded Heart; give it Entertainment, no, not for a Moment. To parley with the Enemy, is to open a Door for Deſtruction. Our Safety conſiſts in Flight: and, in this Caſe, *Suſpicion* is the trueſt *Prudence*; *Fear*, the greateſt *Bravery*.—Play not on the Brink of the Precipice. Flutter not round the Edges of the Flame. Dally not with the Stings of Death. But reject, with a becoming Mixture of Solicitude and Abhorrence, the very firſt Inſinuations of Iniquity: as cautiouſly, as the *ſmarting Sore* ſhrinks even from the ſofteſt Hand; as conſtantly, as this *jealous Plant* recoils at the approaching Touch*.

NOT

* The Prophet *Iſaiah*, in an elegant and lively Deſcription of the *upright Man*, ſays, *He ſhaketh his Hands from holding of Bribes*; and, I may add, from practiſing any kind of Iniquity. The Image, exceedingly beautiful, and equally expreſſive, both illuſtrates and enforces the Doctrine of this whole Section.—*Shaketh his Hands*; juſt as a Perſon would do, who happens to have *burning Coals* fall into his Lap, or ſome *venomous Creature* faſtening upon his Fleſh. In ſuch a Caſe, none would ſtand a Moment to conſider, or to debate with Himſelf the Expediency of the Thing. He would inſtantly fling off the pernicious

NOT long ago, theſe curious Productions of the Spring, were *coarſe* and miſ-ſhapen *Roots*. Had we opened the Earth, and beheld them in their Seed, how uncouth and contemptible had their Appearance been!—But now, they are the Boaſt of Nature; the Delight of the Sons of Men; finiſhed Patterns for Enamelling and Embroidery; outſhining even the happieſt Strokes of the Pencil. They are taught to bloom, but with a very inferior Luſtre*, in the richeſt Tapeſtries,

Incumbrance; inſtantly endeavour to diſengage Himſelf, from the clinging Miſchief.—*Iſa.* xxxiii. 15.

I have repreſented the Danger, of not extinguiſhing immediately the *very firſt* Sparks of Temptation, in a Variety of Views. Becauſe a proper Behaviour, in this Conjuncture, is of ſuch vaſt Importance to the Purity, the Safety, and the Comfort of our Minds.—Becauſe, I had the *Royal Moraliſt* in my Eye; who, deterring his Pupils from the Path of the Wicked, cries; with an Air of deep Concern, and in the Language of vehement Importunity, cries; *Avoid it; paſs not by it; turn from it; and paſs away.* How ſtrongly is the Counſel urged, by being ſo *frequently* repeated; in ſuch a remarkable *Diverſity* of conciſe and abrupt, conſequently of forcible and preſſing Admonitions! *Prov.* iv. 15.

* The Cowſlip ſmiles in *brighter Yellow* dreſt,
  Than that which veils the nubil Virgin's Breaſt:
  A *fairer Red* ſtands bluſhing in the Roſe,
  Than that which on the Bridegroom's Veſtments flows. PRIOR's *Sol.*

Tapeſtries, and moſt magnificent Silks. Art never attempts to *equal* their incomparable Elegancies; but places all her Merit, in *copying* after theſe delicate Originals. Even thoſe, who glitter in Silver, or whoſe Cloathing is of wrought Gold; are deſirous to borrow additional Ornaments, from a Sprig of Jeſſamine, or a little Aſſemblage of Pinks.

WHAT a fine Idea may we form, from hence, of the *Reſurrection* of the *Juſt*, and the State of their re-animated Bodies! As the Roots even of our choiceſt Flowers, when depoſited in the Ground, are rude and ungraceful; but, when they ſpring up into blooming Life, are moſt elegant and ſplendid: ſo, the Fleſh of a Saint, when committed to the Duſt, alaſs! what is it? A Heap of Corruption; a Maſs of putrefying Clay. But, when it obeys the great Archangel's Call, and ſtarts into a new Exiſtence; what an aſtoniſhing Change enſues! What a moſt ennobling Improvement takes place!—That which was ſown in *Weakneſs*, is raiſed in all the Vivacity of *Power*. That which was ſown in *Deformity*, is raiſed in the Bloom of celeſtial *Beauty*. Exalted, refined, and glorified, it will ſhine "as the "Brightneſs of the Firmament," when it darts the inimitable Blue, through the Fleeces—the ſnowy Fleeces of ſome cleaving Cloud.

FEAR not, then, thou faithful Chriſtian; fear not, at the appointed Time, to deſcend into the Tomb. Thy *Soul* thou mayſt truſt with thy omnipotent Redeemer, who is LORD of the unſeen World; "Who has the Keys of Hell, "and of Death." Moſt ſafely mayſt thou truſt thy better Part, in thoſe beneficent Hands, which were pierced with Nails, and faſtened to the ignominious Tree, for thy Salvation.—With regard to thy *earthly Tabernacle*, be not diſmayed. It is taken down, only to be rebuilt upon a diviner Plan, and in a more heavenly Form. If it retires into the Shadow of Death, and lies immured in the Gloom of the Grave; it is only to return, from a ſhort Confinement, to endleſs Liberty. If it falls into Diſſolution, it is in order to riſe more illuſtrious from its Ruins; and wear an infinitely brighter Face of Perfection, and of Glory.

HAVING, now, made my *Panegyric*; let me, next, take up a *Lamentation*, for theſe loveſieſt Productions of the vegetable World.—For, I foreſee their approaching Doom. Yet a little while, and all theſe pleaſing Scenes vaniſh. Yet a little while, and all the Sweets of the breathing, all the Beauties of the blooming Spring, are no more. Every one of theſe amiable

able Forms, muſt be ſhriveled to Deformity, and trodden to the Earth. — Significant Reſemblance this, of all created Beauty. *All Fleſh is Graſs*; like the green Herbage, liable and prone to fade. Nay, *all the Goodlineſs thereof*, its fineſt Accompliſhments and what the World univerſally admires, *is as the Flower of the Field* *; which loſes its Gloſs, decays and periſhes, more ſpeedily than the Graſs itſelf. — Behold then, ye brighteſt among the Daughters of *Eve*; behold yourſelves, in this Glaſs. See the Charms of your *Perſon* eclipſed, by the Luſtre of theſe little Flowers; and the Frailty of your *State* repreſented, † by their tranſient Glories.

* Iſa. xl. 6.

† Και το ῥοδον καλον εϛι, και ο χρονος αυλο μαραινει·
Και το ιον καλον εϛιν εν ειαρι, και ταχυ γηρᾳ·
Λευκον το κρινον εϛι, μαραινεῖαι ανικα πιπλῃ·
Α δε χιων λευκα, κὰι τακεῖαι ανικα παχθῃ·
Και καλλος καλον εϛι το παιδικον, αλλ' αλιγον ζῃ.

The Reader will excuſe me, if I *imitate*, rather than *tranſlate*, theſe Lines from *Theocritus*. If I vary one Image, add another, and give a new Turn to the whole.

When Snows deſcend, and robe the Fields
In *Winter*'s bright Array;
Touch'd by the Sun, the Luſtre fades,
And weeps itſelf away.

Glories. A Fever may ſcorch thoſe poliſhed Veins; a Conſumption may emaciate the dimpling Cheeks; and a Load of unexpected Sorrows, depreſs thoſe lively Spirits. Or ſhould theſe Diſaſters, in Pity, ſpare the tender Frame; yet Age, inexorable Age and Wrinkles, will aſſuredly come at laſt; will wither all the fine Features, and blaſt every ſprightly Grace.

THEN,

When *Spring* appears; when Violets blow,
And ſhed a rich Perfume;
How ſoon the Fragrance breathes its laſt!
How ſhort-liv'd is the Bloom!

Freſh in the Morn, the *Summer* Roſe
Hangs withering ere 'tis Noon;
We ſcarce enjoy the balmy Gift,
But mourn the Pleaſure gone.

With gliding Fire, an Evening Star
Streaks the *Autumnal* Skies;
Shook from the Sphere, it darts away,
And, in an Inſtant, dies.

Such are the Charms, that fluſh the Cheek,
And ſparkle in the Eye:
So, from the lovely finiſhed Form
The tranſient Graces fly.

To this the *Seaſons*, as they roll,
Their Atteſtation bring:
They warn the Fair; their ev'ry Round
Confirms the Truth I ſing.

THEN, ye *Fair*, when thoſe ſparkling Eyes are darkened, and ſink in their Orbs; when they are rolling in Agonies, or ſwimming in Death; How will you ſuſtain the Affliction? How will you repair the Loſs?—Apply your Thoughts to *Religion*. Attend to the *One Thing needful*. Believe in, and imitate, the bleſſed JESUS. Then ſhall your Souls mount up to the Realms of Happineſs; when the well proportioned Clay, is mingling with its mean Original. The Light of GOD's Countenance will irradiate, with matchleſs and conſummate Perfection, all their exalted Faculties. Cleanſed intirely from every Dreg of Corruption, like ſome unſullied Mirror, they will reflect the complete Image of their Creator's Holineſs.—O! that you would thus *dreſs* your *Minds*, and prepare for the immortal State! Then, from ſhining among your Fellow-creatures on Earth; you ſhall be tranſlated, to ſhine around the Throne of GOD. Then, from being the Sweeteners of our Life, and the Delight of our Eyes, here below; you ſhall paſs, by an eaſy Tranſition, into Angels of Light; and become "an everlaſting Excel-"lency, the Joy of all Generations."

YES; Ye flowery Nations, Ye muſt all decay.—Yonder *Lily*, that looks like the Queen of the

gay Creation—See, how gracefully it erects its majeſtic Head! What an Air of Dignity and Grandeur ennobles its Aſpect! For elevated Mien, as well as for incomparable Luſtre, juſtly may it be preferred to the magnificent Monarch of the Eaſt*. But, all ſtately and charming as it is, it will hardly ſurvive, a few more Days. That unſpotted Whiteneſs, muſt quickly be tarniſhed; and the ſnowy Form, defiled in the Duſt.

As the Lily pleaſes, with the noble Simplicity of its Appearance; the *Tulip* is admired, for the Gaiety and Multiplicity of its Colours. Never was Cup, either painted, or enamelled, with ſuch a Profuſion of Dyes. Its Tinges are ſo glowing; its Contraſts ſo ſtrong; and the Arrangement of them both, ſo elegant and artful!—'Twas lately the Pride of the Border, and the reigning Beauty of the delightful Seaſon. As exquiſitely fine as the Rainbow, and almoſt as extremely tranſient. It ſpread, for a little Moment, its glittering Plumage; but has, now, laid all its variegated and ſuperior Honours down. Thoſe radiant Stripes are blended, alaſs! rudely blended with common Mold.

To a graceful Shape, and blooming Complexion, the *Roſe* adds the moſt agreeable Perfume.

* Matt. vi. 29.

ſume. Our Noſtrils make it repeated Viſits, and are never weary of drinking in its Sweets. A Fragrance, ſo peculiarly rich and reviving, tranſpires from its opening Tufts; that every one covets its Acquaintance. How have I ſeen even the accompliſhed *Chariſſa*, for whom ſo many Votaries languiſh, fondly careſſing this little Flower! That lovely Boſom, which is the Seat of Innocence and Virtue; whoſe leaſt Excellency it is, to rival the Delicacy of the pureſt Snows; among a thouſand Charms of its own, thinks it poſſible to adopt another from the Damaſk Roſe-bud.—Yet, even this univerſal Favourite muſt fail. Its native Balm cannot preſerve it from Putrefaction. Soon, ſoon, muſt it reſign all thoſe endearing Qualities; and hang neglected on its Stem, or drop deſpiſed to the Ground.

One could wiſh, methinks, theſe moſt amiable of the inanimate Race, a longer Exiſtence: But in vain. They *fade*, almoſt as ſoon as they *flouriſh*. Within leſs than a Month, their Glories are extinct. Let the Sun take a few more Journeys through the Sky; then viſit this inchanting Walk; and you will find nothing, but a wretched Wilderneſs of ragged or naked Stalks.—But (My Soul exults in the Thought) the *Garment* of celeſtial *Glory*, which ſhall ere long

long array the re-animated Body, will never wax old. The illuſtrious *Robes* of a Saviour's conſummate *Righteouſneſs*, which even now adorn the juſtified Spirit, are incorruptible and immortal. No Moth can corrode their Texture; no Number of Ages ſully their Brightneſs. The Light of Day may be quenched, and all the Stars ſink in Obſcurity; but, the Honours of "Juſt Men made perfect," are ſubject to no Diminution. Inextinguiſhable and unfading, is the Luſtre of their Crown.

YES; *Ye flowery Nations, Ye muſt all decay.*—Winter, like ſome enraged and irreſiſtible Conqueror, that carries Fire and Sword, where-ever he advances: that demoliſhes Towns; depopulates Countries; ſpreads Slaughter and Deſolation, on every Side—So, juſt ſo, will *Winter*, with his ſavage and unrelenting Blaſts, invade this beautiful Proſpect. The Storms are gathering, and the Tempeſts muſtering their Rage, to fall upon the Vegetable Kingdoms. They will ravage through the Dominions of Nature; and plunder her *Riches*, and lay waſte her *Charms*.—Then, ye Trees, muſt ye ſtand ſtript of your verdant Apparel; and, ye Fields, be ſpoiled of your waving Treaſures. Then, the Earth, diſrobed of all her gay Attire, muſt ſit in

in Sables, like a diſconſolate Widow. The Sun too, who now rides in Triumph round the World, and ſcatters Gaiety from his radiant Eye, will then look faintly from the Windows of the South; and, caſting a ſhort Glance on our dejected World, will leave us to the uncomfortable Gloom of tedious Nights.—Then, theſe pretty *Choriſters* of the *Air*, will chant no more to the gentle Gales. The Lark, the Linnet, and all the feathered Songſters, abandon their Notes, and indulge their Woes. The Harmony of the Woods is at an End; and Silence, (unleſs it be interrupted by howling Winds) a ſullen Silence, ſits brooding upon the Boughs; which are now made vocal, by a thouſand warbling Throats.

But (ſweet Recollection! raviſhing Expectation!) the *Songs* of *Saints* in Light, never admit a Pauſe for Sadneſs. All Heaven will reſound with the Melody of their Gratitude; and all Eternity echo to their triumphant Acclamations. The *Hallelujahs* of that World; and the harmonious Joy of its Inhabitants; will be as laſting, as the Divine Perfections, they celebrate.—Come then, Holy Love, and *tune* my *Heart*; deſcend, Celeſtial Fire, and *touch* my *Tongue*; that I may ſtand ready to ſtrike up, and bear my Part, in that great Hoſanna, that everlaſting Hymn.

YES;

YES; yes; Ye flowery Nations, Ye muſt all decay.—And, indeed, could you add the Strength of an Oak, or the Stability of a Pyramid *, to all the Delicacy of your Texture; yet ſhort, exceeding ſhort, even then, would your Duration be. For *I ſee, that all Things come to an End.* The Pillars of Nature are tottering. The Foundations of the round World are falling away. "The Heavens themſelves wax old "like a Garment."—But, amidſt theſe Views of general Ruin, Here is our Refuge; This is our

* I know not any Performance, in which the *tranſitory* Nature, of theſe moſt *durable* Monuments of human Grandeur, is hinted with ſuch a modeſt Air of Inſtruction; or their hideous Ruin deſcribed, in ſuch a Pomp of pleaſing Horror; as in a ſmall, but ſolemn, picturesque, and majeſtic Poem, intitled—THE RUINS OF ROME, Written by the Rev. Mr. DYER. Whom the Reader (if He has the Pleaſure of peruſing that beautiful Piece) will eaſily perceive, to have taken his Draughts from the *Originals* themſelves; as nothing but the *Sight* of thoſe magnificent Remains, could have inſpired his Lines with ſuch Vivacity.—As a Specimen of the Work, and a Confirmation of the Remark ſuggeſted above, I take Leave to tranſcribe the following Paſſage:

——— The Pilgrim oft,
At dead of Night, mid his Oraiſon hears
Aghaſt the Voice of Time, diſparting Tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down daſhed,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon.

ur Conſolation; *We know, that our Redeemer veth.* Thy Years, bleſſed JESUS, ſhall not ail. From Everlaſting to Everlaſting, Thou rt ſtill the ſame: the ſame moſt excellent and dorable Perſon; the ſame omnipotent and aithful Friend; the ſame all-ſufficient and inſtimable Portion. O! may we but partake f thy Merits; be ſanctified by thy Grace; and eceived into thy Glory!—Then periſh, if ye vill, all inferior Delights. Let all that is *plendid* in the Skies, expire; and all that is *miable* in Nature, be expunged. Let the whole Extent of Creation, be turned again into one undiſtinguiſhable Void; one univerſal Blank.—Yet, if GOD be ours, we ſhall have *nough.* If GOD be ours, we ſhall have *all,* and abound *. All that our Circumſtances can want, or our Wiſhes crave, to make us inconceivably bleſſed and happy. Bleſſed and happy, not only through this little Interval of Time, but through the unmeaſureable Revolutions of Eternity.

THE *Sun* is, now, come forth in his Strength; and beats fiercely, upon my throbbing Pulſe.—Let

* His Hand the good Man faſtens on the Skies,
And bids Earth roll, nor feels the idle Whirl.
Night Thoughts, N° IV.

Let me retire to yonder inviting *Arbour*. There, the Woodbines retain the lucid Drop; there, the Jeſſamines, which line the verdant Alcove, are ſtill impearled, and deliciouſly wet with Dews.—Welcome, ye *refreſhing Shades!* I feel, I feel, your chearing Influence. My languid Spirits revive; the ſlackened Sinews are new ſtrung; and Life bounds briſker, through all her crimſon Chanels.

RECLINED on this moſſy Couch; and ſurrounded by this fragrant Coldneſs; let me renew my Aſpirations, to the ever-preſent Deity. Here, let me remember, and imitate, the pious *Auguſtine*, and his Mother *Monica*. Who, being engaged in Diſcourſe on the Beauties of the viſible Creation; roſe, by theſe Ladders, to the Glories of the inviſible State. Till they were inſpired with the moſt *affecting Senſe*, of their ſupereminent Excellency; and actuated with the moſt *ardent Breathings*, after their full Enjoyment. Inſomuch, that they were almoſt rapt up into the Bliſs, they contemplated; and ſcarce "knew, whether they were in the Body, "or out of the Body."

WHEN *Tempeſts* toſs the Ocean: when plaintive Signals of Diſtreſs, are heard from the bellowing Deep; and melancholy Tokens of Shipwreck,

wreck, come floating on the foaming Surge; then, how delightful to ſtand ſafe on Shore, and hug one's ſelf in conſcious Security *!—When a *Glut* of *Waters*, burſts from ſome mighty Torrent; ruſhes headlong over all the neighbouring Plains; ſweeps away the helpleſs Cattle; and drives the affrighted Shepherd from his Hut: then, from the Top of a diſtant Eminence, to deſcry the Danger, we need not fear; how pleaſing!—Such, methinks, is my *preſent Situation.* For, now, the Sun blazes from on high: The Air glows with his Fire: The Fields are rent with Chinks: The Roads are ſcorched to Duſt: The Woods ſeem to contract a ſickly Aſpect, and a ruſſet Hue: The Traveller, broiled as he rides, haſtens to his Inn, and intermits his Journey: The Labourer, bathed in Sweat, drops the Scythe, and deſiſts from his Work: The Cattle flee to ſome ſhady Covert, or elſe pant and toſs under the burning Noon. Even the ſtubborn Rock, ſmit with the piercing

* As *Lucretius* gave the Hint for theſe Obſervations; ſo He aſſigns the Reaſon of the Pleaſure ſpecified. It ariſes, not from the Conſideration of *Another's Miſery*; this would argue the rankeſt Malevolence: but from the agreeable Contemplation of our *own* perſonal *Safety*. Which, while We view Circumſtances, that are pernicious to Others, but harmleſs to Ourſelves, is not a little heightened by the Contraſt. *Suave Mari magno*, &c.

ing Beams, is ready to cleave. All Things *languiſh*, beneath the dazling Deluge—While I ſhall enjoy a *cool* Hour, and *calm* Reflection; amidſt the Gloom of this bowery Receſs, which ſcarce admits one Speck of Sunſhine.

THUS, may both the Flock, and their Shepherd, *dwell beneath the Defence of the Moſt High*, and *abide under the Shadow of the Almighty**. Then, though † the *Peſtilence* walketh in Darkneſs, and the *Sickneſs* deſtroyeth at Noonday; though Thouſands fall beſide us, and ten Thouſands at our Right-hand; we need fear no Evil. Either, the deſtroying Angel ſhall paſs over our Houſes; or elſe, He ſhall diſpenſe the Corrections of a Friend, not the Scourges of an Enemy; which, inſtead of hurting us, ſhall work for our Good.—Then, though *Profaneneſs* and *Infidelity*, far more malignant Evils, breathe deadly Contagion, and taint the Morals of Multitudes around us; yet, if the great Father of Spirits "hide us in the Hollow of his Hand," we ſhall hold faſt our Integrity, and be faithful unto Death.

LET then, deareſt LORD, O! let thy Servant, and the People committed to his Care, be received

* Pſalm xci. 1.

† This was written, when a very infectious and mortal Diſtemper, raged in the Neighbourhood.

received into thy Protection. Let us take Sanctuary under that *Tree of Life*, erected in thy ignominious Croſs. Let us fly for Safety to that *City* of *Refuge*, opened in thy bleeding Wounds. Theſe ſhall be a ſacred Hiding-place, not to be pierced by the Flames of Divine Wrath, or the fiery Darts of Temptation. Thy dying Merits, and perfect Obedience, ſhall be to our Souls, *as Rivers of Water in a dry Place*, or *as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land**.

But moſt of all, in that *laſt tremendous* Day, when the Heavens are rent aſunder, and wrapped up like a Scroll: when thy Almighty Arm ſhall arreſt the Sun in his Career, and daſh to Pieces the Structure of the Univerſe: when the Dead, both Small and Great, ſhall be gathered before the Throne of thy Glory; and the Fates of all Mankind, hang on the very Point of a final irreverſible Deciſion:—Then, bleſſed Jesus, let us be owned by Thee, and we ſhall not be *aſhamed*; defended by Thee, and we ſhall not be *afraid*. O! may we, at that awful, that unutterably important Juncture, be covered with the Wings of thy Redeeming Love; and we ſhall behold all the horrible Convulſions of expiring Nature, with Compoſure, with Com-

* Iſa. xxxii. 2.

fort! We ſhall even welcome the Diſſolution of all Things as the *Times of Refreſhing from the Preſence of the* LORD*.

THERE are, I perceive, who ſtill attend the Flowers; and, in Defiance of the Sun, ply their Work on every expanded Bloſſom. The *Bees* I mean. That Nation of Chymiſts! To whom Nature has communicated the rare and valuable Secret, of enriching themſelves, without impoveriſhing others. Who extract the moſt delicious Syrup, from every fragrant Herb; without wounding its Subſtance, or diminiſhing its Odours.—I take the more Notice of theſe ingenious Operators; becauſe, I would willingly make them my Pattern †. While the gay *Butterfly*, flutters her painted Wings; and ſips a little fantaſtic Delight, only for the preſent Moment. While the gloomy *Spider*, worſe than idly buſied, is preparing his inſidious Nets for Deſtruction; or ſucking Venom, even from the moſt wholeſome Plants. This frugal Community, are wiſely employed in providing for Futurity; and collecting a copious Stock of the

* Acts iii. 19.

† ——— *Ego apis matinæ*
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma. HOR.

the moſt balmy Treaſures.—And O! might theſe Meditations ſink into my Soul! Would the GOD, who ſuggeſted each heavenly Thought; vouchſafe to convert it, into an *eſtabliſhed Principle*; to determine all my Inclinations, and regulate my whole Conduct! I ſhould, then, gather Advantages from the ſame blooming Objects; more precious than your golden Stores, ye induſtrious Artiſts. I alſo ſhould go home, laden with the *richeſt Sweets*, and the *nobleſt Spoils*; though I crop not a Leaf, nor call a ſingle Flower my own.

HERE I behold, aſſembled in *one View*, almoſt all the various Beauties, which have been ſeverally entertaining my Imagination. The *Viſtas*, ſtruck through an ancient Wood, or formed by Rows of venerable Elms; conducting the Spectator's Obſervation, to ſome remarkable Object; or leading the Traveller's Footſteps, to this delightful Seat:—The *Walls*, enriched with Fruit-trees, and faced with a Covering of their leafy Extenſions; I ſhould rather have ſaid, hung with different Pieces of Nature's nobleſt Tapeſtry:—The *Walks*, neatly ſhorn, and lined with Verdure; or finely ſmoothed, and coated with Gravel:—The *Alleys*, arched with Shades, to embower our

Noon-tide Repoſe; or thrown open for the free Acceſſion of Air, to invite us to our Evening Recreation:—The decent *Edgings* of Box, which incloſe, like a plain Selvage, each beautiful Compartment, and its ſplendid Figures:—The ſhapely *Evergreens*, and *flowering Shrubs*; which ſtrike the Eye, and appear with peculiar Dignity, in this diſtant Situation:—The *Baſon*, with its cryſtal Fount, floating in the Centre; and diffuſing an agreeable Freſhneſs, through the Whole:—The Waters, falling from a remote *Caſcade*; and gently murmuring, as they flow along the Pebbles:—*Theſe*, added to the reſt; and all ſo diſpoſed, that each recommends, and endears each; render the *Whole*, a moſt ſweet raviſhing Scene, of Order and Variety, of Elegance and Magnificence.

FROM ſo many lovely Proſpects, cluſtering upon the Sight, it is impoſſible not to be reminded of *Heaven*. That World of Bliſs; thoſe Regions of Light; where the Lamb that was ſlain manifeſts his beatific Preſence, and his Saints live for evermore.—But O! what Pencil can ſketch out a Draught of that goodly Land! What Colours, or what Style, can expreſs the Splendors of IMMANUEL's Kingdom! Would ſome celeſtial Hand draw aſide the Veil, but for one Moment; and permit us to throw a ſingle Glance,

Glance, on thoſe Divine Abodes; how would all ſublunary Poſſeſſions, become tarniſhed in our Eyes, and grow flat upon our Taſte! A Glimpſe, a tranſient Glimpſe of thoſe unutterable Beatitudes, would captivate our Souls, and engroſs all their Faculties. *Eden* itſelf, after ſuch a Viſion, would appear a chearleſs *Deſart*; and all earthly Charms, intolerable *Deformity*.

VERY *excellent Things are ſpoken of Thee, Thou City of* GOD*. Volumes have been written, and thoſe by inſpired Men, to diſplay the Wonders of thy Perfections. All that is rich and reſplendent in the viſible Creation, has been called in to aid our Conceptions, and elevate our Ideas. But, indeed, no Tongue can utter; no Pen can deſcribe; no Fancy can imagine; what GOD, of his unbounded Munificence, has prepared for them that love Him.—Seeing then, that all terreſtrial Things muſt come to a ſpeedy End; and there remaineth a Reſt, a bliſsful and everlaſting Reſt, for the People of GOD; let me never be too fondly attached, to any preſent Satisfactions. Weaned from whatever is temporal, may I maintain a ſuperior Indifference, for ſuch tranſitory Enjoyments; but long, long earneſtly, for the Manſions that are above; the

* Pſalm lxxxvii. 2.

Paradiſe, "which the LORD hath planted, and "not Man." Thither, may I tranſmit the Chief of my *Converſation*; and from thence expect the Whole of my *Happineſs*. Be that the ſacred, powerful Magnet, which ever influences my Heart; ever attracts my Affections. *There*, are ſuch tranſcendent Glories, as Eye has not ſeen: *There*, are ſuch tranſporting Pleaſures, as Ear has not heard: *There*, is ſuch a Fulneſs of Joys, as the Thought of Man cannot conceive.

INTO that conſummate Felicity; thoſe eternal Fruitions; permit me, Madam, to wiſh You, in due Time, an *abundant Entrance:* and to aſſure You, that this Wiſh is breathed, with the ſame Sincerity and Ardor, for my honoured Correſpondent, as it is, MADAM, for

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

J. HERVEY.

A

DESCANT

UPON

CREATION.

With Joy, with Grief, that healing Hand I ſee;
The Skies *it form'd, and yet it* bled *for me.*
Night-Thoughts, N° IV.

THE

CONTENTS.

DESIGN of the Whole—Angels—The visible Heavens—Stars—Comets—Planets—Sun—Moon—Thunders—Lightnings—Clouds, wintry and vernal—Rainbow—Storms and Tempests—Pestilence—Heat and Cold—Ocean—Woods and Shrubs—Vine and Fruit-trees—Meadows and Fields—Mines and Jewels—Fountains and Rivers—Birds—Bees—Silk-worm—Cattle, and Creatures in every Element—General Chorus of Praise.

A

DESCANT

UPON

CREATION.

IF the Reader pleaſes to look back on Page 198; He will find me engaged by a *promiſſory* Note, to ſubjoin a *DESCANT* upon *CREATION.*

To *know the Love of* CHRIST; to have ſuch a deep Apprehenſion of his unſpeakable Kindneſs, as may produce in our Hearts an adoring Gratitude, and an unfeigned Faith; this, according to St. *Paul's* Eſtimate, is the h

happieſt Attainment in the ſacred Science of Chriſtianity*. What follows, is an Attempt to aſſiſt the attentive Mind, in learning a Line or two of that beſt and greateſt Leſſon. It introduces the moſt conſpicuous Parts of the viſible Syſtem, as ſo many *Prompters* to our dull Affections; each ſuggeſting a *Hint*, adapted to the important Occaſion, and ſuited to its reſpective Character.

CAN there be a more powerful Incentive to devout *Gratitude*; than to conſider the magnificent and delicate Scenes of the Univerſe, with a particular Reference to CHRIST, as the Creator?—Every Object, viewed in this Light, will ſurely adminiſter inceſſant Recruits, to the languiſhing Lamp of Divine Love. Every Production in Nature, will ſtrike a Spark into the Soul; and the whole Creation concur, to raiſe the ſmoking Flax into a Flame.

CAN any thing impart a ſtronger *Joy* to the Believer; or more effectually confirm his *Faith* in the crucified JESUS; than to behold the Heavens declaring his Glory, and the Firmament ſhewing his Handy-work? Surely, it muſt be Matter of inexpreſſible Conſolation to the poor Sinner; to obſerve the Honours of his Redeemer,

* Eph. iii. 19.

deemer, written with Sun-beams, over all the Face of the World.

WE delight to read an Account of our incarnate JEHOVAH; as He is revealed in the Books of *Moſes* and the Prophets, as He is diſplayed in the Writings of the Evangeliſts and Apoſtles. Let us alſo endeavour to ſee a Sketch of his Perfections; as they ſtand delineated in that ſtately Volume, where every *Leaf*, is a ſpacious Plain—every *Line*, a flowing Brook—every *Period*, a lofty Mountain.

SHOULD any of my Readers be unexerciſed in ſuch Speculations, I beg Leave (in purſuance of my Promiſe) to preſent them with a *Specimen*: or to offer a Clue, which may poſſibly lead their Minds, into this moſt improving and delightful Train of Thinking.

SHOULD any be inclined to ſuſpect the Solidity of the following Obſervations; or to condemn them, as the Voice of Rant, and the lawleſs Flight of Fancy; I muſt entreat ſuch Perſons to recollect, That the grand Doctrine, the Hinge on which they all turn, is warranted and eſtabliſhed by the unanimous Teſtimony of the inſpired Penmen. Who frequently celebrate IMMANUEL, or CHRIST JESUS, as the great Almighty Cauſe of all; aſſuring Us, that

that *All Things were created by Him, and for Him; and that in Him all Things conſiſt* *.

ON ſuch a Subject, what is wonderful, is far from being *extravagant*. To be wonderful, is the inſeparable Characteriſtic of GOD and his Works; eſpecially, of that moſt diſtinguiſhed and glorious even of the Divine Works, REDEMPTION. So glorious, that "all the "Miracles in *Egypt*, and the marvellous Acts "in the Field of *Zoan*;" all that the *Jewiſh* Annals have recorded, or the human Ear has heard; all dwindle into *trivial Events*, are ſcarce worthy to be *remembered* †, in compariſon of this infinitely grand and infinitely gracious Tranſaction.—Kindled, therefore, into pleaſing Aſtoniſhment, by ſuch a Survey, let me give full Scope to my Meditations. Let me pour out my whole Soul on the boundleſs Subject; not much regarding the Limits, which cold Criticiſm, or colder Unbelief, might preſcribe.

O YE *Angels*, that ſurround the Throne; ye Princes of Heaven, "that excel in Strength," and are cloathed with tranſcendent Brightneſs; He,

* *Col.* i. 16, 17. Before my Reader enters upon the following Deſcant, he is deſired to peruſe the Note, pag. 155, 156.

† Iſa. xliii. 18.

He, who placed You in thoſe Stations of exalted Honour, and dignified your Nature with ſuch illuſtrious Endowments; He, whom You all obey, and all adore: HE took not on Him the Angelic Form, but was made Fleſh, and found in Faſhion as a Man. Like us wretched Mortals, He was ſubject to Wearineſs, Pain, and every Infirmity, Sin only excepted.—That We might, one Day, be raiſed to your ſublime Abodes; be adopted into your bliſsful Society; and join with your tranſported Choir, in giving Glory to HIM that ſitteth upon the Throne, and to the LAMB for ever and ever *.

O YE *Heavens*; whoſe azure Arches riſe immenſely high, and ſtretch unmeaſurably wide. Stupendous Amphitheatre! amidſt whoſe vaſt expanſive Circuit, Orbs of the moſt dreadful Grandeur are perpetually running their amazing Races. Unfathomable Depths of Æther! where Worlds unnumbered float; and, to our limited Sight, Worlds unnumbered are loſt.—He, who adjuſted your Dimenſions with his Span, and formed the magnificent Structure with his Word; HE was once wrapt in Swaddling-cloaths, and laid in a Manger.—That the Benefits accruing to his People, through his moſt meritorious

* Rev. v. 13.

ritorious Humiliation, might have no other Meaſure of their Value than Immenſity; might run parallel, in their Duration, with Eternity.

YE *Stars*; that beam with inextinguiſhable Brilliancy, through the Midnight Sky. Oceans of Flame, and Centres of Worlds, though ſeemingly little Points of Light!—He, who ſhone, with eſſential Effulgence, innumberable Ages; before your twinkling Tapers were kindled; and will ſhine with everlaſting Majeſty and Beauty, when your Places in the Firmament ſhall be known no more. HE was involved, for many Years, in the deepeſt Obſcurity; lay concealed in the contemptible City *Nazareth*; lay diſguiſed, under the mean Habit of a Carpenter's Son.—That He might plant the Heavens*, as it were, with new Conſtellations; and array theſe Clods of Earth, theſe Houſes of Clay, with a Radiancy, far ſuperior to yours. A Radiancy, which will adorn the very Heaven of Heavens, when you ſhall vaniſh away like Smoke†; or expire, as momentary Sparks from the ſmitten Steel.

COMETS;

* Iſa. li. 16.

† Alluding to a Paſſage in *Iſaiah*, which is, I think, grand and elevated beyond all Compariſon. —*Lift up your Eyes to the Heavens, and look upon the Earth*

COMETS; that ſometimes ſhoot into the illimitable Tracts of Æther, farther than the Diſcernment of our Eye is able to follow; ſometimes, return from the long, long Excurſion, and ſweep our affrighted Hemiſphere with your enormous fiery Train. That ſometimes make near Approaches to the Sun, and burn almoſt in his immediate Beams; ſometimes, retire to the remoteſt Diſtance, and freeze, for Ages, in the exceſſive Rigours of Winter.—He, who at his ſovereign Pleaſure, withdraws the blazing Wonder: or leads forth the portentous Stranger, to ſhake Terror over guilty Kingdoms. HE was overwhelmed with the moſt ſhocking Amazement, and plunged into the deepeſt Anxiety; was chilled with Apprehenſions of Fear, and ſcorched by the Flames of avenging Wrath.—That I, and other depraved rebellious Creatures, might not be eternally agitated, with the

Earth beneath: for the Heavens ſhall vaniſh away like Smoke, and the Earth ſhall wax old like a Garment, and they that dwell therein ſhall die like the feeble Inſect: *but my Righteouſneſs ſhall be for ever, and my Salvation ſhall not be aboliſhed*, Iſa. li. 6.—With the great *Vitringa*, I tranſlate the Words כמוהן not, *in like manner*; but, *like the feeble Inſect*. Which renders the Period more complete; the Senſe more emphatical; and is more agreeable to the Genius of the ſacred Original.

Extremes of jarring Paſſions; oppoſite, yet, on either Side, tormenting. Far more tormenting to the Soul, than the ſevereſt Degrees of your Heat and Cold to the human Senſe.

YE *Planets*; that, winged with unimaginable Speed, traverſe the Regions of the Sky. Sometimes climbing Millions and Millions of Miles above, ſometimes deſcending as far below, the great Axle of your Motions. Ye, that are ſo minutely faithful, to the Viciſſitudes of Day and Night; ſo exactly punctual, in bringing on the Changes of your reſpective Seaſons.—He, who launched You, at firſt, from his mighty Arm; who continually impels you, with ſuch wonderful Rapidity; and guides you, with ſuch perfect Regularity. Who fixes "the Ha-"bitation of his Holineſs and his Glory," infinite Heights above your ſcanty Rounds. HE once became a helpleſs Infant; ſojourned in our inferior World; fled from the Perſecutor's Sword; and wandered as a Vagabond in a foreign Land.—That He might lead our Feet into the Way of Peace; that He might bring US Aliens near to GOD, bring US Exiles home to Heaven.

THOU *Sun*; inexhauſted Source of Light, and Heat, and Comfort! Who, without the Aſſiſt-

Aſſiſtance of any other Fire, ſheddeſt Day through a thouſand Realms; and, not confining thy Munificence to Realms only, extendeſt thy enlightening Influences to ſurrounding Worlds. Prime Chearer of the animal, and great Enlivener of the vegetable Tribes! So beautiful in thyſelf, ſo beneficial in thy Effects, that erring Heathens addreſſed thee with Adorations, and miſtook thee for their Maker!—He, who filled thy Orb with a Profuſion of Luſtre; before whom thy meridian Splendors are but a Shade.—HE diveſted Himſelf of his all-tranſcending Diſtinctions, and drew a Veil over the Effulgence of his Divinity; that, by ſpeaking to Us, Face to Face, as a Man ſpeaketh unto his Friend, He might diſpel our intellectual Darkneſs. His "Viſage was marred*," and He became the Scorn of Men, the Outcaſt of the People; that, by this Manifeſtation of his unutterably tender Regard for our Welfare, He might diffuſe many a Gleam of Joy through our dejected Minds. That, in another State of Things, He might clothe even our fallen Nature, with the Honours of that magnificent Luminary; and give all the Righteous to ſhine forth as the Sun, in the Kingdom of their Father.

* Iſa. lii. 14.

THOU *Moon*; that walkeſt among the Hoſt of Stars, and, in thy lucid Appearance, art ſuperior to them all. Fair Ruler of the Night! Sometimes, half-reſtoring the Day, with thy waxing Brightneſs; ſometimes, waning into Dimneſs, and ſcarcely ſcattering the nocturnal Gloom; ſometimes, covered with Sackcloth, and alarming the gazing Nations.—He, who dreſſes thy opake Globe, in beaming, but borrowed Silver; He, whoſe Dignity is unchangeable, underived, and all his own; He vouchſafed to wear a Body of Clay. HE was content to appear as in a bloody Eclipſe, ſhorn of his reſplendent Beams, and ſurrounded with a Night of Horror, which knew not one reviving Ray.—Thus, has He impowered his Church, and all Believers, to tread the Moon under their Feet*. Hence, inſpired with the Hope of brighter Glory, and of more enduring Bliſs, are they enabled to triumph over all the vain Anxieties, and vainer Amuſements, of this ſublunary, precarious, mutable World.

YE *Thunders*; that, awfully grumbling in the diſtant Clouds, ſeem to meditate Indignation, and form the firſt Eſſays of a far more frightful Peal; or, ſuddenly burſting over our Heads, rend

* Rev. xii. 1.

rend the Vault above, and ſhake the Ground below, with the hideous, horrid Crack. Ye, that ſend your tremendous Vollies from Pole to Pole, ſtartling the ſavage Herds*, and aſtoniſhing the human Race.—He, who permits Terror to ſound her Trumpet, in your deep, prolonged, inlarging, aggravated Roar: HE uttered a feeble infantile Cry in the Stable, and ſtrong expiring Groans on the accurſed Tree.—That He might, in the gentleſt Accents, whiſper Peace to our Souls; and, at length, tune our Voices to the Melody of Heaven.

O YE *Lightnings*; that brood, and lie couchant, in the ſulphureous Vapours; that glance, with forked Fury, from the angry Gloom, ſwifter and fiercer than the Lion ruſhes from his Den; or open into vaſt expanſive Sheets of Flame, ſublimely waved over the proſtrate World, and fearfully lingering in the frighted Skies. Ye, that formerly laid in Aſhes the licentious Abodes of Luſt and Violence; that will, ere long, ſet on fire the Elements, and co-operate in the Conflagration of the Globe.—He, who kindles your Flaſh, and directs You when to ſally, and where to ſtrike; He, who commiſſions your whirling Bolts, whom to kill,

* Pſal. xxix. 8.

and whom to ſpare: HE reſigned his ſacred Perſon to the moſt barbarous Indignities; ſubmitted his beneficent Hands to the ponderous Hammer, and the piercing Nail; yea, withheld not his Heart, his very Heart, from the Stab of the Executioner's Spear. And, inſtead of flaſhing Confuſion on his outrageous Tormentors; inſtead of plunging them to the Depths of Hell with his Frown; He cried—in his laſt Moments, and with his agonizing Lips, He cried; FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!—O! what a Pattern of Patience for his Saints! What an Object of Admiration for Angels! What a Conſtellation of every mild, amiable, and benign Virtue; ſhining, in this Hour of Darkneſs, with ineffable Splendor and Beauty*!—

Hence,

* One can hardly forbear animadverting upon the *diſingenuous* Temper, and perverſe Taſte of *Celſus*; who attempts to turn, this moſt diſtinguiſhing and ornamental Part of our LORD's Life, into Ridicule and Reproach.—Having ſpoken of CHRIST, as deſpitefully uſed, and arrayed in a purple Robe; crowned with Thorns; and holding, by Way of mock Majeſty, a Reed inſtead of a Sceptre (for he enters into all theſe Circumſtances, which is a Teſtimony to their Truth even from the Mouth of an Enemy) He adds—Τι ουκ, ει μη προσθειν, αλλα νυν γε

Hence, hence it is, that We are not trembling under the Lightnings of Mount *Sinai*; that we

γων θειον τι επιδεικνυλαι; και της αισχυνης ταυλης εαυλον ρυεσθαι, και τας υβριζουσας εις εαυλον τε και τον παλερα δικαιοι; Orig. contra CELS. p. 81. i. e. *Why, in the Name of Wonder, does He not, on this Occaſion, at leaſt, act the* GOD? *Why does He not deliver himſelf from this ſhocking Ignominy; or execute ſome ſignal Vengeance, on the Authors of ſuch injurious and abuſive Inſults, both of Himſelf and his Father?*—Why, *Celſus?* Becauſe, HE was Meekneſs and Gentleneſs itſelf: Whereas *your* Deities were Slaves to their own turbulent and reſentful Paſſions. Becauſe, *they* were little better than Savages in human Shape; who too often made a Merit of Slaughter, and took a horrid Pride in ſpilling Blood. While CHRIST was the Prince of Peace, and came not to deſtroy Mens Lives, but to ſave. Becauſe, any Madman on Earth, or Fury from Hell, is capable of venting his Rage. But Who, amidſt ſuch unſufferable Provocations and Barbarities; Who, having in his own Hand, the Power to reſcue himſelf, the Power to avenge himſelf; could ſubmit to all, with an unruffled Serenity of Patience; and not only not be exaſperated, but *overcome*, in ſo triumphant a Manner, *Evil with Good?* None but CHRIST! None but CHRIST! This was Compaſſion worthy of a GOD; Clemency and Charity *truly divine.*

Therefore, the Calumny raiſed by the ſame virulent Objector, in another Place, carries its own Confutation: or rather, falls with a Weight of *Infamy* on his dunghill Deities; while it bears a moſt *honourable* Teſtimony, to the majeſtic and invincible Meekneſs of our Saviour.—Συ μεν, ſays He to the Chriſtian, τα αγαλμαλα τελων λοιδορα-

we are not blaſted by the Flames of Divine Vengeance; or doomed to dwell with everlaſting Burnings.

YE frowning *wintry Clouds*; Oceans pendent in the Air, and burdening the Winds. He, in whoſe Hand, You are an overflowing Scourge; or, by whoſe Appointment, an Arſenal * of warlike Stores. He, who opens your Sluices, and a Flood guſhes forth; to deſtroy the Fruits of the Earth, and drown the Huſbandman's Hopes: Who moulds you into frozen Balls, and You are ſhot, linked with Death†, on the Troops

καὶ αγελας, ος αυτον γε τον Διονυσον η τον Ηρακλεα παροντα ει ελοιδορησας, ουκ αν ισως χαιρων απηλλαξας· τον γε σον Θεον παροντα καὶ ακολουθουντες και κολαζοντες, ωδεν οι ταυτα δρασαντες πεποιθασιν, ibid. p. 404. i. e. *You, indeed, take upon You, to deride the Images of our Deities; but if* Bacchus *himſelf, or* Hercules *had been preſent, You would not have dared to offer ſuch an Affront; or if you had been ſo preſumptuous, would have ſeverely ſmarted for your Inſolence. Whereas, they who tormented the very Perſon of your* GOD, *and even extended him with mortal Agony on the Croſs, ſuffered no Effects of his Diſpleaſure.*

* *Juvenal* ſeems to conſider the Clouds, under this ſame Character, in that beautiful Line,

Quicquid habent Telorum Armamentaria Cœli.

† *Job* has informed Us, for what Purpoſe the Magazines of the Firmament are ſtocked with Hail. That they may

Troops of his Enemies. HE, inſtead of diſcharging the Furiouſneſs of his Wrath upon this guilty Head; poured out his Prayers; poured out his Sighs; poured out his very Soul; for me and my Fellow-tranſgreſſors.—That, by virtue of his ineſtimable Propitiation, the Overflowings of Divine Good-will might be extended to ſinful Men; that the Skies might pour down Righteouſneſs; and Peace on her downy Wings, Peace with her balmy Bleſſings, deſcend to dwell on Earth.

YE *vernal Clouds*; Furls of finer Air, Folds of ſofter Moiſture. He, who draws you in copious Exhalations, from the briny Deep; bids you leave every diſtaſteful Quality behind; and become floating Fountains of ſweeteſt Waters. He, who diſſolves You into gentle Rain, and diſmiſſes You in fruitful ſhowers; who kindly commiſ-

may be ready, *againſt the Day of Battle and War.* Job xxxviii. 23.—*Joſhua* has recorded, what terrible Slaughter has been made, by thoſe *miſſive Weapons* of the Almighty. *Joſh.* x. 11.—Modern Hiſtorians relate, that, when *Edward* III. invaded *France*, a Shower of Hailſtones deſcended, of ſuch a prodigious Size; that ſix thouſand Horſes, and one thouſand Men, were ſtruck dead inſtantaneouſly.—But, the moſt dreadful Deſcription of this *great Ordnance* of the Heavens, is given us in *Rev.* xvi. 21. *There fell upon Men a great Hail out of Heaven, every Stone about the Weight of a Talent.*

commiſſions You, to drop down Fatneſs, as You fall, and to ſcatter Flowers over the Field. —HE, in the unutterable Bitterneſs of his Spirit, was without any comforting Senſe of his Almighty Father's Preſence. He, when his Bones were burnt up like a Firebrand, had not one Drop of that ſacred Conſolation, which, on many of his afflicted Servants, has been diſtilled as the Evening Dews, and has "given Songs "in the Night" of Diſtreſs.—That, from this unallayed and inconſolable Anguiſh of our all-gracious Maſter, We, as from a Well of Salvation, might derive large Draughts of ſpiritual Refreſhment.

THOU grand *ethereal Bow*; whoſe Beauties fluſh the Firmament, and charm every Spectator. He, who paints thee on the fluid Skirts of the Sky; who decks thee with all the Pride of Colours; and bends thee into that graceful and majeſtic Figure. At whoſe Command, thy vivid Streaks ſweetly riſe, or ſwiftly fade.—HE, through all his Life, was arrayed in the humble Garb of Poverty; and, at his Exit, wore the gorgeous Garment of Contempt. Inſomuch, that even his own familiar Friends, aſhamed or afraid to own Him, "hid as it were their Faces "from

" from Him *."—To teach us a becoming Diſdain, for the unſubſtantial and tranſitory Glitter of all worldly Vanities. To introduce Us, in Robes brighter than the Tinges of thy reſplendent Arch; even in the Robes of his own immaculate Righteouſneſs, to introduce Us before that auguſt and venerable Throne, which the peaceful Rainbow ſurrounds. Surrounds, as a Pledge of inviolable Fidelity, and infinite Mercy.

YE *Storms* and *Tempeſts*, which vex the Continent, and toſs the Seas; which daſh Navies on the Rocks, and drive Foreſts from their Roots. He, whoſe Breath rouſes You into ſuch reſiſtleſs Fury, and whoſe Nod controuls You in your wildeſt Career. He, who holds the rapid and raging Hurricane in ſtreightened Reins; and walks, dreadfully ſerene, on the very Wings of the Wind. HE went, all meek and gentle, like a Lamb to the Slaughter for Us; and, as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, ſo he opened not his Mouth.—Thus, are we inſtructed to bear, with decent Magnanimity,

* *Iſa.* liii. 3. כמסתר פנים ממנו *Fuit tanquam aliquis, a quo quiſque faciem occultaret. He was as ſome* flagitious and *abandoned Wretch, from whom every One,* diſdaining ſuch a Character, and diſclaiming ſuch an Acquaintance, ſtudiouſly *hid his Face.*

ſcious of a Deliverance from thoſe inſufferable Flames, which, kindled by divine Indignation, burn to the loweſt Hell.

THOU *Ocean*, vaſt World of Waters! He, who ſunk that capacious Bed for thy Reception, and poured the liquid Element into unfathomable Chanels; before Whom; all thy foaming Billows, and floating Mountains, are as the ſmall Drop of a Bucket. Who, by the leaſt Intimation of his Will, ſwells thy fluid Kingdoms, in wild Confuſion, to mingle with the Clouds; or reduces them, in calm Compoſure, to ſlumber on the Shores. He, who once gave thee a Warrant to overwhelm the whole Earth, and bury all its degenerate Inhabitants in a watry Grave; but has, now, laid an everlaſting Embargo on thy boiſterous Waves; and bound thee, all fierce and madding as thou art, in Chains ſtronger than Adamant, yet formed of deſpicable Sand.—All the Waves of Vengeance and Wrath, of Tribulation and Anguiſh, paſſed over HIS crucified Body, and HIS agonizing Soul. That We might emerge from thoſe Depths of Miſery, from that Abyſs of Guilt, into which we were plunged by *Adam*'s Fall, and more irretrievably ſunk by our own Tranſgreſſions. That, at the laſt, we might be reſtored

ſtored to that happy World, which is repreſented, in the Viſion of GOD, as having "no "Sea*;" to denote its perpetual Stability, and undiſturbed Serenity.

YE *Mountains*, that overlook the Clouds, and project a Shade into diſtant Provinces. Everlaſting Pyramids of Nature, not to be ſhaken by conflicting Elements; not to be ſhattered by the Bolts of Thunder; nor impaired even by the Ravages of Time.—He, who bid your Ridges riſe ſo high, and your Foundations ſtand ſo faſt. He, in whoſe Scale, You are lighter than Duſt; in whoſe Eye, You are leſs than nothing.—HE ſunk, beneath a Load of Woes; Woes inſupportable, but not his own; when He took our Iniquities upon Himſelf, and heaved the more than mountainous Burden from a guilty World.

YE verdant *Woods*, that crown our Hills, and are crowned yourſelves with leafy Honours. Ye humble *Shrubs*, adorned, in Spring, with opening Bloſſoms; and fanned, in Summer, by gentle Gales. Ye, that in diſtant Climes, or in cultivated Gardens, breathe out ſpicy Odours, and embalm the Air with delightful Perfumes. —Your

* Rev. xxi. 1.

—Your all-glorious and ever-bleſſed Creator's Head, was incircled with the thorny Wreath; his Face was defiled with contumelious Spitting; and his Body bathed in a bloody Sweat. That We might wear the Crown, the Crown of Glory, which fadeth not away; and live for evermore, ſurrounded with Delights, as much ſurpaſſing yours, as yours exceed the rugged Deſolations of Winter.

THOU mantling *Vine*; He who hangs on thy ſlender Shoots, the rich, tranſparent, weighty Cluſter. Who, under thy unornamented Foliage, and amidſt the pores of thy otherwiſe worthleſs Bough, prepares the Liquor—the refined and exalted Liquor, which chears the Nations, and fills the Cup of Joy. *Trees*, whoſe Branches are elevated and waving in Air; or diffuſed, in eaſy Confinement, along a ſunny Wall. He, who bends You with a lovely Burden of delicious Fruits; whoſe genial Warmth beautifies their Rind, and mellows their Taſte.—HE, when voluntarily ſubject to our Wants, inſtead of being refreſhed with your generous Juices, or regaled with your luſcious Pulp; had a loathſome Potion of Vinegar, mingled with Gall, addreſſed to his Lips.—That we might ſit under the Shadow of his Merits,

Merits, with great Tranquility and the utmoſt Complacency. That, ere long, being admitted into the Paradiſe of GOD, We might eat of the Tree of Life*; and drink new Wine with Him, in his Father's Kingdom.

YE luxuriant *Meadows*; He who, without the Seedſman's Induſtry, repleniſhes your irriguous Lap, with never-failing Crops of Herbage; and enamels their chearful Green, with Flowers of every Hue.—Ye fertile *Fields*; He, who bleſſes the Labours of the Huſbandman; enriches your well-tilled Plains with waving Harveſts, and calls forth the Staff of Life from your Furrows. He, who cauſes both Meadows and Fields to laugh and ſing, for the Abundance of Plenty.—HE was no Stranger to corroding Hunger, and parching Thirſt. He, alaſs! eat the bitter Bread of Woe, and had "Plenteouſneſs of Tears to drink."—That we might partake of richer Dainties, than thoſe which are produced by the Dew of Heaven, and proceed from the Fatneſs of the Earth. That we might feed on "the hidden Manna," and eat the Bread which giveth Life, eternal Life, unto the World.

* Rev. ii. 7.

YE *Mines*, rich in yellow Ore, or bright with Veins of Silver; that diſtribute your ſhining Treaſures, as far as Winds can waft the Veſſel of Commerce; that beſtow your Alms on Monarchs, and have Princes for your Penſioners.—Ye Beds of *Gems*, Toy-ſhops of Nature! Which form, in dark Retirement, the glittering Stone. *Diamonds*, that ſparkle with a brilliant Water; *Rubies*, that glow with a crimſon Flame: *Emeralds*, dipped in the freſheſt Verdure of Spring; *Sapphires*, decked with the faireſt Drapery of the Sky: *Topaz*, emblazed with a golden Gleam; *Amethyſt*, impurpled with the Bluſhes of the Morning.—He, who tinctures the metallic Duſt, and conſolidates the lucid Drop; HE, when ſojourning on Earth, had no Riches, but the Riches of diſintereſted Benevolence; had no Ornament, but the Ornament of unſpotted Purity. Poor he was in his Circumſtances, and mean in all his Accommodations; that WE might be rich in Grace, and "obtain Salvation with eternal "Glory." That We might inhabit the new *Jeruſalem*: that ſplendid City! Whoſe Streets are paved with Gold; whoſe Gates are formed of Pearl; and the Walls garniſhed with all manner of precious Stones*.

YE

* Rev. xxi. 19, 21.

YE gushing *Fountains*, that trickle potable Silver through the matted Grass. Ye fine transparent *Streams*, that glide, in crystal Waves, along your fringed Banks. Ye deep and stately *Rivers*, that wind and wander in your Course, to spread your Favours wider; that gladden Kingdoms in your Progress, and augment the Sea with your Tribute.—He, who supplies all your Currents, from his own ever-flowing and inexhaustible Liberality: HE, when his Nerves were racked with exquisite Pain, and his Blood inflamed by a raging Fever, cried, I THIRST; and was denied (unparalleled Hardship!) in this his great Extremity, was denied the poor Refreshment of a single Drop of Water.—That We, having all Sufficiency in all Things, might abound to every good Work; might be filled with the Fulness of spiritual Blessings Here, and Hereafter be satisfied with that Fulness of Joy, which is at GOD'S right Hand for evermore.

YE *Birds*, chearful Tenants of the Bough, gaily dressed in glossy Plumage; who wake the Morn, and solace the Groves, with your artless Lays. Inimitable Architects! Who, without Rule or Line, build your pensile Structures, with all the Nicety of Proportion. You

have each his commodious Neſt, roofed with Shades, and lined with Warmth, to protect and cheriſh the callow Brood.—But He, who tuned your Throats to Harmony, and taught You that curious Skill; HE was a Man of Sorrows, and had not where to lay his Head. Had not where to lay his Head, till he felt the Pangs of Diſſolution, and was laid in the ſilent Grave.—That We, dwelling under the Wings of Omnipotence, and reſting in the Boſom of infinite Love, might ſpend an harmonious Eternity, in "ſinging the "Song of *Moſes*, and of the LAMB."

BEES, induſtrious Workmen! That ſweep, with buſy Wing, the flowery Garden; and ſearch the blooming Heath; and ſip the melliſluous Dews. Strangers to Idleneſs! That ply, with inceſſant Aſſiduity, your pleaſing Taſk; and ſuffer no opening Bloſſom to paſs unexplored, no ſunny Gleam to ſlip away unimproved. Moſt ingenious Artificers! That cling to the fragrant Buds; drain them of their treaſured Sweets; and extract (if I may ſo ſpeak) even the odoriferous Souls of Herbs, and Plants, and Flowers.—You, when you have compleated your Work; have collected, refined, and ſecurely lodged the ambroſial Stores: when you might reaſonably expect the peaceful

peaceful Fruition of your Acquiſitions; You, alaſs! are barbarouſly deſtroyed, and leave your hoarded Delicacies to others: leave them to be enjoyed by your very Murderers. I cannot but pity your hard Deſtiny!—How then ſhould my Bowels melt with Sympathy, and my Eyes flow with Tears*; when I remember, that *thus, thus* it fared with your and our incarnate Maker! After a Life of the moſt exemplary and exalted Piety;-a Life, filled with Offices of Beneficence, and Labours of Love; HE was, by wicked Hands, crucified and ſlain. He left the Honey of his Toil, the Balm of his Blood, and the Riches of his Obedience, to be ſhared among Others: to be ſhared even among Thoſe, who too often crucify Him afreſh, and put him to open Shame.

SHALL I mention the Animal†, which *ſpins* her ſoft, her ſhining, her exquiſitely fine *ſilken* Thread?

* Can'ſt Thou, ungrateful Man, his Torments ſee,
Nor *drop* a *Tear* for HIM, who *pour'd* his *Blood* for Thee? PITTS's *Poems*.

† No One, I hope, will be offended at my introducing, on *ſuch* an Occaſion, Creatures of ſo low a Rank. Since, even the Volumes of Inſpiration ſeem to lend me the Sanction of their ſacred Authority. As they diſdain not to compare the bleſſed JESUS to a *Door*, a *Highway*

Thread? Whoſe matchleſs Manufactures lend an Ornament to Grandeur, and make Royalty itſelf more magnificent.—Shall I take Notice of the Cell, in which, when the Gaiety and Buſineſs of Life are over, the little Recluſe immures herſelf, and ſpends the Remainder of her Days in Retirement?—Shall I rather obſerve the Sepulchre, which, when cloyed with Pleaſure and weary of the World, ſhe prepares for her own Interment? Or how, when a ſtated Period is elapſed, She wakes from a death-like Inactivity; breaks the Incloſure of her Tomb; throws off the duſky Shroud; aſſumes a new Form; puts on a more ſumptuous Array; and, from

And, perhaps, all Compariſons, which reſpect a Being of *infinite* Dignity, are not only mean, but *equally* mean and unworthy.

I am ſenſible, likewiſe, that in this Paragraph, and ſome others, *all* the Circumſtances are not completely correſpondent. But if, in *ſome* grand Particulars, the Reddition anſwers to the Deſcription; this, I truſt, will be ſufficient for my Purpoſe, and ſatisfactory to my Readers.—Perhaps, it would be no miſtaken Caution, to apply the ſame Obſervation to many of the beautiful Similitudes, Parables, and Allegories, uſed by our LORD; ſuch as the *brazen Serpent*, the *unjuſt* Steward, the *Thief* in the Night, *&c.* Which, if ſcrupulouſly ſifted, or rigorouſly ſtrained, for an intire Coincidence in *every* Circumſtance, muſt appear to great Diſadvantage, and lead into palpable Inconveniences.

from an Inſect creeping on the Ground, becomes a winged Inhabitant of the Air?—No: this is a poor *Reptile*; and therefore unworthy to ſerve as an Illuſtration, when any Character of the Son of GOD comes under Conſideration. But let me correct myſelf. Was not CHRIST (to uſe the Language of his own bleſſed Spirit) *a Worm, and no Man**? In Appearance ſuch, and treated as ſuch.—Did he not alſo bequeath the fine Linen of his own moſt perfect Righteouſneſs, to compoſe the Marriage-Garment† for

* Pſalm xxii. 6.

† This, and ſeveral other Hints, interſperſed in the Two Volumes, refer to the *active* and *paſſive* Righteouſneſs of CHRIST, *imputed* to Believers, for their Juſtification. Which, in the Opinion of many great Expoſitors, is the myſtical and the moſt ſublime Meaning of the *Wedding-Garment*, ſo emphatically and forcibly recommended by the Teacher ſent from GOD, *Matt.* xxii. 11. A Doctrine, which Some of Thoſe who honour my Meditations with a Peruſal, probably may not receive with much, if any, Approbation. I hope, the *whole* Performance will not be caſhiered, for *one* Difference in Sentiment. And I beg, that the Sentiment itſelf may not haſtily be rejected, without a ſerious Hearing. For, I have the Pleaſure of being intimately acquainted with a Gentleman of good Learning, and diſtinguiſhed Senſe, who had *once* as ſtrong Prepoſſeſſions *againſt* this Tenet, as can well be imagined. Yet *now*, He not only admits it, as a Truth;

for our diſarrayed and defiled Souls? Did He not, before his Fleſh ſaw Corruption, emerge triumphant

but embraces it, as the Joy of his Heart; and cleaves to it, as the Rock of his Hopes.

A clear and cogent Treatiſe, intitled *Submiſſion to the Righteouſneſs of* GOD, was the Inſtrument of removing his Prejudices, and reducing him to a better Judgment.—In which he has been happily confirmed, by the Authority of the moſt *illuſtrious* Names, and the Works of the moſt *eminent* Pens, that have ever adorned our Church and Nation. In this Number are—Biſhop *Jewel*, one of our great Reformers; and the other venerable Compilers of our Homilies—Archbiſhop *Uſher*, that Oracle of Univerſal Learning—Biſhop *Hall*, the devout and ſprightly Orator of his Age—the copious and fervent Biſhop *Hopkins*—the ſingularly good and unaffected Biſhop *Beveridge*—that everlaſting Honour of the Bench of Judicature, Lord Chief Juſtice *Hales*—the nervous, florid, and perſuaſive Dean *Stanhope*—the practical and perſpicuous Mr. *Burkit*—and, to ſummon no other Evidence, that *matchleſs* Genius *Milton*; who, in various Parts of his divine Poem, inculcates this *comfortable* Truth; and, in *one* Paſſage, repreſents it under the very ſame Image, which is made uſe of above, *Book* X. *l.* 222.

I had almoſt forgot to mention that the Treatiſe intitled *Submiſſion*, &c. was written by Mr. *Benjamin Jenks*.—Whoſe Book of *Devotions* has deſervedly paſſed through *Eleven* Editions; is truly admirable for the Sublimity, Spirituality, and Propriety of the Sentiments; as well as for the conciſe Form, and pathetic Turn of the Expreſſion.—Whoſe Book of *Meditations*, though no leſs worthy of general Acceptance, has, for a conſiderable Time, been almoſt

triumphant from the Grave; and not only mount the lower Firmament, but aſcend the Heaven of Heavens; taking Poſſeſſion of thoſe ſublime Abodes, in our Name, and as our Forerunner?

YE *Cattle*, that reſt in your incloſed Paſtures; Ye *Beaſts*, that range the unlimited Foreſt; Ye *Fiſh*, that rove through trackleſs Paths of the Sea. *Sheep*, clad in Garments, which, when left by You, are wore by Kings. *Kine*, who feed on Verdure, which, tranſmuted in your Bodies,

almoſt unknown and extinct. But was revived, and republiſhed, in Two Octavo Volumes, by Mr. *James Rivington*. For which Service, He has my Thanks: I flatter myſelf, He will have the Thanks of the Public: as I am perſuaded, could Religion and Virtue ſpeak, He would have *their* Acknowledgments alſo. Since few Treatiſes are more happily calculated, to repreſent Religion in its native Beauty, and to promote the Intereſts of genuine Virtue.—On which Account, I truſt, the *Candid* will excuſe me, and the *Judicious* will not condemn me, even though the Recommendation of thoſe Devotions and of theſe Meditations, may appear to be a Digreſſion from my Subject.

N. B. *Should the Reader be inclined to examine the aforementioned Tenet, He will find it ſtated, diſcuſſed, and applied to its due Improvement, in a Piece intitled* THERON *and* ASPASIO.

Bodies, and ſtrained from your Udders, furniſhes a Repaſt for Queens. *Lions*, roaring after your Prey; *Leviathan*, taking your Paſtime in the great Deep; with all that wing the Firmament, or tread the Soil, or ſwim the Wave. —He, who ſpreads his ever-hoſpitable Board; who admits You all to be his continual Gueſts; and ſuffers You to want no manner of Thing that is good.—HE was deſtitute, afflicted, tormented: He endured all that was miſerable and reproachful; in order to exalt a degenerate Race, who had debaſed themſelves to a Level with the Beaſts that periſh, unto Seats of diſtinguiſhed and immortal Honour; in order to introduce the Slaves of Sin, and Heirs of Hell, into Manſions of conſummate and everlaſting Bliſs.

SURELY, the Contemplation of ſuch a Subject, and the diſtant Anticipation of ſuch a Hope, may almoſt turn Earth into Heaven, and make even inanimate Nature vocal with Praiſe. Let it, then, break forth from every Creature. Let the *meaneſt* feel the inſpiring Impulſe; let the *greateſt* acknowledge themſelves unable, worthily to expreſs the ſtupendous Goodneſs.

PRAISE HIM, ye *Inſects* that crawl on the Ground; who, though high above all Height, humbled

humbled himſelf to dwell in Duſt. *Birds* of the Air, waft on your Wings, and warble in your Notes, HIS Praiſe; who, though LORD of the celeſtial Abodes, while ſojourning on Earth, wanted a Shelter commodious as your Neſts.—Ye rougher World of *Brutes*, join with the gentle Songſters of the Shade, and howl to HIM your hoarſe Applauſe; who breaks the Jaw-Bones of the infernal Lion; who ſoftens into Mildneſs the ſavage Diſpoſition; and bids the Wolf lie down, in amicable Agreement, with the Lamb. *Bleat* out, ye Hills; let broader *Lows* be reſponſive from the Vales; ye Foreſts catch, and ye Rocks retain, the inarticulate Hymn; becauſe MESSIAH the Prince *feeds his Flock, like a Shepherd. He gathers the Lambs with his Arm; He carries them in his Boſom; and gently leads thoſe that are with Young**.—Wave, ye ſtately *Cedars*, in Sign of Worſhip, wave your branching Heads to HIM; who meekly bowed his own, on the accurſed Tree. Pleaſing *Proſpects*, Scenes of Beauty, where niceſt Art conſpires with laviſh Nature, to form a Paradiſe below; lay forth all your Charms, and in all your Charms confeſs Yourſelves a mere Blank; compared with his Amiableneſs, who is "faireſt "among

* Iſa. xl. 11.

"among ten Thouſand, and altogether love
"ly."—Drop down, ye *Showers*; and teſtify
as you fall; teſtify of HIS Grace, which deſcend
more copiouſly than the Rain, diſtils mor
ſweetly than the Dew. Let ſighing *Gales* breathe
and murmuring *Rivulets* flow; breathe and flow
in harmonious Conſonance to HIM; whoſe
Spirit is far more reviving, than the coolin
Breeze; who is Himſelf the Fountain of livin
Waters.

YE *Lightnings*, blaze to HIS Honour; y
Thunders, ſound HIS Praiſe; while reverbera
ing *Clouds* return the Roar, and bellowing *Ocean*
propagate the tremendous Anthem.—*Mute*
Creatures, add your ſilent Oratory, and diſpla
the Triumphs of HIS Meekneſs; who, thoug
He maketh the Clouds his Chariot, and treade
upon the Waves of the Sea; though the Thun
der is his Voice, and the Lightning his Swor
of Juſtice; yet, amidſt the moſt abuſive an
cruel Injuries, was ſubmiſſive and lifted not h
Hand, was "dumb and opened not his Mouth."—
Great *Source* of *Day*, addreſs thy radiant Homag
to a far ſublimer Sun. Write, in all thy ampl
Round, with every lucid Beam, O! write
Teſtimony to HIM, who is the Brightneſs o
his Father's Glory. Who is the Sun of Righte
ou

ouſneſs to a ſinful World; and is riſen, never to go down; is riſen, to be our everlaſting Light.—Shine clear, ye *Skies*; look gay, thou *Earth*; let the *Floods* clap their Hands; and let *every* Creature wear a Smile: for He cometh, the CREATOR Himſelf cometh, to be manifeſted in the Fleſh; and with Him comes Pardon, Peace, and Joy; every Virtue and all Felicity comes in his Train.—*Angels* and *Archangels*, let your Songs be of JESUS, and teach the very Heavens to echo with his adored and majeſtic Name. Ye beheld Him, with greater Tranſports of Admiration, when you attended his Agony in the Garden, and ſaw Him proſtrate on the Ground; than when You beheld univerſal Nature riſing at his Call, and ſaw the Wonders of his creating Might. Tune to loftieſt Notes your golden Harps, and waken Raptures, unknown before even in heavenly Breaſts: while all that has *Breath*, ſwells the Concert of Harmony; and all that has *Being*, unites in the Tribute of Praiſe.

CHIEFLY, let *Man* exalt his Voice; let Man, with diſtinguiſhed Hoſannas, hail the REDEEMER. For Man, He was ſtretched on the racking Croſs; for Man, He was conſigned to the gloomy Sepulchre; for Man, He procured

cured Grace unmeaſurable, and Bliſs inconable.—However *different*, therefore, in your Age, or more different in your Circumſtances, be *unanimous*, O Men, in magnifying a Saviour, who is no Reſpecter of Perſons; who gave Himſelf a Ranſom for all.—Bend, ye *Kings*, from your Thrones of Ivory and Gold; in your Robes of imperial Purple, fall proſtrate at HIS Feet; who forſook a nobler Throne, and laid aſide more illuſtrious Enſigns of Majeſty; that You might reign with GOD for ever and ever.—*Children* of *Poverty*, meaneſt of Mortals (if any can be called poor, who are *thus* enriched; if any can be accounted mean, who are *thus* ennobled); rejoice, greatly rejoice, in GOD your Saviour. Who choſe to be indigent, was willing to be contemned; that you might be intitled to the Treaſures, and be numbered with the Princes, of Heaven.—*Sons* of *Affliction*, though haraſſed with Pain, and inured to Anguiſh, O! change your Groans into Songs of Gratitude. Let no complaining Voice, no jarring String be heard, in the univerſal Symphony; but *glorify* the LAMB even *in the Fires**. Who Himſelf bore greater Torment, than You feel;

* Iſa. xxiv. 15.

feel; and has promiſed You a Share in the Joy, which He inherits: who has made your Sufferings ſhort, and will make your Reſt eternal.—*Men* of *hoary* Locks, bending beneath a Weight of Years, and tottering on the Brink of the Grave; let CHRIST be your Support, under all Infirmities; lean upon CHRIST, as the Rock of your Salvation. Let his Name, his precious Name, form the laſt Accents, which quiver on your pale expiring Lips.—And let this be the firſt, that liſps on your Tongues, ye tender *Infants*. Remember your REDEEMER, in your earlieſt Moments. Devote the Choice of your Hours, to the learning of his Will; and the Chief of your Strength, to the glorifying of HIS Name. Who, in the Perfection of Health, and the very Prime of Manhood, was content to become a motionleſs and ghaſtly Corpſe; that You might be girt with the Vigour, and cloathed with the Bloom, of eternal Youth.

YE *Spirits* of *juſt* Men made *perfect*, who are releaſed from the Burden of the Fleſh; and freed from all the vexatious Solicitations of Corruption in Yourſelves; delivered from all the injurious Effects of Iniquity in others. Who ſojourn no longer in the Tents of Strife,

or

or the Territories of Diſorder; but are received into that pure, harmonious, holy Society, where every one acts up to his amiable and exalted Character; where GOD Himſelf is pleaſed *graciouſly* and *immediately* to preſide.—You find, not without pleaſing Aſtoniſhment, your Hopes improved into actual Enjoyment, and your Faith ſuperſeded by the Beatific Viſion. You feel all your former Shyneſs of Behaviour, happily loſt in the Overflowings of unbounded Love: and all your little Differences of Opinion, intirely bore down by Tides of invariable Truth. Bleſs, therefore, with all your inlarged Powers, bleſs *His* infinitely larger Goodneſs; who, when He had overcome the Sharpneſs of Death, opened the Gates of Paradiſe, opened the Kingdom of Heaven, to all Generations, and to every Denomination, of the Faithful.

YE Men of *holy* Converſation, and *humble* Tempers, think of HIM, who *loved You, and waſhed You from your Sins in his own Blood.* Think of Him, on your ſilent Couch; talk of Him, in every ſocial Interview. Glory in his Excellencies; make your Boaſt of his Obedience; and add, ſtill continue to add, the Incenſe of a dutiful Life, to all the Oblations of a grateful Tongue.—*Weakeſt* of *Believers*, who go mourning

mourning under a Senſe of Guilt, and conflicting with the ceaſeleſs Aſſaults of Temptation; put off your Sack-cloth, and be girded with Gladneſs. Becauſe JESUS, is as merciful to hear, as He is mighty to help. Becauſe, He is touched with the tendereſt ſympathizing Concern, for all your Diſtreſſes; and He lives, ever lives, to be your *Advocate* with the FATHER. Why then ſhould uneaſy Doubts ſadden your Countenances? Why ſhould deſponding Fears oppreſs your Souls? Turn, turn thoſe diſconſolate Sighs into chearful Hymns; ſince you have his *powerful Interceſſion*, and his *ineſtimable Merits*, to be your Anchor in all Tribulations, to be your Paſſport into eternal Bleſſedneſs.

MOST of all, Ye *Miniſters* of the *Sanctuary*; Heralds commiſſioned from above; lift, every One, his Voice like a Trumpet, and loudly proclaim the REDEEMER. Get Ye up, Ye Ambaſſadors of Peace, get Ye up into the high Mountains; and ſpread far and wide the Honours of the LAMB, "that was ſlain, but "is alive for evermore." Teach every ſacred Roof, to reſound with his Fame; and every human Heart, to glow with his Love. Declare, as far as the Force of Words will go, declare the inexhauſtible Fulneſs of that great Atone-

ment; whoſe Merits are commenſurate with the Glories of the DIVINITY *. Tell the ſinful Wretch, what Pity yearns in IMMANUEL's Bowels; what Blood he has ſpilt, what Agonies he has endured, what Wonders He has wrought, for the Salvation of his Enemies. Invite the Indigent,

* If in this Place and others, I have ſpoken magnificently of the Blood of CHRIST, and its inſuperable Efficacy to expiate Guilt; I think, it is no more than is expreſſed, in a very celebrated Hymn; written by one of the greateſt *Wits*, who had alſo been one of the greateſt *Libertines*, and afterwards commenced one of the moſt remarkable *Penitents*, in *France*. A Hymn, which even Mr. *Bayle* confeſſes to be a *very fine* one; which another great Critic calls an *admirable* one; and which, a Genius ſuperior to them both, recommends as a *noble* one. (See *Spect.* Vol. VII. N° 513.)

The Author, having acknowledged his Crimes to be, beyond Meaſure heinous, and almoſt beyond Forgiveneſs provoking:—ſo provoking, as to render Tears from ſuch Eyes offenſive, and Prayers from ſuch Lips abominable:—compoſes himſelf to ſubmit, without the leaſt repining Sentiment; to ſubmit, even with Praiſe and Adoration, to the moſt dreadful Doom. Accordingly, he ſtands in reſigned Expectation of being inſtantly ſtruck by the Bolts of Vengeance: but—with a Turn of Thought equally ſurpriſing and ſprightly; with a Faith properly founded, and happily firm; He adds,

Yet where! O where! *can* ev'n thy Thunders fall?
CHRIST's Blood o'erſpreads and ſhields me from them *all*.

digent, to become rich; intreat the Guilty, to accept of Pardon; becauſe, with the crucified JESUS is plenteous Redemption, and All-ſufficiency to ſave.—While you, placed in conſpicuous Stations, pour the joyful Sound; may I, as I ſteal through the Vale of human Life, catch the pleaſing Accents! For *me*, the Author of all Bleſſings became a Curſe: for *me*, his Bones were diſlocated, and his Fleſh was torn: He hung, with ſtreaming Veins, and an agonizing Soul, on the Croſs for *me*. O! may I, in my little Sphere, and amidſt the ſcanty Circle of my Acquaintance, at leaſt whiſper theſe glad tranſporting Tidings; whiſper them from my own Heart, that they may ſurely reach, and ſweetly penetrate theirs.

BUT, when Men and Angels raiſe the grand Hymn; when all Worlds, and all Beings, add their *collective* Acclamations; this full, fervent, and univerſal Chorus, will be ſo *inferior* to the Riches of the REDEEMER's Grace; ſo *diſproportionate* to the Magnificence of his Glory; that it will ſeem but to *debaſe* the unutterable Subject, it attempts to exalt. The loud Hallelujah will *die away*, in the ſolemn mental Eloquence of proſtrate, rapturous, *ſilent* Adoration.

O Good-

O Goodneſs infinite! Goodneſs immenſe!
And Love that paſſeth Knowledge!—*Words are vain;*
Language is loſt in Wonders ſo divine.
"*Come then, expreſſive* SILENCE, *muſe his*
"*Praiſe.*"

END *of the* FIRST VOLUME.

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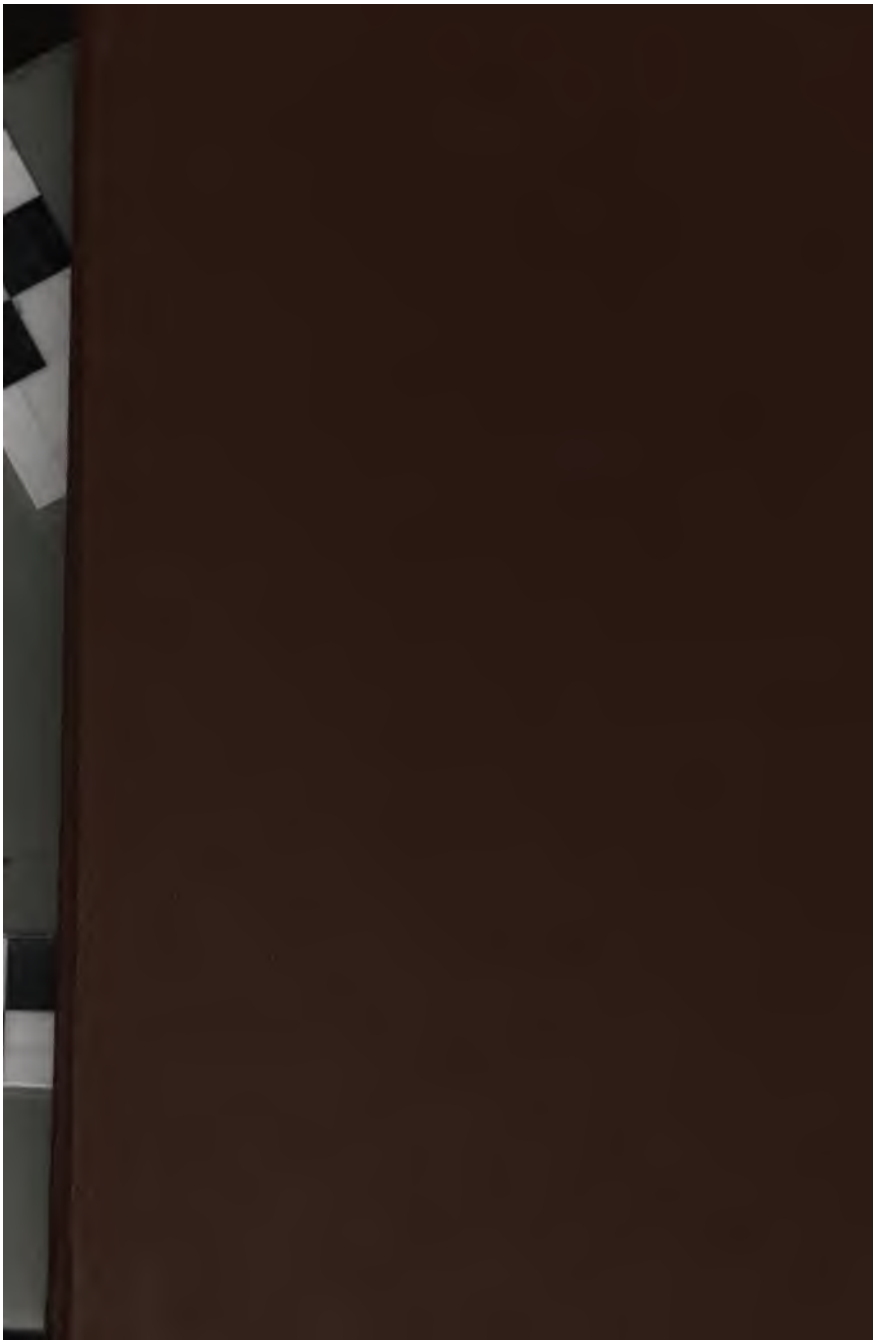
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